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George Harrison

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THE FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Goethes Werke. Vollständige Ausgabe letzter Hand*, (Goethe's Works. Completed, final Edition,) 40 voll. Stuttgart and Tübingen. 1827-30.

It is now four years since we specially invited attention to this Book; first in an Essay on the graceful little fantasy-piece of *Helena*, then in a more general one on the merits and workings of Goethe himself: since which time two important things have happened in reference to it; for the publication, advancing with successful regularity, reached its fortieth and last volume in 1830; and now, still more emphatically to conclude both this "completed final edition," and all other editions, endeavours and attainments of one in whose hands lay so much, come tidings that the venerable man has been recalled from our earth, and of his long labours and high faithful stewardship we have had what was appointed us.

The greatest epoch in a man's life is not always his death; yet for bystanders, such as contemporaries, it is always the most noticeable. All other epochs are transition-points from one visible condition to another visible; the days of their occurrence are like any other days, from which only the clearer-sighted will distinguish them; bridges they are, over which the smooth highway runs continuous, as if no Rubicon were there. But the day in a mortal's destinies which is like no other, is his death-day: here too is a transition, what we may call a bridge, as at other epochs; but now from the keystone onwards half the arch rests on invisibility; this is a transition out of visible Time into invisible Eternity.

Since death, as the palpable revelation (not to be overlooked by the dullest) of the mystery of wonder, and depth, and fear, which every where from beginning to ending through its whole course and movement lies under life, is in any case so great, we find it not unnatural that hereby a new look of greatness, a new interest should be impressed on whatsoever has preceded it and led to it; that even towards some man, whose history did not then first become significant, the world should turn, at his departure, with a quite peculiar earnestness, and now seriously ask itself a question, perhaps never seriously asked before, What the purport and character of his presence here was; now when he has

gone hence, and is not present here, and will remain absent for evermore. It is the conclusion that crowns the work; much more the irreversible conclusion wherein all is concluded: thus is there no life so mean but a death will make it memorable.

At all lykewakes, accordingly, the doings and endurances of the Departed are the theme: rude souls, rude tongues grow eloquently busy with him; a whole septuagint of beldames are striving to render, in such dialect as they have, the small bible, or apocrypha, of his existence, for the general perusal. The least famous of mankind will for once become public, and have his name printed, and read not without interest: in the Newspaper obituaries; on some frail memorial, under which he has crept to sleep. Foolish lovesick girls know that there is one method to impress the obdurate false Lovelace, and wring his bosom; the method of drowning: foolish ruined dandies, whom the tailor will no longer trust, and the world turning on its heel is about forgetting, can recal it to attention by report of pistol; and so, in a worthless death, if in a worthless life no more, reattain the topgallant of renown, for one day. Death is ever a sublimity, and supernatural wonder, were there no other left: the last act of a most strange drama, which is not dramatic but has now become real; wherein, miraculously, Furies, god-missioned, have in actual person risen from the abyss, and do verily dance there in that terror of all terrors, and wave their dusky-glaring torches, and shake their serpent-hair! Out of which heart-thrilling, so authentically tragic fifth act there goes, as we said, a new meaning over all the other four; making them likewise tragic and authentic, and memorable in some measure, were they formerly the sorriest pickleherring farce.

But above all, when a Great Man dies, then has the time come for putting us in mind that he was alive: biographies and biographic sketches, criticisms, characters, anecdotes, reminiscences, issue forth as from opened springing fountains; the world, with a passion whetted by impossibility, will yet a while retain, yet a while speak with, though only to the unanswering echos, what it has lost without remedy: thus is the last event of life often the loudest; and real spiritual *Apparitions* (who have been named Men), as false imaginary ones are fabled to do, vanish in thunder.

For ourselves, as regards the great Goethe, if not seeking to be foremost in this natural movement, neither do we shun to mingle in it. The life and ways of such men as he, are, in all seasons, a matter profitable to contemplate, to speak of: if in this death-season, long with a sad reverence looked forward to, there has little increase of light, little change of feeling arisen for the writer, a readier attention, nay a certain expectance, from some readers is call sufficient. Innumerable meditations and disquisitions on

this subject must yet pass through the minds of men; on all sides must it be taken up, by various observers, by successive generations, and ever a new light may evolve itself: why should not this observer, on this side, set down what he partially has seen into, and the necessary process thereby be forwarded, at any rate, continued?

A continental Humourist, of deep-piercing, resolute, though strangely perverse faculty, whose works are as yet but sparingly if at all cited in English literature, has written a chapter, somewhat in the nondescript manner of metaphysico-rhetorical, homiletic-exegetic rhapsody, on the *Greatness of Great Men*; which topic we agree with him in reckoning one of the most pregnant. The time, indeed, is come when much that was once found visibly subsistent Without must anew be sought for Within; many a human feeling, indestructible and to man's well-being indispensable, which once manifested itself in expressive forms to the Sense, now lies hidden in the *formless* depths of the Spirit, or at best struggles out obscurely in forms become superannuated, altogether inexpressive, and unrecognisable; from which paralysed imprisoned state, often the best effort of the thinker is required, and moreover were well applied, to deliver it. For if the Present is to be the "living sum-total of the whole Past," nothing that ever lived in the Past must be let wholly die; whatsoever was done, whatsoever was said or written aforetime, was done and written for our edification. In such state of imprisonment, paralysis and unrecognisable defacement, as compared with its condition in the old ages, lies this our feeling towards great men; wherein, and in the much else that belongs to it, some of the deepest human interests will be found involved. A few words from Herr Professor Teufelsdröckh, if they help to set this preliminary matter in a clearer light, may be worth translating here. Let us first remark with him, however, "how wonderful in all cases, great or little, is the importance of man to man:"

'Deny it as he will,' says Teufelsdröckh, 'man reverently loves man, and daily by action evidences his belief in the divineness of man. What a more than regal mystery encircles the poorest of living souls for us! The highest is not independent of him; his suffrage has value: could the highest monarch convince himself that the humblest beggar with sincere mind despised him, no serried ranks of halberdiers and body-guards could shut out some little twinge of pain; some emanation from the low had pierced into the bosom of the high. Of a truth, men are mystically united; a mystic bond of brotherhood makes all men one.'

'Thus too has that fierce false hunting after Popularity, which you often wonder at, and laugh at, a basis on something true: nay, under the other aspect, what is that wonderful spirit of Interference, were it

but manifested as the paltriest scandal and tea-table backbiting, other than inversely or directly, a heartfelt indestructible sympathy of man with man? Hatred itself is but an inverse love. The philosopher's wife complained to the philosopher that certain two-legged animals without feathers spake evil of him, spitefully criticised his goings out and comings in; wherein she too failed not of her share: "Light of my life," answered the philosopher, "it is their love of us, unknown to themselves, and taking a foolish shape; thank them for it, and do thou love them more wisely. Were we mere steam-engines working here under this roof-tree, they would scorn to speak of us once in a twelve-month." The last stage of human perversion, it has been said, is when sympathy corrupts itself into envy; and the indestructible interest we take in men's doings has become a joy over their faults and misfortunes: this is the last and lowest stage; lower than this we cannot go: the absolute pترفraction of indifference is not attainable on this side total death.

'And now,' continues the Professor, 'rising from these lowest tea-table regions of human communion into the higher and highest, is there not still in the world's demeanour towards Great Men, enough to make the old practice of *Hero-worship* intelligible, nay significant? Simpleton! I tell thee *Hero-worship* still continues; it is the only creed which never and nowhere grows or can grow obsolete. For always and everywhere this remains a true saying: *Il y a dans le cœur humain un fibre religieux*. Man always *worships* something; always he sees the Infinite shadowed forth in something finite; and indeed can and must so see it in *any* finite thing, once tempt him well to *fix* his eyes thereon. Yes, in practice, be it in theory or not, we are all Supernaturalists; and have an infinite happiness or an infinite woe not only waiting us hereafter, but looking out on us through any pitifullest present good or evil;—as, for example, on a high poetic Byron through his lameness; as on all young souls through their first lovesuit; as on older souls, still more foolishly, through many a lawsuit, paper-battle, political horse-race or ass-race. Atheism, it has been said, is impossible; and truly, if we will consider it, no Atheist denies a Divinity, but only some NAME (*Nomen, Numen*) of a Divinity: the God is still present there, working in that benighted heart, were it only as a god of darkness. Thousands of stern Sansculottes, to seek no other instance, go chaunting martyr hymns to their guillotine: these spurn at the name of a God; yet worship one (as hapless "Prose-lytes without the Gate,") under the new pseudonym of Freedom. What indeed is all this that is called political fanaticism, revolutionary madness, force of hatred, force of love, and so forth; but merely under new designations, that same wondrous, wonder-working reflex from the Infinite, which in all times has given the Finite its empyrean or tartarean hue, thereby its blessedness or cursedness, its marketable worth or unworth?

'Remark, however, as illustrative of several things, and more to the purpose here, that man does in strict speech always remain the clearest symbol of the Divinity to man. Friend Novalis, the devoutest heart I knew, and of purest depth, has not scrupled to call man what the Divine Man is called in Scripture, a 'Revelation in the Flesh.' 'There

is but one temple in the world,' says he, 'and that is the body of man. Bending before men is a reverence done to this revelation in the flesh. We touch heaven when we lay our hand on a human body.' In which notable words, a reader that meditates them, may find such meaning and scientific accuracy as will surprise him.

'The ages of superstition, it appears to be sufficiently known, are behind us. To no man, were he never so heroic, are shrines any more built, and vows offered as to one having supernatural power. The sphere of the TRANSCENDENTAL cannot now, by that avenue of heroic worth, of eloquent wisdom, or by any other avenue, be so easily reached. The worth that in these days could transcend all estimate or survey, and lead men willingly captive into infinite admiration, into worship, is still waited for (with little hope) from the unseen Time. All that can be said to offer itself in that kind, at present, is some slight household devotion (*Haus-Andacht*), whereby this or the other enthusiast, privately in all quietness, can love his hero or sage without measure, and idealize, and, so in a sense, idolize him;—which practice, as man is by necessity an idol-worshipper (no offence in him so long as *idol* means accurately *vision*, clear *symbol*), and all wicked idolatry is but a more idolatrous worship, may be excusable, in certain cases, praiseworthy. Be this as it will, let the curious eye gratify itself in observing how the old antediluvian feeling still, though now struggling out so imperfectly, and forced into unexpected shapes, asserts its existence in the newest man; and the Chaldeans or old Persians, with their Zerdusht, differ only in vesture and dialect from the French, with their Voltaire étouffé sous des roses.*

This, doubtless, is a wonderful phraseology, but referable, as the Professor urges, to that capacious reservoir and convenience, "the nature of the time:" "A time," says he, "when, as in some Destruction of a Roman Empire, wrecks of old things are every where confusedly jumbled with rudiments of new; so that, till once the mixture and amalgamation be complete, and even have long continued complete and universally apparent, no grammatical *langue d'oc* or *langue d'oui* can establish itself, but only some barbarous mixed *lingua rustica*, more like a jargon than a language, must prevail; and thus the deepest matters be either barbarously spoken of, or wholly omitted and lost sight of, which were still worse. But to let the Homily proceed:

'Consider at any rate,' continues he elsewhere, 'under how many categories, down to the most impertinent, the world inquires concerning Great Men, and never wearies striving to represent to itself their whole structure, aspect, procedure, outward and inward! Blame not the world for such minutest curiosity about its great ones: this comes of the world's old-established necessity to worship: and, indeed, whom but its great ones, that "like celestial fire-pillars go before it on the march,"

* *Die Kleider: ihr Werden und Wirken.* Von D. TEUFELSDRECK. Weissnichtwo. Sülischweign'sche Buchhandlung, 1830.

ought it to worship? Blame not even that mistaken worship of sham great ones, that are not celestial fire-pillars, but terrestrial glass-lanterns with wick and tallow, under no guidance but a stupid fatuous one; of which worship the litanies and gossip-homilies are, in some quarters of the globe, so inexpressibly uninteresting. Blame it not; pity it rather, with a certain loving respect.

'Man is never, let me assure thee, altogether a clothes-horse; under the clothes there is always a body and a soul. The Count von Bügeleisen, so idolized by our fashionable classes, is not, as the English Swift asserts, created wholly by the Tailor; but partially, also, by the supernatural Powers. His beautifully cut apparel, and graceful expensive tackle and environment of all kinds, are but the symbols of a beauty and gracefulness, supposed to be inherent in the Count himself; under which predicament come also our reverence for his counthood, and in good part that other notable phenomenon of his being worshipped, because he is worshipped, of one idolater, sheep-like, running after him, because many have already run. Nay, on what other principle but this latter hast thou, O reader (if thou be not one of a thousand), read, for example, thy *Homer*, and found some real joy therein? All these things, I say, the apparel, the counthood, the existing popularity, and whatever else can combine there, are symbols;—bank notes, which, whether there be gold behind them, or only bankruptcy and empty drawers, pass current for gold. But how, now, could they so pass, if gold itself were not prized, and believed and known to be somewhere extant? Produce the actual gold visibly, and mark how, in these distrustful days, your most accredited bank-paper stagnates in the market! No Holy Alliance, though plush and gilding and genealogical parchment, to the utmost that the time yields, be hung round it, can gain for itself a dominion in the heart of any man; some thirty or forty millions of men's hearts being, on the other hand, subdued into loyal reverence by a Corsican Lieutenant of Artillery. Such is the difference between God-creation and Tailor-creation. Great is the Tailor, but not the greatest. So, too, in matters spiritual, what avails it that a man be Doctor of the Sorbonne, Doctor of Laws, of Both Laws, and can cover half a square foot in pica-type with the list of his fellowships, arranged as equilateral triangle, at the vertex an '&c.' over and above, and with the parchment of his diplomas could thatch the whole street he lives in: What avails it? The man is but an owl; of prepossessing gravity indeed; much respected by simple neighbours; but to whose sorrowful hootings no creature hastens, eager to listen. While, again, let but some riding gauger arrive under cloud of night at a Scottish inn, and word be whispered that it is Robert Burns; in few instants all beds and trundle-beds, from garret to cellar, are left vacant, and gentle and simple, with open eyes and erect ears, are gathered together.'

Whereby, at least, from amid this questionable *lingua*, "more like a jargon than a language," so much may have become apparent: What unspeakable importance the world attaches, has ever attached (expressing the same by all possible methods), and will

ever attach, to its great men. Deep and venerable, whether looked at in the Teufelsdröck manner or otherwise is this love of men for great men, this their exclusive admiration of great men; a quality of vast significance, if we consider it well; for, as in its origin it reaches up into the highest and even holiest provinces of man's nature, so, in his practical history it will be found to play the most surprising part. Does not, for one example, the fact of such a temper indestructibly existing in all men, point out man as an essentially governable and teachable creature, and for ever refute that calumny of his being by nature insubordinate, prone to rebellion? Men seldom, or rather never for a length of time and deliberately, rebel against anything that does not deserve rebelling against. Ready, ever zealous is the obedience and devotedness they show to the great, to the really high; prostrating their whole possession and self, body, heart, soul and spirit, under the feet of whatsoever is authentically above them. Nay, in most times, it is rather a slavish devotedness to those who only seem and pretend to be above them that constitutes their fault.

But why seek special instances? Is not Love, from of old, known to be the beginning of all things? And what is admiration of the great but love of the truly loveable? The first product of love is *imitation*, that all-important peculiar gift of man, whereby Mankind is not only held socially together in the present time, but connected in like union with the past and the future; so that the attainment of the innumerable Departed can be conveyed down to the Living, and transmitted with increase to the Unborn. Now great men, in particular spiritually great men (for all men have a spirit to guide, though all have not kingdoms to govern and battles to fight), are the men universally imitated and learned of, the glass in which whole generations survey and shape themselves.

Thus is the Great Man of an age, beyond comparison, the most important phenomenon therein; all other phenomena, were they Waterloo Victories, Constitutions of the year One, glorious revolutions, new births of the golden age in what sort you will, are small and trivial. Alas, all these pass away, and are left extinct behind, like the tar-barrels they were celebrated with, and the new-born golden age proves always to be still-born: neither is there, was there, or will there be any other golden age possible, save only in this: in new increase of worth and wisdom;—that is to say, therefore, in the new arrival among us of wise and worthy men. Such arrivals are the great occurrences, though unnoticed ones; all else that can occur, in what kind soever, is but the *road*, up hill or down hill, rougher or smoother; nowise the *power* that will nerve us for travelling forward thereon. So little

comparatively can forethought or the cunningest mechanical contrivance do for a nation, for a world! Ever must we wait on the bounty of Time, and see what leader shall be born for us, and whither he will lead. Thus too, in defect of great men, noted men become important: the Noted Man of an age is the emblem and living summary of the Ideal which that age has fashioned for itself: show me the noted man of an age, you show me the age that produced him. Such figures walk in the van, for great good, or for great evil; if not leading, then driven and still farther misleading. The apotheosis of Beau Brummel has marred many a pretty youth; landed him not at any *goal* where oak garlands, earned by faithful labour and valour, carry men to the immortal gods; but, by a fatal inversion, at the King's Bench *gaol*, where he that has never sowed shall not any longer reap, still less any longer burn his barn, but scrape himself with pots-herds among the ashes thereof, and consider with all deliberation "what he wanted, and what he wants."

To enlighten this principle of reverence for the great, to teach us reverence, and whom we are to revere and admire, should ever be a chief aim of Education (indeed it is herein that instruction properly both begins and ends); and in these late ages, perhaps more than ever, so indispensable is now our need of clear reverence, so inexpressibly poor our supply. "Clear reverence!" it was once responded to a seeker of light: "all want it, perhaps thou thyself." What wretched idols, of Leeds cloth, stuffed out with bran of one kind or other, do men either worship, or being tired of worshipping (so expensively without fruit), rend in pieces and kick out of doors, amid loud shouting and crowing, what they call "tremendous cheers," as if the feat were miraculous! In private life, as in public, delusion in this sort does its work; the blind leading the blind, both fall into the ditch.

'For alas!' cries Teufelsdröck on this occasion, 'though in susceptible hearts it is felt that a great man is unspeakably great, the specific marks of him are mournfully mistaken: thus must innumerable pilgrims journey, in toil and hope, to shrines where there is no healing. On the fairer half of the creation, above all, such error presses hard. Women are born worshippers; in their good little hearts lies the most craving relish for greatness: it is even said, each chooses her husband on the hypothesis of his being a great man—in his way. The good creatures, yet the foolish! For their choices, no insight, or next to none, being vouchsafed them, are unutterable. Yet how touching also to see, for example, Parisian ladies of quality, all rustling in silks and laces, visit the condemned-cell of a fierce Cartouche, and in silver accents, and with the looks of angels, beg locks of hair from him; as from the greatest, were it only in the profession of highwayman! Still more fatal is that other mistake, the commonest of all, whereby the devotional

youth, seeking for a great man to worship, finds such within his own worthy person, and proceeds with all zeal to worship *there*. Unhappy enough! to realize, in an age of such gas-light illumination, this basest superstition of the ages of Egyptian darkness."

'Remark, however, not without emotion, that of all rituals, and divine services, and ordinances ever instituted for the worship of any god, this of Self-worship is the ritual most faithfully observed. Trouble enough has the Hindoo devotee, with his washings, and cookings, and perplexed formularies, tying him up at every function of his existence: but is it greater trouble than that of his German self-worshipping brother; is it trouble even by the devoutest Fakir, so honestly undertaken and fulfilled? I answer, No; for the German's heart is in it. The German worshipper, for whom does he work, and scheme, and struggle, and fight, at his rising up and lying down, in all times and places, but for his god only? Can he escape from that divine presence of Self; can his heart waver, or his hand wax faint in that sacred service? The Hebrew Jonah, prophet as he was, rather than take a message to Nineveh, took ship to Tarshish, hoping to hide there from his Sender; but in what ship-hull or whale's belly, shall the madder German Jonah cherish hope of hiding from—Himself! Consider too the temples he builds, and the services of (shoulder-knotted) priests he ordains and maintains; the smoking sacrifices, thrice a day or oftener, with perhaps a psalmist or two, of broken-winded laureats and literators, if such are to be had. Nor are his votive gifts wanting, of rings, and jewels, and gold embroideries, such as our Lady of Loretto might grow yellower to look upon. A toilsome, perpetual worship, heroically gone through: and then with what issue? Alas, with the worst. The old Egyptian leek-worshipper had, it is to be hoped, seasons of light and faith: his leek-god seems to smile on him; he is humbled, and in humility exalted, before the majesty of something, were it only that of germinative Physical Nature, seen through a germinating, not unnourishing potherb. The Self-worshipper, again, has no seasons of light, which are not of blue sulphur-light; hungry, envious pride, not humility in any sort, is the ashy fruit of his worship; his self-god growls on him with the perpetual wolf-cry, Give! Give! and your devout Byron, as the Frau Hunt, with a wise simplicity (*geistreich naiv*), once said, "must sit sulking like a great schoolboy, in pet because they have given him a plain bun and not a spiced one."—His bun was a life-rent of God's universe, with the tasks it offered, and the tools to do them with; *a priori*, one might have fancied it could be put up with for once.'

After which wondrous glimpses into the Teufelsdröck Homily on the *Greatness of Great Men*, it may now be high time to proceed with the matter more in hand; and remark that our own much calumniated age, so fruitful in noted men, is also not without its great. In noted men, undoubtedly enough, we surpass all ages since the creation of the world; and from two plain causes: First, that there has been a French Revolution, and that there is now pretty rapidly proceeding a European Revolution; whereby every

thing, as in the Term-day of a great city, when all mortals are removing, has been, so to speak, set out into the street; and many a foolish vessel of dishonour, unnoticed, and worth no notice in its own dark corner, has become universally recognizable when once mounted on the summit of some furniture-waggon, and tottering there—(as committee-president, or other head-director), with what is put under it, slowly onwards to its new lodging and arrangement, itself, alas, hardly to get thither without *breakage*. Secondly, that the Printing Press, with stitched and loose leaves, has now come into full action; and makes, as it were, a sort of universal day-light, for removal and revolution, and every thing else, to proceed in, far more commodiously, yet also far more conspicuously. A complaint has accordingly been heard that famous men abound, that we are quite overrun with famous men: however, the remedy lies in the disease itself; crowded succession already means quick oblivion. For waggon after waggon rolls off, and either arrives or is upset; and so, in either case, the vessel of dishonour, which, at worst, we saw only in crossing some street, will afflict us no more.

Of great men, among so many millions of noted men, it is computed that in our time there have been two; one in the practical, another in the speculative province: Napoleon Buonaparte and Johann Wolfgang von Goethe. In which dual number, inconsiderable as it is, our time may, perhaps, specially pride itself, and take precedence of many others; in particular, reckon itself the flower-time of the whole last century and half. Every age will, no doubt, have its superior man or men; but one *so* superior as to take rank among the high of all ages; this is what we call a great man; this rarely makes his appearance, such bounty of nature and accident must combine to produce and unfold him. Of Napoleon and his works all ends of the world have heard; for *such* a host marched not in silence through the frightened deep: few heads there are in this Planet which have not formed to themselves some featured or featureless image of him; his history has been written about, on the great scale and on the small, some millions of times, and still remains to be written: one of our highest literary problems. For such a "light-nimbus" of glory and renown encircled the man; the environment he walked in was itself so stupendous, that the eye grew dazzled and mistook his proportions; or quite turned away from him in pain and temporary blindness. Thus even among the clear-sighted there is no unanimity about Napoleon; and only here and there does his own greatness begin to be interpreted, and accurately separated from the mere greatness of his fame and fortune.

Goethe, again, though of longer continuance in the world, and

intrinsically of much more unquestionable greatness, and even importance there, could not be so noted by the world: for if the explosion of powder-mines and artillery-parks naturally attracts every eye and ear; the approach of a new-created star (dawning on us in new-created radiance, from the eternal Deeps!) though *this*, and not the artillery-parks, is to shape our destiny and *rule* the lower earth, is notable at first only to certain stargazers and weather-prophets. Among ourselves, especially, Goethe had little recognition: indeed, it was only of late that his existence, as a man and not as a mere sound, became authentically known to us; and some shadow of his high endowments and endeavours, and of the high meaning that might lie therein, arose in the general mind of England, even of intelligent England. Five years ago, to rank him with Napoleon, like him as rising unattainable beyond his class, like him and more than he of quite peculiar moment to all Europe, would have seemed a wonderful procedure; candour even, and enlightened liberality, to grant him place beside this and the other home-born ready-writer, blessed with that special privilege of "English cultivation," and able thereby to write novels, heart-captivating, heart-rending, or of enchainning interest.

Since which time, however, let us say, the progress of clearer apprehension has been rapid and satisfactory: innumerable unmusical voices have already fallen silent on this matter; for in fowls of every feather, even in the pertest choughs and thievish magpies, there dwells a singular reverence of the eagle; no Dulness is so courageous, but if you once show it any gleam of a heavenly Resplendence, it will, at lowest, shut its eyes and say nothing. So fares it here with the "old established British critic;" who, indeed, in these days of ours, begins to be strangely situated; so many new things rising on his horizon, black indefinable shapes, magical or not; the old brickfield (where he kneaded insufficient marketable bricks) all stirring under his feet; preternatural, mad-making tones in the earth and air;—with all which what shall an old-established British critic and brick-maker do, but, at wisest, put his hands in his pockets, and, with the face and heart of a British mastiff, though amid dismal enough forebodings, see what it will turn to?

In the younger, more hopeful minds, again, in most minds that can be considered as in a state of growth, German literature is taking its due place: in such, and in generations of other such that are to follow them, some thankful appreciation of the greatest in German literature cannot fail; at all events this feeling that he is great and the greatest, whereby appreciation, and, what alone

is of much value, appropriation, first becomes rightly possible. To forward such on their way towards appropriating what excellence this man realized and created for them, somewhat has already been done, yet not much; much still waits to be done. The field, indeed, is large: there are forty volumes of the most significant Writing that has been produced for the last two centuries; there is the whole long Life and heroic Character of him who produced them; all this to expatiate over and enquire into; in both which departments the deepest thinker, and most far-sighted, may find scope enough.

Nevertheless, in these days of the ten-pound franchise, when all the world (perceiving now, like the Irish innkeeper, that "death and destruction are just coming in") will have itself represented in parliament; and the wits of so many are gone in this direction to gather wool, and must needs return more or less shorn; it were foolish to invite either young or old into great depths of thought on such a remote matter; the tendency of which is neither for the Reform Bill nor against it, but quietly *through* it and beyond it; nowise to prescribe this or that mode of *electing* members, but only to produce a few members *worth* electing. Not for many years (who knows how many!) in these harassed, hand-to-mouth circumstances, can the world's bleared eyes open themselves to study the true import of such topics; of this topic the highest of such. As things actually stand, some quite cursory glances, and considerations close on the surface, to remind a few (unelected, unelective) parties interested, that it lies over for study, are all that can be attempted here: could we, by any method, in any measure, disclose for such the wondrous wonder-working *element* it hovers in, the *light* it is to be studied and inquired after in, what is needfullest at present were accomplished.

One class of considerations, near enough the surface, we avoid; all that partakes of an elegiac character. True enough, nothing can be *done* or suffered, but there is something to be *said*, wisely or unwisely. The departure of our Greatest contemporary Man could not be other than a great event; fitted to awaken, in all who with understanding beheld it, feelings sad, but high and sacred, of mortality and immortality, of mourning and of triumph; far lookings into the Past and into the Future; so many changes, fearful and wonderful, of fleeting Time; glimpses too of the Eternity these rest on, which knows no change. At the present date and distance, however, all this pertains not to us; has been uttered elsewhere, or may be left for utterance there. Let us consider the Exequies as past; that the high Rogus, with its sweet scented wood, amid the wail of music eloquent to speechless

hearts, has flamed aloft, heaven-kissing, in sight of all the Greeks; and that now the ashes of the Hero are gathered into their urn, and the host has marched onwards to new victories and new toils; ever to be mindful of the dead, not to mourn for him any more. The host of the Greeks, in this case, was all thinking Europe: whether their funeral games were appropriate and worthy we stop not to enquire; the time, in regard to such things, is empty or ill provided, and this was what the time could conveniently do. All canonization and solemn cremation are gone by; and as yet nothing suitable, nothing that does not border upon parody, has appeared in their room. A Bentham bequeaths his remains to be lectured over in a school of anatomy; and perhaps, even in this way, finds, as chief of the Utilitarians, a really nobler funeral than any other, which the prosaic age, rich only in crapes and hollow scutcheons (of timber as of words), could have afforded him.

The matter in hand being *Goethe's Works*, and the greatest work of every man, or rather the summary and net amount of all his works, being the Life he has led, we ask, as the first question:—How it went with Goethe in that matter; what was the practical basis, of want and fulfilment, of joy and sorrow, from which his spiritual productions grew forth; the characters of which they must more or less legibly bear? In which sense, those Volumes entitled by him *Dichtung und Wahrheit*, wherein his personal history, what he has thought fit to make known of it, stands delineated, will long be valuable. A noble commentary, instructive in many ways, lies opened there, and yearly increasing in worth and interest; which all readers, now when the true quality of it is ascertained, will rejoice that circumstances induced and allowed him to write: for surely if old Cellini's counsel have any propriety, it is doubly proper in this case; the autobiographic practice he recommends (of which the last century in particular has seen so many worthy and worthless examples) was never so much in place as here. "All men, of what rank soever," thus counsels the brave Benvenuto, "who have accomplished aught virtuous or virtuous-like, should, provided they be conscious of really good purposes, write down their own life; nevertheless, not put hand to so worthy an enterprise till after they have reached the age of forty." All which ukase-regulations Goethe had abundantly fulfilled—the last as abundantly as any, for he had now reached the age of sixty-two.

'This year, 1811,' says he, 'distinguishes itself for me by persevering outward activity. The *Life of Philip Hackert* went to press; the papers committed to me all carefully elaborated as the case required. By this task I was once more attracted to the South: the occurrences

which, at that period, had befallen me there, in Hackert's company or neighbourhood became alive in the imagination ; I had cause to ask Why this which I was doing for another should not be attempted for myself ? I turned, accordingly, before completion of that volume, to my own earliest personal history ; and, in truth, found here that I had delayed too long. The work should have been undertaken while my mother yet lived ; thereby had I got nigher those scenes of childhood, and been, by her great strength of memory, transported into the midst of them. Now, however, must these vanished apparitions be recalled by my own help ; and, first, with labour, many an incitement to recollection, like a necessary magic-apparatus be devised. To represent the developement of a child who had grown to be remarkable, how this exhibited itself under given circumstances, and yet how in general it could content the student of human nature and his views : such was the thing I had to do.

" In this sense, unpretendingly enough, to a work treated, with anxious fidelity, I gave the name *Wahrheit und Dichtung* (Truth and Fiction) ; deeply convinced that man, in immediate Presence, still more in Remembrance, fashions and models the external world according to his own peculiarities.

" The business, as, with historical studying, and otherwise recalling of places and persons, I had much time to spend on it, busied me wheresoever I went or stood, at home and abroad, to such a degree that my actual condition became like a secondary matter ; though again, on all hands, when summoned outwards by occasion, I with full force and undivided sense proved myself present."—*Werke* xxxii. 62.

These Volumes, with what other supplementary matter has been added to them (the rather as Goethe's was a life of manifold relation, of the widest connection with important or elevated persons, not to be carelessly laid before the world, and he had the rare good fortune of arranging all things that regarded even his posthumous concernment with the existing generation, according to his own deliberate judgment), are perhaps likely to be, for a long time, our only authentic reference. By the last will of the deceased, it would seem, all his papers and effects are to lie exactly as they are, till after another twenty years.

Looking now into these magically-recalled scenes of childhood and manhood, the student of human nature will, under all manner of shapes, from first to last, note one thing : The singularly complex Possibility offered from without, yet along with it the deep never-failing Force from within, whereby all this is conquered and realized. It was as if accident and primary endowment had conspired to produce a character on the great scale ; a will is cast abroad into the widest, wildest element, and gifted also in an extreme degree, to prevail over this, to fashion this to its own form : in which subordinating and self-fashioning of its circumstances, a character properly consists. In external situa-

tions, it is true, in occurrences such as could be recited in the Newspapers, Goethe's existence is not more complex than other men's; outwardly rather a pacific smooth existence: but in his inward specialties and depth of faculty and temper, in his position spiritual and temporal towards the world as it was and the world as he could have wished it, the observant eye may discern complexity, perplexity enough; an extent of data greater, perhaps, than had lain in any life-problem for some centuries. And now, as mentioned, the force for solving this was, in like manner, granted him in extraordinary measure; so that we must say, his possibilities were faithfully and with wonderful success turned into acquisitions; and this man fought the good fight, not only victorious, as all true men are, but victorious without damage, and with an ever-increasing strength for new victory, as only great and happy men are. Not wounds and loss (beyond fast-healing, skin-deep wounds) has the unconquerable to suffer; only ever-enduring toil; weariness—from which, after rest, he will rise stronger than before.

Good fortune, what the world calls good fortune, awaits him from beginning to end; but also a far deeper felicity than this. Such worldly gifts of good fortune are what we called possibilities: happy he that can rule over them; but *doubly* unhappy he that cannot. Only in virtue of good guidance does that same good fortune prove good. Wealth, health, fiery light with Proteus manysidedness of mind, peace, honour, length of days: with all this you may make no Goethe, but only some Voltaire; with the most that was fortuitous in all this, make only some short-lived, unhappy, unprofitable Byron.

At no period of the World's History can a gifted man be born when he will not find enough to do; in no circumstances come into life but there will be contradictions for him to reconcile, difficulties which it will task his whole strength to surmount, if his whole strength suffice. Everywhere the human soul stands between a hemisphere of light and another of darkness; on the confines of two everlastingly hostile empires, Necessity and Free-will. A pious adage says, "the back is made for the burden:" we might with no less truth invert it, and say, the burden was made for the back. Nay, so perverse is the nature of man, it has in all times been found that an external allotment superior to the common was more dangerous than one inferior; thus for a hundred that can bear adversity, there is hardly one that can bear prosperity.

Of riches, in particular, as of the grossest species of prosperity the perils are recorded by all moralists; and ever, as of old, must the sad observation from time to time occur: "Easier for a camel

to pass through the eye of a needle!" Riches in a cultured community are the strangest of things: a power all-moving, yet which any the most powerless and skilless can *put* in motion; they are the *readiest* of possibilities; the readiest to become a great blessing or a great curse. "Beneath gold thrones and mountains," says Jean Paul, "who knows how many giant spirits lie entombed!" The first fruit of riches, especially for the man born rich, is to teach him faith in them, and all but hide from him that there is any other faith: thus is he trained up in the miserable eye-service of what is called Honour, Respectability; instead of a man we have but a *gigman*,—one who "always kept a gig," two-wheeled or four-wheeled. Consider too what this same gigmanhood issues in; consider that first and most stupendous of gighmen, Phaeton, the son of Sol, who drove the brightest of all conceivable gigs, yet with the sorrowfullest result. Alas, Phaeton was his father's heir; born to attain the highest fortune without earning it: he had *built* no sun-chariot (could not build the simplest wheelbarrow), but could and would insist on *driving* one; and so broke his own stiff neck, sent gig and horses spinning through infinite space, and set the universe on fire!—Or, to speak in more modest figures, Poverty, we may say, surrounds a man with ready-made barriers, which, if they mournfully gall and hamper, do at least prescribe for him and force on him a sort of course and goal; a safe and beaten though a circuitous course; great part of his guidance is secure against fatal error, is withdrawn from his controul. The rich, again, has his whole life to guide, without goal or barrier, save of his own choosing; and, tempted as we have seen, is too likely to guide it ill; often, instead of walking straight forward, as he might, does but, like Jeshurun, wax fat and kick; in which process, it is clear, not the adamantine circle of Necessity whereon the World is built, but only his own limb-bones must go to pieces!—Truly, in plain prose, if we bethink us what road many a Byron and Mirabeau, especially in these latter generations, have gone, it is proof of an uncommon inward wealth in Goethe, that the outward wealth, whether of money or other happiness which Fortune offered him, did in no case exceed the power of Nature to appropriate and wholesomely assimilate; that all outward blessedness grew to inward strength, and produced only blessed effects for him. Those "gold mountains" of Jean Paul, to the giant that *can* rise above them are excellent, both fortified and speculative heights; and do in fact become a *throne*, where happily they have not been a *tomb*.

Goethe's childhood is throughout of riant, joyful character: kind plenty, in every sense, security, affection, manifold ex-

citement, instruction, encircles him ; wholly an element of sun and azure, wherein the young spirit, awakening and attaining, can on all hands richly unfold itself. A beautiful boy, of earnest, lucid, serenely deep nature, with the peaceful completeness yet infinite incessant expansiveness of a boy, has, in the fittest environment begun to *be* : beautiful he looks and moves ; rapid, gracefully prompt, like the son of Maia ; wise, noble, like Latona's son : nay (as all men may *now* see) he is, in very truth, a miniature incipient world-poet ; of all heavenly figures the beautifullest we know of that can visit this lower earth. Lovely enough shine for us those young years in old Teutonic Frankfort ; mirrored in the far remembrance of the Self-historian, real yet ideal, they are among our most genuine poetic Idyls. No smallest matter is too small for us, when we think *who* it was that did it or suffered it. The little long-clothed urchin, mercurial enough with all his stillness, can throw a whole cargo of new-marketed crockery, piece by piece, from the balcony into the street (once the feat is suggested to him) ; and comically shatters cheap delf-ware with the same right hand, which tragically wrote and hurled forth the demonic scorn of Mephistophiles, or as "right hand" of Faust, "smote the universe to ruins." Neither smile more than enough (if thou be wise) that the grey-haired all-experienced man remembers how the boy walked on the Mayn bridge, and "liked to look at the bright weathercock" on the barrier there. That foolish piece of gilt wood, there glittering sun-lit, with its reflex wavering in the Mayn waters, is awakening quite another glitter in the young gifted soul : is not this foolish sun-lit splendour also, now when there is an *eye* to behold it, one of Nature's doings ? The eye of the young seer is here through the paltriest chink, looking into the infinite Splendours of Nature,—where, one day, himself is to enter and dwell.

Goethe's mother appears to have been the more gifted of the parents ; a woman of altogether genial character, great spiritual faculty and worth ; whom the son, at an after time, put old family friends in mind of. It is gratifying for us that she lived to witness his maturity in works and honours ; to know that the little infant she had nursed was grown to be a mighty man, the first man of his nation and time. In the father, as prosperous citizen of Frankfort, skilled in many things, improved by travel, by studies both practical and ornamental ; decorated with some diplomatic title, but passing, among his books, paintings, collections and household possessions, social or intellectual, spiritual or material, a quite undiplomatic independent life, we become acquainted with a German (not country) but city *gentleman* of the last century ; a character scarcely ever familiar in our Islands ; now

perhaps almost obsolete among the Germans too. A positive, methodical man, sound-headed, honest-hearted, sharp-tempered; with an uncommon share of volition, among other things, so that scarcely any obstacle would turn him back, but whatsoever he could not mount over he would struggle round, and in any case *be* at the end of his journey: many or all of whose good qualities passed also over by inheritance; and, in fairer combination, on nobler objects, to the whole world's profit, were seen a second time in action.

Family incidents; house-buildings, or rebuildings; arrivals, departures; in any case, new-year's-days and birth-days, are not wanting: nor city incidents; many-coloured tumult of Frankfort fairs; Kaisers' coronations, expected and witnessed; or that glorious ceremonial of the yearly *Pfeiffergericht*, wherein the grandfather himself plays so imperial a part. World incidents too roll forth their billows into the remotest creek, and alter the current there. The Earthquake of Lisbon hurls the little Frankfort boy into wondrous depths of another sort; enunciating dark theological problems, which no theology of his will solve. Direction, instruction, in like manner, awaits him in the Great Frederic's Seven Years' War; especially in that long billeting of King's Lieutenant Comte de Thorane, with his serjeants and adjutants, with his painters and picture-easels, his quick precision and decision, his "dry gallantry" and stately Spanish bearing;—though collisions with the "house-father," whose German house-stairs (though he silently endures the inevitable) were not new-built to be made a French highway of; who besides loves not the French, but the great invincible Fritz they are striving to beat down. Think, for example, of that singular congratulation on the victory at Bergen:

"So then, at last, after a restless Passion-week, Passion-Friday, 1759, arrived. A deep stillness announced the approaching storm. We children were forbidden to leave the house; our father had no rest, and went out. The battle began; I mounted to the top story, where the field, indeed, was still out of my sight, but the thunder of the cannon and the volleys of the small arms could be fully discerned. After some hours, we saw the first tokens of the battle, in a row of waggons, whereon wounded men, in all sorts of sorrowful dismemberment and gesture, were driven softly past us to the *Liebfrauen-Kloster*, which had been changed into a hospital. The compassion of the citizens forthwith awoke. Beer, wine, bread, money were given to such as had still power of receiving. But when, ere long, wounded and captive Germans also were noticed in that train, the pity had no limits; it seemed as if each were bent to strip himself of whatever moveable thing he had, to aid his countrymen therewith in their extremity.

"The prisoners, meanwhile, were the symptom of a battle unpros-

perous for the Allies. My father, in his partiality, quite certain that these would gain, had the passionate rashness to go out to meet the expected visitors; not reflecting that the beaten side would in that case have to run over him. He went first into his garden, at the Friedberg Gate, where he found all quiet and solitary; then ventured forth to the Bornheim Heath, where soon, however, various scattered outrunners and baggage-men came in sight, who took the satisfaction, as they passed, of shooting at the boundary-stones, and sent our eager wanderer the reverberated lead singing about his ears. He reckoned it wiser, therefore, to come back; and learned, on some inquiry, what the sound of the firing might already have taught him, that for the French all went well, and no retreat was thought of. Arriving home, full of black humour, he quite, at sight of his wounded and prisoner countrymen, lost all composure. From him also many a gift went out for the passing waggons, but only Germans were to taste of it; which arrangement, as Fate had so huddled friends and foes together, could not always be adhered to.

"Our mother, and we children, who had from the first built upon the Count's word, and so passed a tolerably quiet day, were greatly rejoiced, and our mother doubly comforted, as she that morning, on questioning the oracle of her jewel-box by the scratch of a needle, had obtained a most consolatory answer not only for the present but for the future. We wished our father a similar belief and disposition; we flattered him what we could, we entreated him to take some food, which he had forborne all day; he refused our caresses and every enjoyment, and retired to his room. Our joy, in the meanwhile, was not disturbed; the business was over: the King's Lieutenant, who to-day, contrary to custom, had been on horseback, at length returned; his presence at home was more needful than ever. We sprang out to meet him, kissed his hands, testified our joy. It seemed to please him greatly. 'Well!' said he, with more softness than usual, 'I am glad too for your sake, dear children.' He ordered us sweetmeats, sweet wine, every thing the best, and went to his chamber, where already a mass of importuners, solicitors, petitioners, were crowded.

"We held now a dainty collation; deplored our good father, who could not participate therein, and pressed our mother to bring him down; she, however, knew better, and how uncheering such gifts would be to him. Meanwhile she had put some supper in order, and would fain have sent him up a little to his room; but such irregularity was a thing he never suffered, not in extremest cases; so, the sweet gifts being once put aside, she set about entreating him to come down in his usual way. He yielded at last, unwillingly, and little did we know what mischief we were making ready. The stairs ran free through the whole house, past the door of every anti-chamber. Our father, in descending, had to pass the Count's apartments. His anti-chamber was so full of people that he had at length resolved to come out, and dispatch several at once; and this happened, alas, just at the instant our father was passing down. The Count stepped cheerfully out, saluted him, and said: 'You will congratulate us and yourself that this dangerous affair has gone off so happily.'—'Not at all!' replied my father, with grim emphasis: 'I wish

they had chased you to the Devil, had I myself gone too.' The Count held in for a moment, then burst forth with fury: 'You shall repent this! You shall not'——"

Father Goethe, however, has 'in the meanwhile quietly descended,' and sat down to sup, much cheerfuller than formerly; he little caring, 'we little knowing, in what questionable way he had rolled the stone from his heart,' and how official friends must interfere, and secret negotiations enough go on, to keep him out of military prison, and worse things that might have befallen there. On all which may we be permitted once again to make the simple reflection: What a plagued and plagueing world, with its battles and bombardments, wars and rumours of war (which sow or reap no ear of corn for any man), this is! The boy, who here watches the musket-vollies and cannon-thunders of the great Fritz, shall, as man, witness the siege of Mentz; fly with Brunswick Dukes before Doumouriez and his Sansculottes, through a country champed into one red world of mud, 'like Pharaoh' (for the carriage too breaks down), 'through the Red Sea;' and finally become involved in the universal fire-consummation of Napoleon, and by skill defend himself from hurt therein!—

The father, with occasional subsidiary private tutors, is his son's schoolmaster; a somewhat pedantic pedagogue, with ambition enough and faithful good will, but more of rigour than of insight; who, however, works on a subject that he *cannot* spoil. Languages, to the number of six or seven, with whatsoever pertains to them; histories, syllabuses, knowledges-made-easy; not to speak of dancing, drawing, music, or, in due time, riding and fencing: all is taken in with boundless appetite and aptitude; all is but fuel, injudiciously piled, and of wet quality, yet under which works an unquenchable Greek-fire that will feed itself therewith, that will one day make it *all* clear and glowing. The paternal grandmother, recollected as 'a pale, thin, ever white and clean dressed figure,' provides the children many a satisfaction; and at length, on some festive night, the crowning one of a puppet-show: whereupon ensues a long course of theatrical speculatings and practisings, somewhat as delineated, for another party, in the first book of *Meister's Apprenticeship*; in which work, indeed, especially in the earlier portion of it, some shadow of the author's personal experience and culture is more than once traceable. Thus Meister's desperate burnt-offering of his young 'Poems on various Occasions,' was the image of a reality which took place in Leipzig, made desperately enough, 'on the kitchen hearth, the thick smoke from which, flowing through the whole house, filled our good landlady with alarm.'

Old 'Imperial Freetown' Frankfort is not without its notabilities, tragic or comic; in any case, impressive and didactic. The young heart is filled with boding to look into the *Juden-gasse* (Jew-gate), where squalid painful Hebrews are banished to scour old clothes, and in hate, and greed, and Old-Hebrew obstinacy and implacability, work out a wonderful prophetic existence, as 'a people terrible from the beginning;' manages, however, to get admittance to their synagogue, and see a wedding and a circumcision. On its spike, aloft on one of the steeples, grins, for the last two hundred years, the bleached skull of a malefactor and traitor; properly, indeed, not so much a traitor, as a Radical whose Reform Bill could not be carried through. The future book-writer also, on one occasion, sees the execution of a book; how the huge printed reams rustle in the flames, are stirred up with oven-forks, and fly half-charred aloft, the sport of winds; from which half-charred leaves, diligently picked up, he pieces himself a copy together, as did many others, and with double earnestness reads it.

As little is the old Freetown deficient in notable men; all accessible to a grandson of the Schultheiss, who besides is a youth like no other. Of which originals, curious enough, and long since 'vanished from the sale-catalogues,' take only these two specimens:

"Von Reineck, of an old-noble house; able, downright, but stiff-necked; a lean black-brown man, whom I never saw smile. The misfortune befel him that his only daughter was carried off by a friend of the family. He prosecuted his son-in-law with the most vehement suit; and as the courts, in their formality, would neither fast enough, nor with force enough obey his vengeance, he fell out with them; and there arose quarrel on quarrel, process on process. He withdrew himself wholly into his house and the adjoining garden, lived in a spacious but melancholy under-room, where for many years no brush of a painter, perhaps scarcely the besom of a maid, had got admittance. Me he would willingly endure; had specially recommended me to his younger son. His oldest friends, who knew how to humour him, his men of business and agents he often had at table: and on such occasions failed not to invite me. His board was well furnished, his buffet still better. His guests, however, had one torment, a large stove smoking out of many cracks. One of the most intimate ventured once to take notice of it, and ask the host whether he could stand such an inconvenience the whole winter. He answered, like a second Timon, and *Heautontimorumenos*: "Would to God this were the worst mischief of those that plague me!" Not till late would he be persuaded to admit daughter and grandson to his sight: the son-in-law was never more to show face before him.

"On this brave and unfortunate man my presence had a kind effect; for as he gladly spoke with me, in particular instructed me on poli-

tical and state concerns, he seemed himself to feel assuaged and cheered. Accordingly, the few old friends who still kept about him, would often make use of me when they wished to soothe his indignant humour, and persuade him to any recreation. In fact he now more than once went out with us, and viewed the neighbourhood again, on which, for so many years, he had not turned an eye." * * *

"Hofrath Huisgen, not a native of Frankfort; of the Reformed religion, and thus incapable of public office, of advocacy among the rest, which latter, however, as a man much trusted for juristic talent, he, under another's signature, contrived quite calmly to practise, as well in Frankfort as in the Imperial Courts,—might be about sixty when I happened to have writing lessons along with his son, and so came into the house. His figure was large; tall without being bony, broad without corpulency. His face, deformed not only by small-pox, but wanting one of the eyes, you could not look on, for the first time, without apprehension. On his bald head he wore always a perfectly white bell-shaped cap, (*Glockenmütze*) tied at top with a ribbon. His night-gowns, of calamanco or damask, were always as if new washed. He inhabited a most cheerful suite of rooms on the ground floor in the *Allée*, and the neatness of every thing about him corresponded to it. The high order of his books, papers, maps, made a pleasant impression. His son, Heinrich Sebastian, who afterwards became known by various writings on Art, promised little in his youth. Good-natured but heavy, not rude yet artless, and without wish to instruct himself, he sought rather to avoid his father, as from his mother he could get whatever he wanted. I, on the other hand, came more and more into intimacy with the master the more I knew of him. As he meddled with none but important law-cases, he had time enough to amuse and occupy himself with other things. I had not long been about him, and listened to his doctrine, till I came to observe that in respect of God and the World he stood on the opposition side. One of his pet books was, *Agrippa de Vanitate Scientiarum*; this he particularly recommended me to read, and did therewith set my young brain, for a while, into considerable tumult. I, in the joy of youth, was inclined to a sort of optimism, and with God or the Gods had now tolerably adjusted myself again; for, by a series of years, I had got to experience that there is many a balance against evil, that misfortunes are things one recovers from, that in dangers one finds deliverance and does not always break his neck. On what men did and tried, moreover, I looked with tolerance, and found much praiseworthy which my old gentleman would nowise be content with. Nay, once, as he had been depicting me the world not a little on the crabbed side, I noticed in him that he meant still to finish with a trump-card. He shut, as in such cases his wont was, the blind left eye close; looked with the other broad out; and said, in a snuffing voice: "*Auch in Gott entdeck' ich Fehler.*"

Of a gentler character is the reminiscence of the maternal grandfather, old Schultheiss Textor;* with his gift of prophetic

* *Schultheiss* is the title of the chief magistrate in some free-towns and republics, for instance, in Berne. It seems to derive itself from *Schuld-heissen*, and may mean the teller of duty, him by whom what should be is *hight*.

dreaming, "which endowment none of his descendants inherited;" with his kind, mild ways; there as he glides about in his garden, at evening, "in black velvet cap," trimming "the finer sort of fruit-trees," with aid of those antique embroidered gloves or gauntlets, yearly handed him at the *Pfeiffergericht*: a soft, spirit-looking figure; the farthest out-post of the Past, which behind him melts into dim vapour. In Frau von Klestenberg, a religious associate of the mother's, we become acquainted with the *Schöne Seele* (Fair Saint) of *Meister*; she, at an after period, studied to convert her *Philo*, but only very partially succeeded. Let us notice also, as a token for good, how the young universal spirit takes pleasure in the workshops of handicraftsmen, and loves to understand their methods of labouring and of living:

"My father had early accustomed me to manage little matters for him. In particular, it was often my commission to stir up the craftsmen he employed; who were too apt to loiter with him; as he wanted to have all accurately done, and finally for prompt payment to have the price moderated. I came, in this way, into almost all manner of workshops; and as it lay in my nature to shape myself into the circumstances of others, to feel every species of human existence, and with satisfaction participate therein, I spent many pleasant hours in such places; grew to understand the procedure of each, and what of joy and of sorrow, advantage or drawback, the indispensable conditions of this or that way of life brought with them. * * * The household economy of the various crafts, which took its figure and colour from the occupation of each, was also silently an object of attention; and so unfolded, so confirmed itself in me the feeling of the equality, if not of all men, yet of all men's situations; existence by itself appearing as the head condition, all the rest as indifferent and accidental."

And so, amid manifold instructive influences, has the boy grown out of boyhood; when now a new figure enters on the scene, bringing far higher revelations:

"As at last the wine was failing, one of them called the maid; but instead of her there came a maiden of uncommon, and to see her in this environment, of incredible beauty. 'What is it?' said she, after kindly giving us good-evening: 'the maid is ill and gone to bed: can I serve you?'—'Our wine is done,' said one, 'couldst thou get us a couple of bottles over the way, it were very good of thee.'—'Do it, Gretchen,' said another, 'it is but a cat's leap.'—'Surely!' said she; took a couple of empty bottles from the table, and hastened out. Her figure, when she turned away from you, was almost prettier than before. The little cap sat so neat on the little head, which a slim neck so gracefully united with back and shoulders. Everything about her seemed select; and you could follow the whole form more calmly, as attention was not now attracted and arrested by the true still eyes and the lovely mouth alone."

It is at the very threshold of youth that this episode of Gretchen

(Margarete, Mar-g'ret'-kin) occurs; the young critic of slim necks and true still eyes shall now know something of natural magic, and the importance of one mortal to another; the wild-flowing bottomless sea of human Passion, glorious in Auroral light (which, alas, may become infernal lightning), unveils itself a little to him. A graceful little episode we reckon it; and Gretchen better than most first loves: wholly an innocent, wise, dainty maiden; pure and poor,—who vanishes from us here; but, we trust, in some quiet nook of the Rhineland, became wife and mother, and was the joy and sorrow of some brave man's heart,—according as it is appointed. To the boy himself it ended painfully, almost fatally, had not sickness come to his deliverance; and here too he may experience how “a shadow chases us in all manner of sunshine,” and in this *What-d'ye-call-it* of Existence the tragic element is not wanting. The name of Gretchen, not her story, which had nothing in it of that guilt and terror, has been made world-famous in the play of *Faust*.—

Leipzig University has the honour of matriculating him. The name of his “propitious mother” she may boast of, but not of the reality: alas, in these days, the University of the Universe is the only propitious mother of such; all other propitious mothers are but unpropitious superannuated dry-nurses fallen bedrid, from whom the famished nurseling has to *steal* even bread and water, if he will not die; whom for most part he soon takes leave of, giving perhaps (as in Gibbon's case), for farewell thanks, some rough tweak of the nose; and rushes desperate into the wide world an orphan. The time is advancing, slower or faster, when the bedrid dry-nurse will de cease, and be succeeded by a walking and stirring wet one. Goethe's employments and culture at Leipzig, lay in quite other groves than the academic: he listened to the Ciceronian Ernesti with eagerness, but the life-giving word flowed not from his mouth; to the sacerdotal, eclectic-sentimental Gellert (the divinity of all tea-table moral philosophers of both sexes); witnessed “the pure soul, the genuine will of the noble man,” heard “his admonitions, warnings and entreaties, uttered in a somewhat hollow and melancholy tone,”—and then the Frenchman say to it all, *Laissez le faire, il nous forme des dupes*. “In logic it seemed to me very strange that I must now take up those spiritual operations which from of old I had executed with the utmost convenience, and tatter them asunder, insulate, and as if destroy them, that their right employment might become plain to me. Of the Thing, of the World, of God, I fancied I knew almost about as much as the Doctor himself; and he seemed to me, in more than one place, to hobble dreadfully (*gewaltig zu haperu*).”

However, he studies to some profit with the Painter Oeser; hears, one day, at the door, with horror, that there is no lesson, for news of Winkelmann's assassination have come. With the ancient Gottsched, too, he has an interview: alas, it is a young Zeus come to dethrone old Saturn, whose time in the literary heaven is nigh run; for on Olympus itself, one Demiurgus passeth away and another cometh. Gottsched had introduced the reign of *water*, in all shapes liquid and solid, and long gloriously presided over the same; but now there is enough of it, and the "rayless majesty" (had he been prophetic) here beheld the rayed one, before whom he was to melt away:

"We announced ourselves. The servant led us into a large room, and said his master would come immediately. Whether we misinterpreted a motion he made I cannot say; at any rate, we fancied he had beckoned us to advance into an adjoining chamber. We did advance, and to a singular scene; for, at the same moment, Gottsched, the huge broad gigantic man, entered from the opposite door, in green damask nightgown, lined with red taffeta; but his enormous head was bald and without covering. This, however, was the very want to be now supplied: for the servant came springing in at a side-door, with a full-bottomed wig on his hand (the locks fell down to his elbow), and held it out, with terrified gesture, to his master. Gottsched, without uttering the smallest complaint, lifted the head-gear with his left hand from the servant's arm; and very deftly swinging it up to its place on the head, at the same time, with his right hand, gave the poor man a box on the ear, which, as is seen in comedies, dashed him spinning out of the apartment; whereupon the respectable-looking Patriarch quite gravely desired us to be seated, and with proper dignity went through a tolerably long discourse."

In which discourse, however, it is likely, little edification for the young inquirer could lie. Already by multifarious discoursings and readings he has convinced himself, to his despair, of the wretched condition of the Gottschedic world, and how "the *Noachide* (Noahide) of Bodmer is a true symbol of the deluge that has swelled up round the German Parnassus," and in literature as in philosophy there is neither landmark nor loadstar. Here, too, he resumes his inquiries about religion, falls into "black scruples" about most things, and in "the bald and feeble deliverances" propounded him, has sorry comfort. Outward things, moreover, go not as they should: the copious philosophic harlequinades of that wag Beyrish, "with the long nose," unsettle rather than settle; as do, in many ways, other wise and foolish mortals of both sexes: matters grow worse and worse. He falls sick, becomes wretched enough; yet unfolds withal "an audacious humour which feels itself superior to the moment, not only fears no danger, but even wilfully courts it." And thus, somewhat in a wrecked state, he quits his propitious mother, and returns home.

Nevertheless let there be no reflections: he must now in earnest get forward with his Law, and on to Strasburg to complete himself therein; so has the paternal judgment arranged it. A Lawyer, the thing in these latter days called Lawyer, of a man in whom ever bounteous Nature has sent us a Poet for the World! O blind mortals, blind over what lies closest to us, what we have the truest wish to see! In this young colt that caprioles there in young lustihood, and snuffs the wind with an 'audacious humour,' rather dangerous-looking, no Sleswick Dobbin, to rise to dromedary stature, and draw three tons avoirdupois (of street-mud or whatever else), has been vouchsafed; but a winged miraculous Pegasus to carry us to the heavens!—Whereon too (if we consider it) many a heroic Bellerophon shall, in times coming, mount, and destroy Chimæras, and deliver afflicted nations on the lower earth.

Meanwhile, be this as it may, the youth is gone to Strasburg to prepare for the *examen rigorosum*; though, as it turned out, for quite a different than the Law one. Confusion enough is in his head and heart; poetic objects too have taken root there, and will not rest till they have worked themselves into form. "These," says he, "were Götz von Berlichingen and Faust. The written Life of the former had seized my inmost soul. The figure of a rude well-meaning self-helper, in wild anarchic time, excited my deepest sympathy. The impressive puppet-show Fable of the other sounded and hummed through me many-toned enough."—"Let us withdraw, however," subjoins he, "into the free air, to the high broad platform of the Minster; as if the time were still here, when we young ones often rendezvoused thither to salute, with full rummers, the sinking sun." They had good telescopes with them; "and one friend after another searched out the spot in the distance which had become the dearest to him; neither was I without a little eye-mark of the like, which, though it rose not conspicuous in the landscape, drew me to it beyond all else with a kindly magic." This alludes, we perceive, to that Alsatian Vicar of Wakefield, and his daughter the fair Frederike; concerning which matter a word may not be useless here. Exception has been taken by certain tender souls, of the all-for-love sort, against Goethe's conduct in this matter. He flirted with his blooming blue-eyed Alsatian, she with him, innocently enough, thoughtlessly enough, till they both came to love each other; and then, when the marrying point began to grow visible in the distance, he stopt short, and would no farther. Adieu, he cried, and waved his lilly hand. "The good Frederike was weeping; I too was sick enough at heart." Whereupon arises the question: Is Goethe a bad man; or is he not a bad man? Alas, worthy

souls! if this world were all a wedding dance, and *thou shalt* never come into collision with *thou wilt*, what a new improved time we had of it! It is man's miserable lot, in the meanwhile to eat and labour as well as wed: alas, how often, like Corporal Trim, does he spend the whole night; one moment, dividing the world into two halves with his fair Beguine; next moment remembering that he has only a knapsack and fifteen florins to divide with any one! Besides, you do not consider that our dear Frederike, whom we too could weep for if it served, had a sound German heart within her stays; had furthermore abundance of *work* to do, and not even leisure to die of love; above all, that at this period, in the country parts of Alsatia, there were no circulating library novels.

With regard to the false one's cruelty of temper, who, if we remember, saw a ghost in broad noon, that day he rode away from her, let us, on the other hand, hear Jung Stilling, for he also had experience thereof at this very date. Poor Jung, a sort of German Dominie Sampson, awkward, honest, irascible, "in old-fashioned clothes and bag-wig," who had been several things, charcoal-burner, and, in repeated alternation, tailor and school-master, was now come to Strasburg to study medicine; with purse long-necked, yet with head that had brains in it, and heart full of trust in God. A pious soul, who if he did afterwards write books on the Nature of Departed Spirits, also restored to sight (by his skill in eye-operations) above *two thousand poor blind persons*, without fee or reward, even supporting many of them in the hospital at his own expense.

"There dined," says he, "at this table about twenty people, whom the two comrades saw one after the other enter. One especially, with large bright eyes, magnificent brow, and fine stature, walked (*mutig*) gallantly in. He drew Herr Troost's and Stilling's eyes on him; Herr Troost said, 'that must be a superior man.' Stilling assented, yet thought they would both have much vexation from him, as he looked like one of your wild fellows. This did Stilling infer from the frank style which the student had assumed; but here he was far mistaken. They found, meanwhile, that this distinguished individual was named Herr Goethe.

"Herr Troost whispered to Stilling, 'Here it were best one sat seven days silent.' Stilling felt this truth; they sat silent, therefore, and no one particularly minded them, except that Goethe now and then buried over (*herüberwältzte*) a look: he sat opposite Stilling, and had the government of the table without aiming at it.

"Herr Troost was neat, and dressed in the fashion; Stilling likewise tolerably so. He had a dark brown coat with fustian under garments; only that a scratch-wig also remained to him, which, among his bag-wigs, he would wear out. This he had put on one day, and came

therewith to dinner. Nobody took notice of it, except Herr Waldberg of Vienna. That gentleman looked at him, and as he had already heard that Stilling was greatly taken up about religion, he began, and asked him Whether he thought Adam in Paradise had worn a scratch-wig? Al. laughed heartily, except Salzman, Goethe, and Troost, these did not laugh. In Stilling wrath rose and burnt, and he answered: 'Be ashamed of this jest; such a trivial thing is not worth laughing at!' But God struck in and added: 'Try a man first whether he deserves mockery. It is devil-like to fall upon an honest-hearted person who has injured nobody, and make sport of him!' From that time Herr Goethe took up Stilling, visited him, liked him, made friendship and brothership with him, and strove by all opportunities to do him kindness. Pity that so few are acquainted with this noble man in respect of his heart!*

Here, indeed, may be the place to mention, that this noble man, in respect of his heart, and goodness and badness, is not altogether easy to get acquainted with; that innumerable persons, of the man-milliner, parish-clerk, and circulating-library sort, will find him a hard nut to crack. Hear in what questionable manner, so early as the year 1773, he expresses himself towards Herr Sulzer, whose beautiful hypothesis, that "Nature meant, by the constant influx of satisfactions streaming in upon us, to fashion our minds, on the whole, to softness and sensibility," he will not leave a leg to stand on. "*On the whole*," says he, "she does not such thing; she rather, God be thanked, hardens her genuine children against the pains and evils she incessantly prepares for them; so that we name him the happiest man who is the strongest to make front against evil, to put it aside from him, and in defiance of it go the road of his own will." "Man's art in all situations is to fortify himself against Nature, to avoid her thousand-fold ills, and only to enjoy his measure of the good; till at length he manages to include the whole circulation of his true and factitious wants in a palace, and fix as far as possible all scattered beauty and felicity within his glass walls, where accordingly he grows ever the weaker, takes to 'joys of the soul,' and his powers, roused to their natural exertion by no contradiction, melt away into" (*horresco referens*)—"Virtue, Benevolence, Sensibility!" In Goethe's Writings, too, we all know the moral lesson is seldom so easily educed as one would wish. Alas, how seldom is he so direct in tendency as his own plain-spoken moralist at Plundersweilern:

"Dear Christian people, one and all,
When will you cease your sinning?"

* *Stilling's Wanderschaft*. Berlin and Leipzig. 1778.

Else can your comfort be but small,
 Good hap scarce have beginning:
 For Vice is hurtful unto man,
 In Virtue lies his surest plan,"

or, to give it in the original words, the emphasis of which no foreign idiom can imitate:

*"Die Tugend ist das höchste Gut,
 Das Laster Weh dem Menschen thut!"*

In which emphatic couplet, does there not, as the critics say in other cases, lie the essence of whole volumes, such as we have read?—

Goethe's far most important relation in Strasburg was the accidental temporary one with Herder; which issued, indeed, in a more permanent, though at no time an altogether intimate one. Herder, with much to give, had always something to require; living with him seems never to have been wholly a sinecure. Goethe and he moreover were fundamentally different, not to say discordant; neither could the humour of the latter be peculiarly sweetened by his actual business in Strasburg, that of undergoing a surgical operation on "the lachrymatory duct," and, above all, an unsuccessful one:

"He was attending the prince of Holstein-Eutin, who laboured under mental distresses, on a course of travel; and had arrived with him at Strasburgh. Our society, so soon as his presence there was known, felt a strong wish to get near him; which happiness, quite unexpectedly and by chance, befel me first. I had gone to the Inn *zum Geist*, visiting I forget what stranger of rank. Just at the bottom of the stairs I came upon a man, like myself about to ascend, whom by his look I could take to be a clergyman. His powdered hair was fastened up into a round lock, the black coat also distinguished him; still more a long black silk mantle, the end of which he had gathered together and stuck into his pocket. This in some measure surprising, yet on the whole gallant and pleasing figure, of whom I had already heard speak, left me no doubt but it was the famed Traveller; and my address soon convinced him that he was known to me. He asked my name, which could be of no significance to him; however my openness seemed to give pleasure, for he replied to it in friendly style, and as we stept up stairs forthwith showed himself ready for a lively communication. Our visit also was to the same party; and before separating I begged permission to wait upon himself, which he kindly enough accorded me. I delayed not to make repeated use of this preferment; and was the longer the more attracted towards him. He had something softish in his manner, which was fit and dignified, without strictly being bred. A round face; a fine brow; a somewhat short blunt nose; a somewhat projected, yet highly characteristic, pleasant, amiable mouth. Under black eye-brows,

a pair of coal-black eyes, which failed not of their effect, though one of them was wont to be red and inflamed."

With this gifted man, by five years his senior, whose writings had already given him a name, and announced the much that lay in him, the open-hearted disciple could manifoldly communicate, learning and enduring. Ere long, under that "softish manner," there disclosed itself a "counter-pulse" of causticity, of ungentle, almost noisy banter; the blunt nose was too often curled in an adunco-suspensive manner. Whatsoever of self-complacency, of acquired attachment and insight, of self-sufficiency well or ill grounded, lay in the youth, was exposed, we can fancy, to the severest trial. In Herder too, as in an expressive microcosm, he might see imaged the whole wild world of German literature, of European Thought; its old workings and mis-workings, its best recent tendencies and efforts; what its past and actual wasteness, perplexity, confusion worse confounded, was. In all which, moreover, the bantered, yet imperturbably inquiring brave young man had quite other than a theoretic interest, being himself minded to dwell there. It is easy to conceive that Herder's presence, stirring up in that fashion so many new and old matters, would mightily aggravate the former "fermentation;" and thereby, it is true, unintentionally or not, forward the same towards clearness.

In fact, with the hastiest glance over the then position of the world spiritual, we shall find that as Disorder is never wanting, (and for the young spiritual hero, who is there only to destroy Disorder and make it Order, can least of all be wanting,) so, at the present juncture, it specially abounded. Why dwell on this often delineated Epoch? Over all Europe the reign of Earnestness had now wholly dwindled into that of Dilettantism. The voice of a certain modern "closet logic," which called itself, and could not but call itself, Philosophy, had gone forth, saying, Let there be darkness, and there was darkness. No Divinity any longer dwelt in the world; and as men cannot do without a Divinity, a sort of terrestrial upholstery one had been got together, and named TASTE, with medallic virtuosi and picture cognoscenti, and enlightened letter and belles-lettres men enough for priests. To which worship, with its stunted formularies and hungry results, must the earnest mind, like the hollow and shallow one, adjust itself, as best might be. To a new man, no doubt, the Earth is always new, never wholly without interest. Knowledge, were it only that of dead languages, or of dead actions, the foreign tradition of what others had acquired and done, was still to be searched after; fame might be enjoyed if procureable; above all, the culinary and brewing arts remained in pristine completeness, their results could be relished with pristine vigour. Life lumbered

along, better or worse, in pitiful discontent, not yet in decisive desperation, as through a dim day of languor, sultry and sunless. Already too on the horizon might be seen clouds, might be heard murmurs, which by and by proved themselves of an electric character, and were to cool and clear that same sultriness in wondrous deluges.

To a man standing in the midst of German literature, and looking out thither for his highest good, the view was troubled perhaps with various peculiar perplexities. For two centuries, German literature had lain in the sere leaf. The Luther, "whose words were half battles," and such half battles as could shake and over-set half Europe with their cannonading, had long since gone to sleep; and all other words were but the miserable bickering of (theological) camp-suttlers in quarrel over the stripping of the slain. Ulrich Hutten slept silent, in the little island of the Zurich Lake; the weary and heavy-laden had wiped the sweat from his brow, and laid him down to rest there: the valiant, fire-tempered heart, with all its woes and loves and loving indignations, mouldered, cold, forgotten; with such a pulse no new heart rose to beat. The tamer Opitzes and Flemmings of a succeeding era had, in like manner, long fallen obsolete. One unhappy generation after another of pedants, "rhizophagous," living on roots, Greek or Hebrew; of farce-writers, gallant-verse writers, journalists, and other jugglers of nondescript sort wandered in nomadic wise, whither provender was to be had; among whom, if a passionate Gunther go with some emphasis to ruin; if an illuminated Thomasius, earlier than the general herd, deny witchcraft, we are to esteem it a felicity. This too, however, has passed; and now, in manifold enigmatical signs, a new Time announces itself. Well-born Hagedorns, munificent Gleims have again rendered the character of Author honourable; the polish of correct, assiduous Rabeners and Ramlers have smoothed away the old impurities; a pious Klopstock, to the general enthusiasm, rises anew into something of seraphic music, though by methods wherein he can have no follower; the brave spirit of a Lessing pierces, in many a life-giving ray, through the dark inertness: Germany has risen to a level with Europe, is henceforth participant of all European influences; nay it is now appointed, though not yet ascertained, that Germany is to be the leader of spiritual Europe. A deep movement agitates the universal mind of Germany, though as yet no one sees towards what issue; only that heavings and eddyings, confused, conflicting tendencies, work unquietly every where; the movement is begun and will not stop, but the course of it is yet far from ascertained. Even to the young man now looking on with such anxious intensity had this

very task been allotted : To find it a course and set it flowing thereon.

Whoever will represent this confused revolutionary condition of all things, has but to fancy how it would act on the most susceptible and comprehensive of living minds; what a Chaos he had taken in, and was dimly struggling to body forth into a Creation. Add to which his so confused, contradictory, personal condition; appointed by a positive father to be practitioner of Law, by a still more positive mother (old Nature herself) to be practitioner of Wisdom, and Captain of spiritual Europe; we have confusion enough for him, doubts economic and doubts theologic, doubts moral and aesthetical, a whole world of confusion and doubt.

Nevertheless to the young Strasburg student the gods had given their most precious gift, which is worth all others, without which all others are worth nothing; a seeing eye and a faithful loving heart :

“ *Er hatt' ein Auge treu und klug,
Und war auch liebevoll genug,
Zu schauen manches klar und rein,
Und wieder alles gu zu machen sein;
Hatt' auch eine Zunge die sich ergoss,
Und leicht und fein in Worte floss;
Dess thaten die Musen sich erfreun,
Wollten ihn zum Meistersänger weihn.*”*

A mind of all-piercing vision, of sunny strength, not made to ray out darker darkness, but to bring warm sunlight, all purifying, all uniting. A clear, invincible mind, and “consecrated to be Master-singer” in quite another guild than that Nürnberg one.

His first literary productions fall in his twenty-third year; *Werter*, the most celebrated of these, in his twenty-fifth. Of which wonderful Book, and its now recognized character as poetic (and prophetic) utterance of the World's Despair, it is needless to repeat what has elsewhere been written. This and *Götz von Berlichingen*, which also, as a poetic looking back into the past, was a word for the world, have produced incalculable effects;—which now, indeed, however some departing echo of them may linger in the wrecks of our own Moss-trooper and Satanic Schools, do at length all happily lie behind us. Some trifling incidents at Wetzlar, and the suicide of an unhappy acquaintance were the means of “crystallizing” that wondrous, perilous stuff, which the young heart oppressively held dissolved in it, into this world-famous, and as it proved world-medicative *Werter*. He had gone

* *Hans Sachsens Poetische Sendung* (Goethe's Werke, XIII.); a beautiful piece (a very Hans Sachs beatified, both in character and style), which we wish there was any possibility of translating.

to Wetzlar with an eye still to Law; which now, however, was abandoned, never to be resumed. Thus did he too, "like Saul the son of Kish, go out to seek his father's asses, and instead thereof find a kingdom."

With the completion of these two Works (a completion in every sense, for they were not only emitted, but speedily also demitted, and seen over, and left behind), commences what we can specially call his Life, his activity as Man. The outward particulars of it, from this point where his own Narrative ends, have been briefly summed up in these terms:

"In 1776, the Heir-apparent of Weimar was passing through Frankfort, on which occasion, by the intervention of some friends, he waited upon Goethe. The visit must have been mutually agreeable; for a short time afterwards the young author was invited to court; apparently to contribute his assistance in various literary institutions and arrangements then proceeding or contemplated; and in pursuance of this honourable call, he accordingly settled at Weimar, with the title of *Legationsrath*, and the actual dignity of a place in the *Collegium* (Council). The connection begun under such favourable auspices, and ever afterwards continued under the like or better, has been productive of important consequences, not only to Weimar but to all Germany. The noble purpose undertaken by the Duchess Amelia was zealously forwarded by the young Duke on his accession; under whose influence, supported and directed by his new Councillor, this inconsiderable state has gained for itself a fairer distinction than any of its larger, richer, or more warlike neighbours. By degrees whatever was brightest in the genius of Germany had been gathered to this little court; a classical theatre was under the superintendence of Goethe and Schiller; here Wieland taught and sung; in the pulpit was Herder; and, possessing such a four, the small town of Weimar, some five-and-twenty years ago, might challenge the proudest capital of the world to match it in intellectual wealth. Occupied so profitably to his country, and honourably to himself, Goethe continued rising in favour with his Prince; by degrees a political was added to his literary trust; in 1779 he became Privy Councillor; President in 1782; and at length after his return from Italy, where he had spent two years in varied studies and observation, he was appointed Minister; a post which he only a few years ago resigned, on his final retirement from public affairs."

Notable enough that little Weimar should, in this particular, have brought back, as it were, an old Italian Commonwealth into the nineteenth century! For the Petrarcas and Bocaccios, though revered as Poets, were not supposed to have lost their wits as men; but could be employed in the highest services of the state, not only as fit, but as the fittest, to discharge these. Very different with us, where Diplomats and Governors can be picked up from the highways, or chosen in the manner of blind-man's-buff (the first figure you clutch, say rather that clutches

you, will make a governor); and, even in extraordinary times, it is thought much if a Milton can become Latin Clerk under some Bulstrode Whitelock, and be called "one Mr. Milton." As if the poet, with his poetry, were no other than a pleasant mountebank, with faculty of a certain ground-and-lofty tumbling which would amuse; for which you must throw him a few coins, a little flattery, otherwise he would not amuse you with it. As if there were any talent whatsoever; above all, as if there were any talent of Poetry (by the consent of all ages the highest talent, and sometimes pricelessly high), the first foundation of which were not even these two things (properly but one thing): intellectual Perspicacity, with force and honesty of Will. Which two, do they not, in their simplest quite naked form, constitute the very equipment a Man of Business needs; the very implements whereby *all* business, from that of the delver and ditcher to that of the legislator and emperor, is accomplished; as in their noblest concentration they are still the moving faculty of the Artist and Prophet!

To Goethe himself, this connection with Weimar opened the happiest course of life, which probably the age he lived in could have yielded him. Moderation yet abundance; elegance without luxury or sumptuousness: Art enough to give a heavenly firmament to his existence; Business enough to give it a solid earth. In his multifarious duties, he comes in contact with all manner of men; gains experience and tolerance of all men's ways. A faculty like his, which could master the highest spiritual problems, and conquer Evil Spirits in their own domain, was not likely to be foiled by such when they put on the simpler shape of material clay. The greatest of Poets is also the skilfullest of Managers: the little terrestrial Weimar trust committed to him prospers; and one sees with a sort of smile, in which may lie a deep seriousness, how the Jena Museums, University arrangements, Weimar Art-exhibitions and Palace-buildings, are guided smoothly on, by a hand which could have worthily swayed imperial sceptres. The world, could it entrust its imperial sceptres to such hands, were blessed: nay to this man, without the world's consent given or asked, a still higher function *had* been committed. But on the whole, we name his external life happy, among the happiest, in this, that a noble princely Courtesy could dwell in it based on the worship, by speech and practice of Truth only (for his victory, as we said above, was so complete, as almost to hide that there had been a struggle), and the worldly could praise him as the most agreeable of men, and the spiritual as the highest and clearest; but happy above all, in this, that it forwarded him, as no other could have done, in his

inward life, the good or evil hap of which was alone of permanent importance.

The inward life of Goethe, onwards from this epoch, lies nobly recorded in the long series of his Writings. Of these, meanwhile, the great bulk of our English world has nowise yet got to such understanding and mastery, that we could, with much hope of profit, go into a critical examination of their merits and characteristics. Such a task can stand over till the day for it arrive; be it in this generation, or the next, or after the next. What has been elsewhere already set forth suffices the present want, or needs only to be repeated and enforced; the expositor of German things must say, with judicious Zanga in the play: "First recover that, then shalt thou know more." A glance over the grand outlines of the matter, and more especially under the aspect suitable to these days, can alone be in place here.

In *Goethe's Works*, chronologically arranged, we see this above all things: A mind working itself into clearer and clearer freedom; gaining a more and more perfect dominion of its world. The pestilential fever of Scepticism runs through its stages: but happily it ends and disappears at the last stage, not in death, not in chronic malady (the commonest way), but in clearer, henceforth invulnerable health. *Werter* we called the voice of the world's despair: passionate uncontrollable is this voice; not yet melodious and supreme,—as nevertheless we at length hear it in the wild apocalyptic *Faust*: like a death-song of departing worlds; no voice of joyful "morning stars singing together" over a Creation; but of red nigh-extinguished midnight stars, in spherul swan-melody, proclaiming: It is ended!

What follows, in the next period, we might, for want of a fitter term, call Pagan or Ethnic in character; meaning thereby an anthropomorphic character, akin to that of old Greece and Rome. *Wilhelm Meister* is of that stamp: warm, hearty, sunny human Endeavour; a free recognition of Life in its depth, variety and majesty; as yet no Divinity recognized there. The famed *Venetian Epigrams* are of the like Old-Ethnic tone: musical, joyfully strong; true, yet not the whole truth, and sometimes in their blunt realism, jarring on the sense. As in this, oftener cited perhaps, by a certain class of wise men, than the due proportion demanded:

"Why so bustleth the People and crieth? Would find itself victual,
Children too would beget, feed on the best may be had:
Mark in thy notebooks, Traveller, this, and at home go do likewise;
Farther reacheth no man, make he what stretching he will."

Doubt, reduced into Denial, now lies prostrate under foot: the fire has done its work, an old world is in ashes; but the smoke and the flame are blown away, and a sun again shines clear over the ruin, to raise therefrom a new nobler verdure and flowrage. Till at length, in the third or final period, melodious Reverence becomes triumphant; a deep all-pervading Faith, with mild voice, grave as gay, speaks forth to us in a *Meisters Wanderjahre*, in a *West-östlicher Divan*; in many a little *Zahme Xenie*, and true-hearted little rhyme, "which," it has been said, "for pregnancy and genial significance, except in the Hebrew Scriptures, you will nowhere match." As here, striking in almost at a venture:

"Like as a Star,
That maketh not haste,
That taketh not rest,
Be each one fulfilling
His god-given Hest."

* *Wie das Gestirn,
Ohne Hast,
Aber ohne Rast,
Drehe sich jeder
Um die eigne Last.*

So stands it in the original; hereby, however, hangs a tale:

"A fact," says one of our fellow labourers in this German vineyard, "has but now come to our knowledge, which we take pleasure and pride in stating. Fifteen Englishmen, entertaining that high consideration for the good Goethe, which the labours and high deserts of a long life usefully employed so richly merit from all mankind, have presented him with a highly wrought Seal, as a token of their veneration. We must pass over the description of the gift, for it would be too elaborate;" suffice it to say, that amid tasteful carving and emblematic embossing enough, stood these words engraved on a gold belt, on the four sides respectively: *To the German Master: From friends in England: 28th August: 1831*; finally, that the impression was a star encircled with a serpent-of-eternity, and this motto: *Ohne Hast Aber Ohne Rast*.

"The following is the letter which accompanied it:

"*To the Poet Goethe, on the 28th of August, 1831.*

"Sir,—Among the friends whom this so interesting Anniversary calls round you, may we 'English friends,' in thought and symbolically, since personally it is impossible, present ourselves to offer you our affectionate congratulations. We hope you will do us the honour to accept this little Birth-Day Gift, which, as a true testimony of our feelings, may not be without value.

"We said to ourselves: As it is always the highest duty and pleasure to show reverence to whom reverence is due, and our chief, perhaps our only benefactor is he who by act and word instructs us in wisdom,—so we, undersigned, feeling towards the Poet Goethe as the spiritually taught towards their spiritual teacher, are desirous to express that sentiment openly and in common; for which end we have determined to solicit his acceptance of a small English gift, proceeding from us all equally, on his approaching birth-day; that so while the venerable man still dwells among us, some memorial of the gratitude we owe him, and think the whole world owes him, may not be wanting:

"And thus our little tribute, perhaps the purest that men could offer to man, now stands in visible shape, and begs to be received. May it be welcome, and speak permanently of a most close relation, though wide seas flow between the parties!

"We pray that many years may be added to a life so glorious, that all happiness

Or this small Couplet, which the reader, if he will, may substitute for whole horse-loads of *Essays on the Origin of Evil*; a spiritual manufacture which in these enlightened times ought ere now to have gone out of fashion:

“What shall I teach thee, the foremost thing?”

Could'st teach me off my own Shadow to spring!”

Or the pathetic picturesqueness of this:

“A rampart-breach is every Day,
Which many mortals are storming:
Fall in the gap who may,
Of the slain no heap is forming.

“*Eine Bresche ist jeder Tag.
Die viele Menschen erstürmen;
Wer da auch fallen mag,
Die Todten sich niemals thürmen.*”

In such spirit, and with eye that takes in all provinces of human Thought, Feeling and Activity, does the Poet stand forth as the true prophet of his time; victorious over its contradiction, possessor of its wealth; embodying the noblenesses of the past into a new whole, into a new vital nobleness for the present and the future. Antique nobleness in all kinds, yet worn with new clearness; the spirit of it is preserved and again revealed in shape, when the former shape and vesture had become old (as vestures do), and was dead and cast forth; and we mourned as if the spirit too were gone. This, we are aware, is a high saying;

may be yours, and strength given to complete your high task, even as it has hitherto proceeded, like a star, without haste, yet without rest.

“We remain, Sir, your friends and Servants,

“FIFTEEN ENGLISHMEN.”

“The wonderful old man, to whom distant and unknown friends had paid such homage, could not but be moved at sentiments expressed in such terms. We hear that he values the token highly, and has condescended to return the following lines for answer:—

“DEN FÜNFZEHN ENGLISCHEN FREUNDEN.

*Worte die der Dichter spricht,
Treu, in heimischen Bezirken,
Wirken gleich, doch weiss er nicht
Ob sie in die Ferne wirken.
Britten! habt sie aufgefasst:
‘Thätigen Sinn, das Thun gegüllet;
Stetig Streben ohne Hast;
Und so wollt Ihr denn besiegelt!’*

“Weimar, d. 28ten August, 1831.”

GOETHE.”

(*Fraser's Magazine*, XXII. 447.)

And thus, as it chanced, was the poet's last birth-day celebrated by an outward ceremony of a peculiar kind; wherein, too, it is to be hoped, might lie some inward meaning and sincerity.

applicable to no other man living, or that has lived for some two centuries; ranks Goethe, not only as the highest man of his time, but as a man of universal Time, important for all generations—one of the landmarks in the History of Men.

Thus, from our point of view, does Goethe rise on us as the Uniter, and victorious Reconciler, of the distracted clashing elements of the most distracted and divided age that the world has witnessed since the Introduction of the Christian Religion; to which old chaotic Era, of world-confusion and world-refusion, of blackest darkness, succeeded by a dawn of light and nobler “dayspring from on high,” this wondrous Era of ours is, indeed, often likened. To the faithful heart let no era be a desperate one! It is ever the nature of Darkness to be followed by a new nobler Light; nay, to produce such. The woes and contradictions of an Atheistic time; of a world sunk in wickedness and baseness and unbelief, wherein also physical wretchedness, the disorganization and broken-heartedness of whole classes struggling in ignorance and pain will not fail: all this, the view of all this, falls like a Sphinx-question on every new-born earnest heart, a life-and-death entanglement for every earnest heart to deliver itself from, and the world from. Of Wisdom cometh Strength; only when there is “no vision” do the people perish. But, by natural vicissitude, the age of *Persiflage* goes out, and that of earnest unconquerable Endeavour must come in: for the ashes of the old fire will not warm men anew; the new generation is too desolate to indulge in mockery,—unless, perhaps, in bitter suicidal mockery of itself! Thus after Voltaires enough have laughed and sniffed at what is false, appear some Turgots to ask what is true. Wo to the land where, in these seasons, no prophet arises; but only censors, satirists, and embittered desperadoes, to make the evil worse; at best but to accelerate a consummation, which in accelerating they have aggravated! Old Europe had its Tacitus and Juvenal; but these availed not. New Europe too has had its Mirabeaus and Byrons, and Napoleons, and innumerable red-flaming meteors, shaking pestilence from their hair; and earthquakes and deluges, and Chaos come again; but the clear Star, day’s harbinger (*Phosphoros*, the bringer of light), had not yet been recognised.

That in Goethe there lay Force to educe reconciliation out of such contradiction as man is now born into, marks him as the Strong One of his time; the true *Earl*, though now with quite other weapons than those old steel *Jarls* were used to! Such reconciliation of contradictions, indeed, is the task of every man: the weakest reconciles somewhat; reduces old chaotic elements into new higher order; ever, according to faculty and endeavour,

brings good out of evil. Consider now what faculty and endeavour must belong to the highest of such tasks, which virtually includes all others whatsoever! The thing that was given this man to reconcile (to begin reconciling and teach us how to reconcile), was the inward spiritual chaos; the centre of all other confusions, outward and inward: he was to close the Abyss out of which such manifold destruction, moral, intellectual, social, was proceeding.

The greatness of his Endowment, manifested in such a work, has long been plain to all men. That it belongs to the highest class of human endowments, entitling the wearer thereof, who so nobly used it, to the appellation in its strictest sense, of Great Man,—is also becoming plain. A giant strength of Character is to be traced here; mild and kindly and calm, even as strength ever is. In the midst of so much spasmodic Byronism, bellowing till its windpipe is cracked, how very different looks *this* symptom of strength: "He appeared to aim at pushing away from him every thing that did not hang upon his individual will." "In his own imperturbable firmness of character, he had grown into the habit of *never contradicting any one*. On the contrary, he listened with a friendly air to every one's opinion, and would himself elucidate and strengthen it by instances and reasons of his own. All who did not know him fancied that he thought as they did; for he was possessed of a preponderating intellect, and could transport himself into the mental state of any man, and imitate his manner of conceiving."* Beloved brethren, who wish to be strong! Had not the man, who could take this smooth method of it, more strength in him than any teeth-grinding, glass-eyed "lone Caloyer" you have yet fallen in with? Consider your ways; consider first, Whether you cannot do with being *weak*! If the answer still prove negative, consider, secondly, what strength actually is, and where you are to try for it. A certain strong man, of former time, fought stoutly at Lepanto; worked stoutly as Algerine slave; stoutly delivered himself from such working; with stout cheerfulness endured famine and nakedness and the world's ingratitude; and, sitting in jail, with the one arm left him, wrote our joyfullest, and all but our deepest, modern book, and named it *Don Quixote*: this was a genuine strong man. A strong man, of recent time, fights little for any good cause any where; works weakly as an English lord; weakly delivers himself from such working; with weak despondency endures the cackling of plucked geese at St. James's; and, sitting in sunny Italy, in his coach-and-four, at a distance of two

* *Wilhelm Meister*. Book vi.

thousand miles from them, writes, over many reams of paper, the following sentence, with variations: *Saw ever the world one greater or unhappier?* this was a shewn strong man. Choose ye.—

Of Goethe's spiritual Endowment, looked at on the Intellectual side, we have (as indeed lies in the nature of things, for moral and intellectual are fundamentally one and the same) to pronounce a similar opinion; that it is great among the very greatest. As the first gift of all, may be discerned here utmost Clearness, all-piercing faculty of Vision; whereto, as we ever find it, all other gifts are superadded; nay, properly they are but other forms of the same gift. A nobler power of insight than this of Goethe you in vain look for, since Shakspeare passed away. In fact, there is much every way, here in particular, that these two minds have in common. Shakspeare too does not look *at* a thing, but into it, through it; so that he constructively comprehends it, can take it asunder, and put it together again; the thing melts, as it were, into light under his eye, and anew *creates* itself before him. That is to say, he is a Thinker in the highest of all senses: he is a Poet. For Goethe, as for Shakspeare, the world lies all translucent, all *fusible* (we might call it), encircled with WONDER; the Natural in reality the Supernatural, for to the seer's eyes both become one. What are the *Hamlets* and *Tempests*, the *Fausts* and *Mignons*, but glimpses accorded us into this translucent, wonder-encircled world; revelations of the mystery of all mysteries, Man's Life as it actually is?

Under other secondary aspects, the poetical faculty of the two will still be found cognate. Goethe is full of *figurativeness*; this grand light-giving Intellect, as all such are, is an imaginative one,—and in a quite other sense than most of our unhappy Imaginatives will imagine. Gall the Craniologist declared him to be a born *Volksredner* (popular orator), both by the figure of his brow, and what was still more decisive, because “he could not speak but a figure came.” Gall saw what was high as his own nose reached,

“High as the nose doth reach, all clear!
What higher lies, they ask: Is it here?”

A far different figurativeness was this of Goethe than popular oratory has work for. In figures of the popular-oratory kind, Goethe, throughout his Writings at least, is nowise the most copious man known to us, though on a stricter scrutiny we may find him the richest. Of your ready-made, coloured-paper metaphors, such as can be sewed or plastered on the surface, by way of giving an ornamental finish to the rag-web already woven, we speak not; there is not one such to be discovered in all his Works. But even in the use of genuine metaphors, that are not

haberdashery ornament, but the genuine new vesture of new thoughts, he yields to lower men (for example, to Jean Paul); that is to say, in fact, he is more master of the *common* language, and can oftener make it serve him. Goethe's figurativeness lies in the very centre of his being; manifests itself as the constructing of the inward elements of a thought, as the *vital* embodiment of it: such figures as those of Goethe you will look for through all modern literature, and except here and there in Shakspeare, nowhere find a trace of. Again, it is the same faculty in higher exercise, that enables the poet to construct a Character. Here too Shakspeare and Goethe, unlike innumerable others, are *vital*: their construction begins at the *heart* and flows outward as the life-streams do; fashioning the *surface*, as it were, spontaneously. Those Macbeths and Falstaffs, accordingly, these Fausts and Philinas have a verisimilitude and life that separates them from all other fictions of late ages. All others, in comparison, have more or less the nature of hollow vizards, constructed from without inwards, painted *like*, and deceptively put in motion. Many years ago, on finishing our first perusal *Wilhelm Meister*, with a very mixed sentiment in other respects, we could not but feel that here lay more insight into the elements of human nature, and a more poetically perfect combining of these than in all the other fictitious literature of our generation.

Neither, as an additional similarity (for the great is ever like itself) let the majestic Calmness of both be omitted; their perfect tolerance for all men and all things. This too proceeds from the same source, perfect clearness of vision: he who comprehends an object cannot hate it, has already begun to love it. In respect of style, no less than of character, this calmness and graceful smooth-flowing softness is again characteristic of both; though in Goethe the quality is more complete, having been matured by far more assiduous study. Goethe's style is perhaps to be reckoned the most excellent that our modern world, in any language, can exhibit. "Even to a foreigner," says one, "it is full of character and secondary meanings; polished, yet vernacular and cordial, it sounds like the dialect of wise, antique-minded, true-hearted men: in poetry, brief, sharp, simple and expressive: in prose, perhaps still more pleasing; for it is at once concise and full, rich, clear, unpretending and melodious; and the sense, not presented in alternating flashes, piece after piece revealed and withdrawn, rises before us as in continuous dawning, and stands at last simultaneously complete, and bathed in the mellowest and ruddiest sunshine. It brings to mind what the prose of Hooker, Bacon, Milton, Browne, would have been, had they written under the good without the bad

influences of that French precision, which has polished and attenuated, trimmed and impoverished all modern languages; made our meaning clear, and too often shallow as well as clear."*

Finally, as Shakespeare is to be considered as the greater nature of the two, on the other hand we must admit him to have been the less cultivated, and much the more careless. What Shakespeare *could* have done we nowhere discover. A careless mortal, open to the Universe and its influences, not caring strenuously to open himself; who, Prometheus-like, will scale Heaven (if it so must be), and is satisfied if he therewith pay the rent of his London Playhouse; who, had the Warwickshire Justice let him hunt deer unmolested, might, for many years more, have lived quiet on the green earth without such aerial journeys: an unparalleled mortal. In the great Goethe, again, we see a man through life at his utmost strain; a man that, as he says himself, "struggled toughly;" laid hold of all things, under all aspects, scientific or poetic; engaged passionately with the deepest interests of man's existence, in the most complex age of man's history. What Shakespeare's thoughts on "God, Nature, Art," would have been, especially had he lived to number four-score years, were curious to know: Goethe's, delivered in many-toned melody, as the apocalypse of our era, are here for us to know.

Such was the noble talent entrusted to this man; such the noble employment he made thereof. We can call him, once more, "a clear and universal man;" we can say that, in his universality, as thinker, as singer, as worker, he lived a life of antique nobleness under these new conditions; and, in so living, is alone in all Europe; the foremost, whom others are to learn from and follow. In which great act, or rather great sum total of many acts, who shall compute what treasure of new strengthening, of faith become hope and vision, lies secured for all! The question, Can man still live in devoutness yet without blindness or contraction; in unconquerable steadfastness for the right, yet without tumultuous exasperation against the wrong; as an antique worthy, yet with the expansion and increased endowment of a modern? is no longer a question, but has become a certainty, and ocularly-visible fact.

We have looked at Goethe, as we engaged to do, "on *this* side," and with the eyes of "this generation;" that is to say, chiefly as a world-changer, and benignant spiritual revolutionist: for in our present so astonishing condition of "progress of the species," such is the category under which we must try all things, wisdom itself. And, indeed, under this aspect too, Goethe's Life

* *German Romance*, iv.

and Works are doubtless of incalculable value, and worthy our most earnest study; for his Spiritual History is, as it were, the ideal emblem of all true men's in these days; the goal of Manhood, which he attained, we too in our degree have to aim at; let us mark well the road he fashioned for himself, and in the dim weltering chaos rejoice to find a paved way.

Here, moreover, another word of explanation is perhaps worth adding. We mean in regard to the controversy agitated (as about many things pertaining to Goethe) about his Political Creed and practice, whether he was Ministerial or in Opposition? Let the political admirer of Goethe be at ease: Goethe was both, and also neither! The "rotten white-washed (*gebrechliche übertünchte*) condition of society" was plainer to few eyes than to his, sadder to few hearts than to his. Listen to the Epigrammatist at Venice:

"To this stithy I liken the land, the hammer its ruler,
And the people that plate, beaten between them that writhes;
Wo to the plate, when nothing but wilful bruises on bruises
Hit at random; and made, cometh no Kettle to view!"

But, alas, what is to be done?

"No Apostle-of-Liberty much to my heart ever found I;
License, each for himself, this was at bottom their want.
Liberator of many! first dare to be Servant of many:
What a business is that, would'st thou know it, go try!"

Let the following also be recommended to all inordinate worshippers of Septennials, Triennials, Elective Franchise, and the Shameful parts of the Constitution; and let each be a little tolerant of his neighbour's "festoon," and rejoice that he has himself found out *Freedom*,—a thing much wanted:

"Walls I can see tumbled down, walls I see also a-building;
Here sit prisoners, there likewise do prisoners sit:
Is the world then itself a huge prison? Free only the madman,
His chains knitting still up into some graceful festoon?"

So that for the Poet what remains but to leave Conservative and Destructive pulling one another's locks and ears off, as they will and can (the ulterior issue being long since indubitable enough); and, for his own part, strive day and night to forward the small suffering remnant of *Productives*, of those who, in true manful endeavour, were it under despotism or under sansculottism, create somewhat,—with whom, alone, in the end, does the hope of the world lie. Go thou and do likewise! Art thou called to politics, work therein, as this man would have done, like a real and not an imaginary workman. Understand well, meanwhile, that to no man is his political constitution "a life, but only a house wherein his life is led:" and hast thou a nobler task than such house-pargetting and smoke-doctoring, and pulling down of ancient

rotten rat-inhabited walls, leave such to the proper craftsman ; honour the higher Artist, and good-humouredly say with him :

“ All this is neither my coat nor my cake,
Why fill my hand with other men's charges ?
The fishes swim at ease in the lake,
And take no thought of the barges.”

Goethe's political practice, or rather no-practice, except that of self-defence, is a part of his conduct quite inseparably coherent with the rest ; a thing we could recommend to universal study, that the spirit of it might be understood by all men, and by all men imitated.

Nevertheless it is nowise alone on this revolutionary or ‘ progress-of-the-species ’ side that Goethe has significance ; his *Life and Work* is no painted show but a solid reality, and may be looked at with profit on all sides, from all imaginable points of view. Perennial, as a possession for ever, Goethe's *History and Writings* abide there ; a thousand-voiced “ *Melody of Wisdom*,” which he that has ears may hear. What the experience of the most complexly-situated, deep-searching, every way *far-experienced* man has yielded him of insight, lies written for all men here. He who was of compass to know and feel more than any other man, this is the record of his knowledge and feeling. “ The deepest heart, the highest head to scan ” was not beyond his faculty ; thus, then, did he scan and interpret : let many generations listen, according to their want ; let the generation which has no need of listening, and nothing new to learn there, esteem itself a happy one.

To us, meanwhile, to all that wander in darkness and seek light, as the one thing needful, be this possession reckoned among our choicest blessings and distinctions. *Colite talem virum* ; learn of him, imitate, emulate him ! So did *he* catch the Music of the Universe, and unfold it into clearness, and in authentic celestial tones bring it home to the hearts of men, from amid that soul-confusing Babylonish hubbub of this our new Tower-of-Babel era ! For now, too, as in that old time, had men said to themselves : Come, let us build a tower which shall reach to heaven ; and by our steam-engines, and logic-engines, and skilful mechanism and manipulation, vanquish not only Physical Nature, but the divine Spirit of Nature, and scale the empyrean itself. Wherefore they must needs again be stricken with confusion of tongues (or of printing-presses), and *dispersed*,—to other work ; wherein also let us hope, their hammers and trowels shall better avail them.—

Of Goethe, with a feeling such as can be due to no other man, we now take farewell : *vixit, vivit*.

ART. II.—*Fragmens de Géologie et de Climatologie Asiatiques.*
Par A. de Humboldt. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1831.

In the year 1829, the Russian government, with a view to collect accurate information respecting the physical geography and climatology of Central Asia, and of their vast dominions in Siberia, appointed Baron Humboldt and two very distinguished naturalists, MM. Ehrenberg and Rose, to undertake a scientific expedition to the Oural mountains, the frontiers of Chinese Dzoungaria, and the countries bordering on the Caspian sea. From the observations he was enabled personally to make in the course of this expedition, and the information he procured from the resident agents of Russia, as well as Tartars who had frequent occasion to traverse the interior countries for the purposes of commerce, Humboldt composed a series of *Memoirs*, on subjects connected with geography, volcanic geology, and climatology, which were read before the Academy of Sciences of Berlin, and the Institute of France, in the years 1830 and 1831. Of these *Memoirs* the work now before us is composed, and though it is only to be regarded as a collection of notes and fragments, to be made use of in a more extensive and elaborate treatise on the geognosy and physical state of the north-west portion of Asia, contemplated by the author, it abounds with so much novel and interesting information, that we conceive we shall be performing an acceptable service to our readers in laying an abstract of its contents before them. The first Memoir, on the mountain chains and volcanos of the interior of Asia, was originally written in German; the others, on the climate of some of the Asiatic countries, and the causes of the inflexion of the isothermal lines generally over the world, were composed in French. The work is also illustrated by some valuable notes by Klaproth, among which are a description of the Altai mountains, and the volcanos of Japan; and it is accompanied by an itinerary, giving the routes and distances between the principal places in the interior of the continent, and a map, in which the positions of the mountain-chains and principal volcanos are laid down with much more accuracy, we believe, than in any chart which has hitherto been published of these vast and imperfectly explored regions.

In the appointment of this expedition, the government of Russia would seem to have been influenced by motives of a less disinterested nature than the mere advancement of science. Observing the striking geognostical analogies that subsist between the Oural formation and those of some chains of mountains in Brazil, and aware of the similarity, or rather the exact identity, of the association of certain minerals all over the earth, Humboldt

and Englehardt, professor of mineralogy at Dorpat, had expressed their conviction that the alluvial soil of the Ourals, which already afforded a considerable supply of gold and platina, would also be found to contain diamonds. This announcement was of too much importance to be overlooked, and accordingly one of the objects of the expedition was to ascertain, if possible, the fact. With this view Humboldt and his associates were for some time engaged in examining the soil in the neighbourhood of Iekatherinebourg with the microscope. Their researches were unsuccessful, but the discovery of diamonds in the Ourals was actually made at this very time by Count Polier and M. Schmidt, who accompanied Humboldt as far as Tourinsk, and had only quitted him three days, when, on their return to Perm, they were fortunate enough to discover some crystals in the alluvial ground near Krestowosdvijski, about eight leagues to the north-east of Biserk, on the European side of the chain. In a geological point of view, and as confirming the recognised relations between the external form and interior structure of mountain ranges, the discovery was doubtless of considerable importance; how far it may contribute to give a temporary accession of strength to the gigantic power of Russia, must of course depend on the abundance of the mineral, and the facility with which it can be procured.

The following is the route of the expedition. Embarking at Nijnei Novgorod on the Wolga, they sailed down that river to Kasan and the Tartar ruins of Bulgari, and thence proceeded through Perm to Iekatherinebourg, on the eastern side of the Ourals. In the course of a month's sojourn among these mountains, Humboldt visited the central and northern parts of the chain, where gold and platina are found in greatest abundance. From Iekatherinebourg they proceeded to Tobolsk on the Irtyche, and thence through Tara to Bernaoul on the Ob, visiting the picturesque lake of Kolyvan, and the rich silver mines of Schlangen-berg, Riddersk, and Zyrianovski, on the south-west declivity of the Altai chain. From Riddersk they passed through Boukhtar-minsk to the border of Chinese Dzungaria, and obtained permission to cross the frontier to visit the Chinese post of Baty or Khoni Mailakhov, a central point of Asia to the north of Lake Dzaizang, and 82° east from Paris. Beyond this point they did not penetrate to the south or east. Having returned to the Russian post of Oust-Kamenogorsk, they proceeded along the banks of the Irtyche to Semipolotinsk and Omsk; whence, directing their course to the westward, and crossing the rivers Ichim and Tobol, they advanced through the steppe of the Khirgiz, till they reached the southern part of the Ourals. From Orsk, on the Iak or Oural river, they directed their steps to Orenburg, and thence to Sura-

tow, on the left bank of the Wolga, after which they proceeded to Astrakan, for the purpose of analysing the waters, and making a collection of the fishes of the Caspian sea. From Astrakan the expedition returned to Moscow, through the country of the Don Cossacks, Woroneje and Toula.

On following this route on the map, it will be seen that the whole range of Humboldt's personal observations extended only to the countries situated to the north of the Altai mountains; the interesting facts, therefore, which he has detailed respecting the regions lying to the south of that chain rest on a different, and, doubtless, less unexceptionable authority. It is only, indeed, for a very small portion of the materials hitherto collected respecting the geography of Central Asia that we are indebted to modern European travellers; a great mass of important information has, however, been recently published by oriental scholars, skilled in Chinese, Mandchou, and Mongul literature. Many of the facts stated by Humboldt have been drawn from these sources by Klaproth and Abel Remusat; and he professes also to have derived much valuable assistance from M. Gens, who, during a twenty years' official residence at Orenburg, has collected a mass of important materials from natives visiting that emporium of commerce. It is unnecessary to add that he has also availed himself of all the published information bearing on the subject.

Ever since the days of Marco Polo, Asia has been an object of geographical interest to Europeans, and yet at the present time very little is known respecting the physical constitution of its interior. Its coasts and islands were explored at an early period, and the courses of its principal rivers have been ascertained with tolerable accuracy; but of those vast central regions, vaguely designated by the names of Tartary and Thibet—whose barbarian hordes have at different times carried desolation over the fairest portions of the civilized world—we have not, till of very late years, possessed any precise information whatever. Accordingly, the most vague and erroneous notions have been universally prevalent respecting their geographical features, and particularly respecting their orography, and the general relief or elevation of the Asiatic continent. All our school books and popular treatises concur in representing Central Asia as a sort of platform, supported on all sides by lofty mountain-barriers, and elevated to a vast height above the general surface of the globe; yet the existence of a continuous table land in Asia, of any great extent, becomes less probable, in proportion as the interior of that continent becomes better known. In like manner, our common maps serve only to convey the most inaccurate ideas respecting the arrangement and distribution of the great mountain chains. They abound

in general with the most extraordinary blunders, and seem to have been constructed on no better principle than the very absurd one of placing a range of mountains on all the lines in respect of which the affluents or feeders of the different rivers flow in opposite directions. The fixation of a few principal points by astronomical observation has demonstrated the errors of the existing maps; while the barometer has afforded an accurate measure of the general elevation of some of the plains as well as the altitude of the mountain ranges, and consequently made us acquainted with the first elements of the climatology of the interior of the Asiatic continent.

Among the numerous reticulated groups of mountains that cover the surface of Central Asia, we may distinguish four great chains or systems, which lie almost in a parallel direction, ranging nearly from west to east, or from south-west to north-east. These, beginning with the most northern range, are 1st, the Altai; 2d, the Thian-chan; 3d, the Kuen-lun; and 4th, the Himalaya mountains. Between the Altai and the Thian-chan are comprehended the plain of Dzoungaria and the basin of the river Ili, which falls into lake Balkash; between the Thian-chan and Kuen-lun are the countries of Little Bucharia or Kashgar, Zerkend, Khotan, the great desert of Gobi or Chamo, Tourfan, Khamil and Tangout; and, lastly, between the Kuen-lun and Himalaya are Eastern and Western Thibet. A correct knowledge of the geographical situation and extent of these four ranges will materially assist us in forming a notion of the relative positions of the numerous smaller groups, as well as of the general features and disposition of the ancient continent.

The Altai system, properly so called, occupies a space hardly extending seven degrees in longitude, though in its usual acceptation the term Altai designates the northern boundary of a mountainous region stretching from the sources of the Irtyche to the sea of Okotsk. Its culminating or highest point lies to the north-west of lake Oubsa; to the east of this lake the chain takes the name of Tangnou, which it retains till it reaches lake Kossogol. From this place it is continued under different appellations till it joins the Iablonnoi-Khurebet, or "Chain of Apples," which stretches away to the north-east, or in a direction parallel to the sea of Okotsk. The mean latitude of the chain is between 50° and $51\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$. Its name, which in Chinese is said to signify "Mount of Gold," has probably been given to it on account of its great metallic riches. At present, according to Humboldt, it produces annually 70,000 marks of silver, and 1900 marks of gold. Although its summit is said by the Chinese to reach the *milky-way*, yet no part of the chain probably attains a greater elevation

than 1800 toises, or 11,500 English feet. The supposition of its forming the wall of a very high table-land is exceedingly erroneous. The plains in the neighbourhood of lake Dzaisang, on the southern side of the chain, and near its western extremity, are elevated only 1600 feet above the level of the sea, and the steppes round lake Balkash have a still less considerable elevation.

On our common maps two systems of mountains are laid down under the name of Altai—the Great and Little Altai—but the Russians and the inhabitants of the country are acquainted with no such distinction. Arrowsmith, who has been followed by most of our modern geographers, gave the name of Great Altai to an imaginary chain which he represented as a continuation of the Thian-chan, stretching from the east of Khamil (Hami) and Bar-koul to the north-east, towards the sources of the Ienisei, and lake Kossogol. If the name of Great Altai is to be preserved, it ought, in Humboldt's opinion, to be given to a chain of high mountains which range in a direction exactly at right angles with that assigned to it by Arrowsmith, that is to say, from north-west to south-east, between the right bank of the Upper Irtyche and the Ieke-Aral-Noor (lake of the Steppe), near Gobdo-Khoto.

From the meridian of Oust Kamenogorsk, the Altai system is prolonged towards the west, under the parallel of 49° or 50°, by a chain of hills and low mountains stretching over an extent of 160 geographical leagues. This prolongation has great geognostical interest, as it appears to have been upraised through a fissure, which forms the line of separation between the affluents of the Sarasou to the south, and the Irtyche to the north, and follows the same direction through 16 degrees of longitude. On our ordinary maps a continuous chain of mountains is usually represented under the name of Alghyidin-chamo, connecting the Altai with the southern extremity of the Ourals. But no such chain exists. The actual range of low hills is neither continuous, nor does it extend to the Ourals, but terminates abruptly under the meridian of Svermogovloskoi, about 10 degrees to the east of the latter chain. Isolated hillocks of five or six hundred feet, and groups of little mountains, rising boldly to the height of a thousand or twelve hundred feet, deceive the traveller not accustomed to estimate the irregularities of ground, and, when viewed from a distance, give that appearance of continuity which has led geographers into the error we have here alluded to.

At the point where this range of low hills terminates, there commences a very remarkable region of little lakes, comprising the groups of Balek-koul and Koum-koul, which seems to indicate, at a remote era, the existence of a great mass of water in the interior of Siberia, communicating with the lakes Aksakal and

Aral. It extends to the north-east, between the rivers Tobol and Ichim, and may be traced eastward beyond Omsk through the steppe of Baraba, thence to Sourgout beyond the Ob, through the country of the Ostiaks of Berezov, and even to the marshy coasts of the Frozen Sea. The geognostic appearances of this tract render it highly probable that it has formerly been entirely covered by a mass of water, of which the Caspian and lake Aral are the most considerable remaining portions. The Chinese also preserve a tradition of the existence of a salt lake in the interior of Siberia, which traversed the course of the Ienisei; and Humboldt observed that, at present, through the effects of cultivation, the dry land is constantly gaining on the marshes and lakes of the steppe of Baraba. The salt plain which surrounds the oasis of Hami, is expressively called by the Chinese the *Dried up Sea*, (Hao-hai).

The second great chain of mountains, called in Chinese Thian-chan, and in Turki Tengri-tugh, (both appellations signifying the Celestial Mountains,) runs from west to east, nearly along the 42d parallel of north latitude. The culminating point of the chain is probably to be found in the mass of mountains celebrated under the name of Bokhda-Oola (Holy Mountain), situated about 88 degrees to the east of the meridian of Paris. Pallas gives the name of Bokhda to the whole chain, and Arrowsmith confers the same name on a portion of his imaginary Great Altai. From Bokhda-Oola, the Thian-chan stretches eastward towards Bar-koul, beyond which its elevation suddenly falls to the level of the elevated desert of Gobi, but after an interruption of about 10 degrees of longitude, another chain appears, that of the Gadjar or In-chan, which follows the same direction from west to east, and which Humboldt regards as a prolongation of the Thian-chan. About four degrees to the west of Pekin, the In-chan is connected with the Ta-hang-chan, or snowy mountain, and to the north of this city with the mountains of Mongolia, which extend even to the northern frontier of the peninsula of the Corea. In a westerly direction the Thian-chan is prolonged to the neighbourhood of Samarkand. A part of the chain, to the north of Kashgar, is celebrated in the *Memoirs of Baber* under the denomination of the Mouz-tagh; to the west of this it assumes the name of Asferah and Ak-tagh.

The third great system of parallel mountains is the Kuen-lun, which runs nearly along the 35th parallel of latitude. A part of this range, under the meridian of about 72 degrees east from Paris, is called the Thsoun-ling, or Blue Mountains, and forms the southern extremity of the Bolor, or Belut-tagh, a transverse chain which follows the direction of the meridian through nearly ten degrees of latitude. From the Bolor the chain of the

Kuen-lun extends in an easterly direction towards the sources of the Hoang-ho, and it penetrates even into the Chen-si, a province of China. That part of Asia, however, which it traverses, is very little known, and we have as yet no observations, either of the mean height of the chain, or of its principal summits. Between the Kuen-lun and Thian-chan, and between the 90th and 100th degree of east longitude, there are two ranges of mountains running in the same direction, the Nanchan, or Khilian-chan, a little to the north of lake Khoukhounor, and the Tangout, which forms the northern boundary of the desert of Gobi.

The last and best known of the four great chains is the Himalaya. The general direction of this system is from north-west to south-east; it is consequently inclined at a considerable angle to the Kuen-lun, with which it unites between Kashmir and Fyzabad. Following this range, to the east we find it forming the northern boundary of the English territory in Hindostan, of the kingdoms of Assam and Ava, and penetrating to the Chinese province of Yun-nan. It then takes a direction to the north-east, and advances in a series of snowy peaks to the eastern ocean, opposite the island of Formosa, which indeed may be regarded as the termination of the chain. The mountains of this island are covered with snow during a great part of the year, indicating in that latitude an elevation exceeding 12,000 feet. To the west of the Bolor, the united chains of the Himalaya and Kuen-lun form the range of the Hindoo-kho, which Humboldt regards as a continuation of the Kuen-lun, though it is generally considered as a prolongation of the Himalaya. After following the direction of the parallel through five or six degrees, this range inclines to the north-west, and, passing between the plateau of Iran and the Caspian, is at length lost in the province of Adzerbaidjan, about 45 degrees to the east of Paris. If, therefore, we regard the Hindoo-kho as a continuation of the Himalaya, the last will form a continuous system, extending from the west of Persia to the eastern sea, or through 73 degrees of longitude. Some of the summits of this stupendous range are known to have a greater elevation than any other points on the surface of the earth. Djavahir, on the western side of the country of Nepaul, attains the altitude of 4026 toises, or 25,746 feet; while Dhawalaghiri, on the eastern side of the same country, rises to the enormous height of 4390 toises, or 28,096 feet above the level of the sea.

Between the first and second systems the country is enclosed on the eastern side by the Khing-khan-oola, a range which stretches between the Altai and the Thian-chan, in the direction of north-north-east, beyond the meridian of Pekin. On the western side, towards Tchoui, Sarasou, and the lower Sihoun, it

is entirely open. Exactly the reverse of this is the case with the country between the Thian-chan and Kuen-lun, which is open on the eastern side, but strikingly enclosed on the west by the transverse chain of the Bolor. This chain strikes off from the Kuen-lun at right angles, and, following the direction of the meridian, pierces through the Thian-chan to the north-west of Kashgar, and extends to the Alatau, another chain running from west to east between the lakes Balkash and Issikoul. The intermediate space between the Kuen-lun and the Himalaya, comprehending Thibet and Katchi, is covered with mountains so closely grouped together as to form an almost continuous plateau or table land. Its general elevation is great, but, as might be anticipated, very unequal. The mildness of the winters and the cultivation of the vine in the gardens of H'lassa in Eastern Thibet, under the parallel of $29^{\circ} 40'$, indicate, as Humboldt remarks, the existence of deep valleys and circular depressions.

We have considered it necessary to enter into the above details, at the risk of being thought tedious, for two reasons; first, because it would be difficult to trace, on any of our common maps, the parallelism which Humboldt has signalized; and second, because the subject has an interest altogether independant of the question of geographical position. It is an opinion now entertained, almost universally, by the most distinguished geologists, that the great mountain chains have been upraised from the bowels of the earth subsequently to the stratification and consolidation of the exterior crust. Now if we admit this theory, it will follow as a natural consequence, that the melted matter extruded by a force acting from below would carry along with it the consolidated strata, which would thus obtain an inclined position, and form a covering to the flanks of the new mountain. The nature of the strata which cover the sides of a mountain chain will therefore indicate the state of the surface at the epoch when the elevation took place; and hence, since geologists are able to assign certain relations, in respect of age or priority of formation, among the different stratifications, we are enabled, by the same means, to determine the relative ages of the mountains. But it is extremely remarkable that those chains which are covered by strata, or sedimental deposits, belonging to the same era of formation, are generally found to range in a direction parallel to the same great circle of the sphere; and this relation between the direction of the mountain chains and the nature of their covering has been found to hold good in so many instances, that some geologists of distinguished name do not hesitate to rank it among the principles of their science, and to regard the parallelism of different chains as a distinctive character of syn-

chronous elevation. According to this theory, which was first broached by Elie de Beaumont, and which Humboldt thinks the phenomena of the Asiatic continent tend to support, the four great parallel chains of Central Asia must have had a contemporaneous formation, while the transverse ranges of the Oural, the Bolor, the Ghauts of Malabar, and the Khing-khan, have been elevated at a subsequent and probably a very different epoch. In the present state of geological knowledge, the hypothesis of Beaumont cannot be admitted to rest on firm or tenable grounds; yet it cannot be disputed that even in the position of the different mountain-chains, and without any reference to the materials of which they are constituted, we have abundant evidence that the earth has only attained its present form through a succession of revolutions caused by the action of internal forces.

Though Asia undoubtedly presents a greater mass of elevated land than any of the other quarters of the world, Africa not excepted, yet all the facts that bear on the subject concur in proving that the notions prevalent respecting its general elevation have been greatly exaggerated. A large portion of the interior of the continent, however, still remains unexplored by European travellers; and even in regard to those parts where it is easy of access, there is a great want of good barometrical observations. On this head we have to regret that numberless opportunities of acquiring authentic information have been lost to science through the ignorance or indifference of our own countrymen. The routes from Hindostan to Europe are travelled annually by English officers, generally men of active habits, and sufficiently eager to distinguish themselves by scientific pursuits; but from being unaccustomed to the use of philosophical instruments, it unfortunately happens, most frequently, that when they are thrown into situations favourable for making observations, they are either unprovided with the means, or incapable of turning them to any good account. From this general charge there are indeed some splendid exceptions; but it cannot be denied, that in many cases the activity and talents of our travellers are expended in collecting useless details respecting the manners of barbarian hordes, or in loose descriptions of the appearance and aspect of the different countries through which they pass. It is but seldom that they are aware of the importance of measuring the height of a mountain or the elevation of a plain, and still more seldom that they can perform the operation with any tolerable degree of accuracy; hence it happens that the most important information,—that which regards the physical condition, the climate, and the natural history of a country,—is often entirely overlooked. May we not

hope that the time is not far distant, when physical geography, and the art of observing generally, will occupy a more important place in our national system of instruction?

On the northern side of the Altai range, and indeed over the whole northern extremity of Europe and Asia, the elevation of the ground is very inconsiderable. From the plains of Brabant one may pass, from west to east, to the steppes which border the western declivity of the Altai and Chinese Dzungaria—from the Scheldt to the Ienisei—over 80 degrees of longitude, without meeting with a single elevation exceeding 1200 or 1300 feet. Of late years a great number of barometrical measurements have been made on the frontiers of Chinese Dzungaria, the banks of the upper Irtyche, and the plains bordering on lake Dzaisang, in countries situated on the southern side of the Altai range. The mean of these observations gives to this district, and to a great part of the immense steppe of Kirghiz, an elevation scarcely exceeding 1300 or 1600 English feet above the level of the sea, and consequently not greater than that of the lake of Constance or the city of Munich. Of the countries lying to the south of the Kuen-lun, we have a very imperfect knowledge; but the platform of Persia, which extends from Teheran to Shyrax, and from which the two great chains of the Kuen-lun and Himalaya proceed, is estimated by Fraser* to have a mean elevation of about 3500 feet.† In the immense longitudinal valleys which separate the principal mountain chains, there are extensive tracts of country which are considerably depressed below the general level of the plains. It is worthy of remark that the countries situated between the Kuen-lun and Thian-chan have a general inclination from west to east, occasioned, apparently, by the upraising of the great transverse chain of the Bolor; while the valley of Dzungaria, between the Thian-chan and the Altai, is inclined to the west, the transverse ridge in this case being situated at the eastern extremity of the valley.

From a comparison of all the observations we possess on the configuration and elevation of the Asiatic continent, it results that the central region, between the parallels of 30° and 50°, and between the meridians of the Bolor and lake Baikal, contains a vast extent of country of which the elevation probably does not exceed

* Narrative of a Journey into Khorasân, London, 1826.

† It may be interesting to compare these elevations with those of some of the most extensive table lands of Europe. The interior of Russia, round Moscow, has an elevation of 480 feet above the level of the sea; the plains of Lombardy, 510 feet; the plateau of Suabia, 960; of Auvergne, 1110; of Switzerland, 1400; of Bavaria, 1660; of Spain, 2240.—p. 89.

that of the plains of Bavaria, Spain, and the Mysore. There is every reason to suppose that plains of the same order of elevation as those of Quito and Zitiaca occur only, if they occur at all, in the bifurcation formed by the junction of the Himalaya and Kuen-lun, in the group of mountains surrounding lake Khoukhounor, and in Gobi to the north-west of the In-chan.

The most singular feature in the form of the Asiatic continent, and one of the most remarkable on the surface of our globe, is the *depression* of a very considerable portion of the north-west of it below the level of the sea. Between the Kouma, the Don, the Wolga, the Iak, the Obtchey-syrt, Lake Aksal, and the Lower Sihoun, and along the Amoo, the whole country, including a space exceeding 18,000 square leagues, is depressed below the general level of the surface of the earth, and forms as it were an immense basin, the lowest part of which is occupied by the Caspian sea and Lake Aral. The surface of the Caspian is 320 feet below the level of the Black Sea, and that of Lake Aral 203 feet; the latter having been found, by the recent measurement of MM. Duhamel and Anjou, to be 117 feet above the level of the Caspian. Since the barometrical observations of Parrot and Englehardt, it has been known that the Caspian occupied a lower level than the Black Sea; but till of late years the great extent of country existing under the same singular circumstances was not suspected, nor did the phenomenon attract all the attention it deserves. Numerous observations have recently been made to ascertain the precise extent and geological features of the concavity, and we may expect to be soon put in possession of full and satisfactory information, the Academy of Sciences of St. Petersburg having ordered, at the instance of Humboldt, an extensive series of barometrical *soundings* to be made, with a view to determine the position of a geodetical line embracing all the points exactly on a level with the ocean. Humboldt regards this great concavity of the ancient world as a geological phenomenon, intimately connected with the elevation of the neighbouring mountains of the Caucasus, the Hindoo-kho, and the plains of Iran and Central Asia. The elevation of these enormous masses through the consolidated crust of the earth would easily account for the subsidence of so extensive a portion of country. Similar instances of subsidence are found on a smaller scale in the deep lakes of Switzerland, and it is probable the surface of our planet would afford numerous others, if it were possible to remove alluvial deposits and tertiary coverings from the low districts. Throughout the whole extent of the concavity, traces of igneous action are abundant, especially in the neighbourhood of the Caspian, where the appearances of volcanic

agency are so numerous that Humboldt denominates the whole country a *pays-cratère*, comparing it with the great concavities of the lunar surface, which, in point of extent, resemble the kingdom of Hungary rather than the cones and craters of our own volcanos. But to whatever epoch its formation may be referred, it has unquestionably preceded that of the elevation of the Oural mountains. These may be traced in an uninterrupted course through the ancient formations, from the plain of Goubertinsk to the Oust Ourt, between lake Aral and the Caspian; now it is impossible to conceive that a chain whose general height is so inconsiderable would not have entirely disappeared, if its elevation had not been posterior to the great convulsion which left so extensive a concavity.

But the traces of volcanic action in Central Asia are not confined to the low regions bordering on the Caspian; they extend over a very large portion of the interior of the continent, embracing almost the whole of Chinese Tartary, and on account of the peculiarities of their position, offer to the geologist a subject of very interesting speculation. On this subject Humboldt has collected a mass of important information, which throws a new light on the general theory of volcanic action.

When we consider the wide distribution of volcanic phenomena over the earth, their perfect resemblance, and their evident connection with each other, they become the most interesting, as well as the most instructive, of all geological studies. The vast range of the Andes, from Chili to the north of Mexico, is only an uninterrupted chain of volcanos. On the maritime coasts, and among the numerous islands of the ancient continent, there are several volcanic bands of immense extent. One comprehends the long chain of the Sunda islands, and, stretching to the north, embraces the groups of the Moluccas and Philippines. Another extends from Formosa through the chains of the Loo-tcheou, the Japan, and the Kurilian isles, to the peninsula of Kamtchatka. A third extends from the Caspian sea westward, to the Azores, embracing Italy and the volcanic regions of the south of Europe. The whole intertropical region of the Pacific ocean is described by Professor Lyell as "one vast theatre of igneous action." Now the cause of phenomena so widely dispersed must be one which is not confined to any particular zone or region. The centres of volcanic action are evidently situated at great depths; if they were situated near the surface, or at the depth of only a few miles, we might witness volcanos distributed in disconnected groups, but not in continuous chains, extending over a fourth of the whole circumference of the globe. In a former number of this Review, (No. XVI.) we gave an abstract of the ex-

perimental facts collected by Cordier, and of the arguments adduced by Fourier, in support of that hypothesis which supposes volcanic action to be a consequence of the gradual cooling and consolidation of the earth. All the new facts which have been made known respecting the interior of Asia, corroborate the arguments already adduced in support of this theory, which appears to be daily finding more favour with geologists. Even those who reject the proposition of the general fluidity of the interior of the earth, admit, without hesitation, the existence of enormous masses of liquid matter at great depths. The phenomena, indeed, render the admission inevitable, and prove that a regular communication of heat is preserved between the central parts of the earth and the surface. This communication is kept up by means of numerous solfataras, which evolve gases of the same nature as volcanos, and operate as vents to convey away the gases generated in the subterranean regions; by hot springs and fissures, which abound in tracts where earthquakes are frequent; and by *stufas*, as the Italians term them, through which steam, having a temperature frequently above the point of ebullition, is emitted for ages without interruption.* It must be admitted that all the phenomena here enumerated, and indeed all that can by possibility be observed, prove only the *local* existence of great heat and melted lavas in the bowels of the earth; but when we consider the frequency of their occurrence, and their perfect similarity even in the most remote situations, it is impossible to doubt that they proceed from a general, and not from a local or partial cause.

While geologists were acquainted with no other active volcanos than such as are situated, like those of Europe, the Andes, and the Asiatic islands, at a small distance from the ocean, it appeared a plausible theory that the proximity of great masses of salt water is indispensable to the maintenance of volcanic action. Some of the volcanos of Asia, however, at present in active operation, are situated at such distances from the sea, or any considerable body of water, that they plainly require a different explanation. Humboldt properly remarks that the proximity of active volcanos to the sea (a fact that must be admitted in general) is less a consequence of the chemical action of water on inflammable metallic bases, than of the configuration of the crust of the globe, and the diminished resistance which is offered in the vicinity of maritime basins, to the issue of elastic fluids, and materials in fusion, from the interior of the earth. Volcanic

* Lyell's Geology, vol. i. p. 469. On this subject the readers may also consult Dr. Hibbert's interesting recent work "On the Extinct Volcanos of the Basin of Newwied."

phenomena may be manifested wherever it happens that a fissure has been made, by ancient revolutions, in the exterior crust of the earth; but when an eruption takes place in the interior of an elevated continent, a very unusual concurrence of circumstances must occur, in order to preserve a permanent communication between the interior of the globe and the atmosphere.

The principal seat of volcanic action in the interior of Asia is in the second range of mountains, or the Thian-chan, the whole northern declivity of which presents volcanic phenomena. The most remarkable volcano in this chain is the mountain called in Turki Echikbach, and in Chinese Pe-chan, or White Mountain, an appellation which may be derived either from the circumstance of its rising to the region of perpetual snow, or because its surface presents a whitish appearance, from its being covered with muriatic efflorescences. According to the reports of the Chinese, it vomits forth fire and smoke without intermission. On account of its central position, and great distance from the sea, this volcano is an object of peculiar interest to the geologist. It is situated a little to the east of Aksou, the longitude of which, as determined by the missionaries, is $76^{\circ} 47'$ east of Paris. Its distance from the Caspian Sea is about 300 geographical leagues, or 1400 English miles; from the Arctic Sea 1280 miles; from the Pacific 1750 miles; from the Indian Ocean 1540 miles; and from the lake Aral 1050 miles. But it ought to be remarked, that though the distance of this volcano from any of the great oceans is between 1400 and 1800 English miles, there are some lakes of no inconsiderable magnitude at a much smaller distance. In particular, lake Issi-koul, or Hot Lake, (itself a volcanic phenomenon,) which is situated between two and three degrees to the south of lake Balkash, is only about 200 miles distant from the Pe-chan. The length of the Issi-koul is between 80 and 84 miles, and its breadth about 25 or 30; its surface is consequently about twice the extent of that of the lake of Geneva.

Of the present state of this mountain we have no very authentic or particular description. Humboldt's account of it has been derived from notices extracted from the Chinese histories by Klaproth and Abel Remusat, and from these it appears incontestable that in the first century of our era, the mountain was an active volcano, in the strictest sense of the word, vomiting forth torrents of lava. At present it would appear to be rather a solfatara. For a long time it has ceased to eject lava, but it produces ammoniacal salt (the salt of tartar of commerce) in such abundance that the inhabitants of the country often pay their tribute to the Emperor of China in that commodity. Humboldt gives the following extract from a *Description of Central Asia*,

published at Peking in 1777. "The province of Koutchi produces copper, saltpetre, sulphur, and ammoniacal salt. This last substance is brought from an ammoniacal mountain (the Pe-chan) to the north of the city of Koutché, which is full of caverns and crevices. In spring, in summer, and in autumn, these caverns are filled with fire, so that during the night the mountain appears as if it were illuminated with thousands of lamps. No person can then approach it. It is only in winter, when the great quantity of snow has extinguished the fire, that the natives collect the ammoniacal salt, and for this purpose they strip themselves entirely naked. The salt is found in the caverns under the form of stalactites, which renders it difficult to be detached."—p. 108.

On the southern side of the Thian-chan, and about 500 miles to the east of Pe-chan, we find the volcano of Tourfan, or Ho-tcheou, from which ascends a perpetual column of smoke, accompanied during the night by a flame similar to that of a torch. At this place the ammoniacal salt is so abundant that it is not merely found as a sedimental deposit from vapours; a greenish liquid is collected in the cavities, which, on being boiled, yields the salt in the form of crystals, of a great whiteness, and of perfect purity. About 140 miles to the west of the meridian of Ho-tcheou, on the north side of the Thian-chan and near the foot of the gigantic Bokhda-Oola, is situated the great solfatara of Ouroumtsi, which is upwards of five leagues or 24 miles in circumference. Snow never lies on this place in winter, but it has the appearance of being filled with cinders. If a stone is thrown into the basin, flames arise accompanied by a black smoke, which is not dissipated for a considerable space of time.

Phenomena of the same kind occur even at a considerable distance from the Thian-chan. About 200 miles to the north of Ouroumtsi, in a plain contiguous to the river Khobok, which falls into the little lake Darlai, a hill arises, whose sides, though it emits no smoke, are very hot, and which yields the ammoniacal salt in considerable quantities. In fact, although the Pe-chan, Ho-tcheou, Ouroumtsi, and Khobok are the only four places yet known in the interior of Asia, which afford at the present time well authenticated instances of volcanic phenomena, one half of the longitudinal valley, situated between the Thian-chan and the Altai, abounds with marks of igneous action, but to the north of lake Darlai it becomes more feeble. Rocks of igneous origin, trachytes for example, were found by Humboldt even on the south west declivity of the Altai. In the volcanic territory, which extends over a surface of 2,500 geographical square leagues, earthquakes, the usual concomitants of volcanic eruptions, are frequent and violent. The city of Akson was entirely destroyed

by a commotion of this kind about the beginning of the eighteenth century. In the month of February, 1829, Irkoutsk suffered much from earthquakes, and in the following April shocks were felt at Riddersk, and most sensibly at the bottom of the mines. Beyond this place, however, the circle of commotion does not extend. Farther to the west, in the plains of Siberia, between the Altai and the Oural, and along the whole range of the Oural, no earthquake has been experienced. It would seem as if part of the Altai was comprehended within the circle of commotion of the Thian-chan, and that the shocks felt in the neighbourhood of the former chain proceed from two distant centres, namely, the volcanic territory of Thian-chan, and the mountains surrounding lake Baikal.

We have already alluded to the volcanic nature of the great depression of the north-west of Asia. The Caspian Sea appears to be surrounded by a volcanic territory. On the eastern side hot springs burst forth at Soussac, in the Karatau mountains, near the city of Turkestan. On the south and west sides two volcanos are still in activity,—Demavend, which is visible from Teheran; and Seiban Dagb, which is covered with vitreous lava. The chain of the Caucasus abounds with trachytes, porphyries, and thermal springs. Numerous mud volcanos appear on the isthmus between the Caspian and Black Sea. On the 27th of November, 1827, at the village of Iokinali, in the territory of Bakou, about three leagues west from the shores of the Caspian, violent earthquakes and noises were followed by an eruption of flames and stones. A space extending 1280 feet in length and 960 feet in breadth, burned without interruption during twenty-seven hours, and was raised above the level of the neighbouring country. After the flames were extinguished, columns of water were observed to gush forth, which continue to flow at the present time.

The Memoirs contained in the second volume of Humboldt's work relate to the climatology of Asia, and the general causes of the inflexion of the isothermal lines. They may be considered as forming a supplement—rendered necessary by the data which have been collected from recent observations and experiments in the interior of Asia—to the Essay on Isothermal Lines, published by the same author in the third volume of the *Memoires d'Arcueil*; and to that on the Limit of Perpetual Snow in the Himalaya Mountains and the Equatorial Regions, which appeared in Vol. XIV. of the *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*.

In its most general acceptance, the word climate embraces not only the temperature of a country, and the phenomena which depend on the distribution of heat, but all those modifications of

the atmosphere by which our organs are sensibly affected. Among these are its state in respect of humidity; variations of barometric pressure; changes of electric tension; the purity of the atmosphere, or admixture of gaseous emanations; the tranquillity of the air, or the effects of winds; and the general clearness and serenity of the sky;—all of which exercise an influence, not only on the development of organic tissues in the vegetable world, but also on the *ensemble* of moral sensations experienced by mankind in the different zones and regions of the earth. Few of these modifications can be determined otherwise than by a long series of attentive observations, such as have yet been made at only a very few parts of the earth's surface; and hence, though we know with considerable precision the general circumstances which modify the distribution of heat, we are still very imperfectly informed respecting the influence of local causes of perturbation, or deviations from that mean state which would be attained if the surface of the earth were perfectly regular, and its power of absorbing and emitting heat and light were every where the same. The laws of climatology, like those of astronomy, have their numerical elements; but unfortunately these elements are so imperfectly determined, that the science can yet be considered as only in its infancy.

Europe and Asia are strongly contrasted with each other in respect of many of the circumstances which most powerfully affect their climatology. Europe, in a general view, may be regarded as a peninsular prolongation of the ancient continent, broken and intersected by numerous arms of the ocean and inland seas. The predominating winds are from the west, and these, for the whole of the western portion, are sea winds, greatly softened by coming in contact with a mass of water, of which the superficial temperature, even in the month of January, under the mean parallels of 45 or 50 degrees, does not fall below 48° and 51° of Fahrenheit's scale. Europe also enjoys the advantage of being placed directly to the north of an immense tract of tropical land (Africa and Arabia), which by its diurnal radiation produces effects extremely different from an equal superficies of ocean. Masses of heated air are constantly rising in currents from the arid sandy surface to the higher regions of the atmosphere, and then impelled towards the colder countries of the north. On its northern side the circumstances are not less unfavourable to the accumulation of extreme cold. A very small portion of land is placed beyond the polar circle, and the whole northern extremity is separated from the polar ice by a zone of open sea, the temperature of which is greatly higher than that of a continental country under the same latitude. Even in winter, the polar ice does not extend southward beyond Bear Island, under the 75th parallel; and in the

coldest seasons the navigator can advance without interruption to the southern promontory of Spitzbergen. The comparatively high temperature of the sea on the north of Europe is chiefly to be ascribed to the direction of the great oceanic valley which separates Europe from America, and the existence of the gulf stream, which conveys a portion of the temperature of the Gulf of Mexico into the polar seas.

Almost all the circumstances which contribute to give a mild climate to Europe are reversed in the case of Asia. Its northern boundary extends beyond the parallel of 70° , and between the mouths of the Ienesei and the Lena it reaches even to 75° . In every part it attains the winter limit of the polar ice, and only a very narrow zone of water is interposed between the ice and land during the short summer enjoyed in these high latitudes. The north winds, unobstructed by any chain of mountains, blow with unmitigated severity over an icy plain, extending northward to the pole, and eastward to the point of maximum cold, which appears to be situated on the meridian of Behring's Straits. The refrigerating influence of these winds is not counterbalanced by arid deserts on the southern side of the continent. From the meridian of the Ourals to that of Cape Tchoukotski, that is to say, through 140 degrees of longitude, there is no land under the equator excepting the inconsiderable portion formed by the islands of Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes and Gilolo; consequently the Asiatic countries situated in the temperate zone are not warmed by ascending currents of heated air, such as those which rise from the deserts of Africa, and are so beneficial to Europe. The position of the great mountain chains, and the general elevation of the country, also powerfully contribute to diminish the temperature. The Himalaya and Kuen-lun, through a great extent, present an effectual barrier to the warm winds which come from the equator. Elevated plains and groups of lofty mountains accumulate and preserve the snow till late in the summer, and give rise to descending currents of air, which cool down the temperature of the circumjacent countries. Lastly, Asia, through the whole length of Europe, has no sea on its western side. The west or predominating winds are consequently land winds for the greater part of the ancient continent, and their severity is increased by the great enlargement of the land towards the north.

The circumstances we have here pointed out occasion very remarkable differences in the climates of Asia and the western countries of Europe. The eastern part of Europe, and the whole of Asia to the north of the 35th parallel of latitude, have what Humboldt calls an *excessive* climate, meaning, by that term, a climate in which the summer and winter temperature are greatly different

from the mean temperature of the year. At Moscow, (lat. $55^{\circ} 45'$) where the mean temperature of the year is only 40° of Fahrenheit, the mean temperature of the hottest month is $70\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$; while at Paris, (lat. $48^{\circ} 50'$) consequently 7° farther south, where the mean temperature of the year amounts to 51° , that of the hottest month is only about 65° . In no part of the world, not even in Italy or the Canary isles, do finer grapes come to maturity than at Astrakan, on the borders of the Caspian Sea; and yet, at the same place, and even at Kislar, still farther south, under the latitude of Avignon and Rimini, the centigrade thermometer is frequently observed in winter to fall to 28 and 30° below zero, corresponding to $-18^{\circ} 4'$, and -22° of Fahrenheit. But experience shows, that in the European system of climates, a potable wine cannot be produced unless the mean temperature of the year amounts at least to $47\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, or 48° , and that of the coldest month does not fall below 34° Fabr. On the western coast of France, between Nantes and St. Malo, the latitudes of which are respectively 47° and 48° , the mean temperature of the whole year is the same as at Pekin, the latitude of which is only 40° , while the mean temperature of the winter months is $14\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ higher.

In the absence of thermometrical observations, a tolerably accurate notion may be formed of the general climate of a country from the altitude of the snow limit, or the height at which the mountains continue to be covered with snow in summer. The research of this limit, when the latitude, elevation, and general features of a country are given, is a very important geological question, but one which is by no means of easy solution; in fact, none of the phenomena connected with the distribution of heat depend on a greater multiplicity of causes, all acting together and modifying the effects of each other. If the earth were a perfect spheroid, and had a homogeneous surface, the isothermal curves would be all parallel to the equator, and their altitude, for a given temperature, easily computed from the known laws according to which the diminution of heat is regulated in the upper regions of the atmosphere. But in the actual state of our planet, the temperature of the high regions depends on the elevation of the plains, and their powers of radiating heat; on the mass and configuration of the mountains; on the presence or absence of strata of clouds and vapours interposed between the plains and the snow line; and also on the temperature of the regions over which the predominating winds blow.* Mountains, in consequence of the radiation from great opaque surfaces shooting up into the atmosphere, contribute to warm the surrounding strata of air, and give

* *Annales de Chimie*, Tom. XIV. p. 22.

rise to currents, interrupted, however, by the presence of masses of clouds, and even by the effects of their own shadows. The influence of plains, on the other hand, depends on the equality of their surfaces, their extent, the presence or absence of vegetation, and their juxtaposition in steppes. Humboldt found, by direct observation, that in the Cordilleras of the Andes, between the tropics, plains having the trifling extent of 25 square leagues, raise the mean temperature of the air from $2^{\circ}.7$ to $4^{\circ}.2$ Fahr. above that which is found at an equal elevation on the steep sides of mountains.—p. 529.

It is important to observe that the snow line must not be confounded with an isothermal curve, that is to say, a curve of equal annual temperature. It indicates neither the stratum of air of which the temperature is at the point of congelation, nor that of any stratum of air whatever, having an equal mean temperature. Under the equator, in the plain of Quito, the snow line corresponds with the atmospheric stratum whose mean temperature is $34^{\circ}.7$, while at the polar circle its elevation corresponds to a temperature of only 20° . Hence it appears that the altitude of the snow line is not, in the language of mathematicians, a function of the mean temperature of the year alone; it depends also on the distribution of the annual heat through the different seasons, and on the duration and mean temperature of the summer. As we proceed from the equator towards the pole, its altitude decreases more rapidly than that of the line which indicates the mean temperature of the hottest months, but much more slowly than if it depended solely on the mean temperature of the whole year.

The altitude of the snow line on the different ranges of mountains in Asia has been hitherto very imperfectly determined; but in a general view, it may be regarded as very considerably greater than in Europe, or even America, under the same parallel of latitude. From the report made to the Imperial Academy of Sciences of Petersburg, of a journey to the summit of mount Elbrouz, by MM. Kupfer and Lenz, in 1829, it appears that the limit of perpetual snow on that mountain is elevated to the height of 11,000 English feet, while, in the Pyrenees, under the same latitude, its elevation, according to the observations of Ramond, is only 8,690 feet, so that it is 2,300 feet higher in the Caucasus than in the Pyrenees. The great influence of local circumstances on the position of the snow line is strikingly exemplified by the phenomena of the Himalaya range. On the southern side of this immense chain, towards Hindostan, under the latitude of 30° or 31° , the snow line is at an elevation of 12,400 feet; but on the side towards Thibet, snow disappears in summer, even at the enormous elevation of 16,600 feet. This

remarkable difference of 4,200 feet, which was first made known by Captain Webb, in 1816, is ascribed by Humboldt to the powerful radiation which takes place in summer from the elevated plains of Thibet, to the small quantity of snow that falls in winter, when the temperature sinks below 10° of Fahrenheit, and to the serenity and clearness of the atmosphere on the northern side of the Himalaya;—circumstances which at the same time increase the radiation from the plains, and facilitate the transmission of the heat to the colder regions.

The mean temperature of the equatorial zone is as yet very imperfectly determined; but Humboldt thinks it does not exceed 80° of Fahrenheit. The greatest summer heats are found in countries contiguous to the tropics. On the Red Sea, for example, the thermometer is often seen to rise to 110° at mid day, and to remain at 94° during the night. In the production of this extreme heat, astronomical causes combine their influence with the local peculiarities of the circumjacent countries. A few degrees within the tropic, the sun at midsummer continues for a considerable space of time to pass daily very near the zenith; and the day, increasing with the latitude, is longer than under the equator, so that the amount of nocturnal radiation is diminished. Among the local causes which contribute to give an *excessive* climate to the Arabian peninsula and the tropical countries of Africa, we may reckon the sandy surface, almost entirely deprived of vegetation, the constant dryness of the air, the direction of the winds, and the quantity of heat radiated from earthy particles carried about in the atmosphere.

We shall not attempt to follow M. Humboldt through his last Memoir—On the Causes of the Inflexion of the Isothermal Lines—more especially as it contains few facts of any importance which were not already stated in his former essays in the *Memoires d'Arcueil* and *Annales de Chimie*, and with which the public are in consequence already acquainted.

The last subject to which we shall advert is one of great geognostical interest, and which has excited much controversy,—we allude to the discovery in the frozen plains of Siberia, of the carcasses of animals belonging to species that are now found only in tropical regions, in a state of almost entire preservation. Cuvier was of opinion that this extraordinary circumstance could not be explained without supposing some instantaneous cause of cooling, such as would result from a sudden and violent change of the axis of the earth's rotation; for it is impossible to suppose that the skin and flesh of an entire carcase, such as that found by Mr. Adams, could have been preserved from corruption, unless it had been instantaneously en-

veloped in the ice in which it was found; and thus, says Cuvier, every hypothesis which involves a gradual cooling of the earth, or a gradual change in the position of its equator, falls of itself. Humboldt thinks the true explanation of the phenomenon is to be found in the frozen state of the earth, under high latitudes, at the depth of five or six feet below the surface; but we cannot regard his reasoning on this subject as altogether conclusive and satisfactory. The existence of thick strata of ice, or rather of frozen earth, is, however, an incontestable fact, supported by numerous observations, and in itself of no little importance to geology. In the months of July and August, when the temperature of the air rose to 86° , Humboldt found between the convent of Abalak and the city of Tara, in latitudes corresponding to Scotland and the north of England, namely, between $56\frac{1}{4}^{\circ}$ and 58° , some springs of no great depth, the temperature of which was only $34^{\circ}.7$ and $36^{\circ}.5$. Some degrees to the north of Irkoutsk, or about the latitude of 69° , where the mean temperature of the year is between two and three degrees below the freezing point, the soil remains always frozen to the depth of twelve or fifteen feet. At Bogoslawsk, in the middle of summer, a bed of frozen earth, nine and a half feet thick, was found at the depth of six feet under the surface; and at Jakoutsck, $4\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ to the south of the polar circle, notwithstanding the high temperature of the air in the months of July and August, the subterranean ice is a "general and perpetual phenomenon." It is easy to suppose that between Jakoutsck and the mouths of the Lena, from 62° to 72° of latitude, the thickness of the congealed stratum must rapidly increase.

Now if we can only admit the existence in high latitudes of animals corresponding to those whose fossil remains are now so plentifully found, these capacious beds of everlasting ice will enable us to account for the phenomena of their preservation. Humboldt thinks their existence, even in the actual state of the system of Asiatic climates, to be by no means improbable, and in support of this opinion cites the example of the royal tiger of Bengal. This animal, which we are accustomed to consider as belonging to a tropical country, is at the present day frequently met with in Siberia, even as far north as the parallels of Berlin and Hamburg. Individuals of the tribe live, beyond all dispute, on the northern side of the Thian-chan, or Celestial Mountains; on the steppe of the Kirghiz and the banks of the Upper Irtyche; and they make excursions even to the western declivity of the Altai, between Boukhtarminsk, Bernaoul, and the celebrated silver mine of Schlängenberg, where many of them have been killed of an enormous size. But what is at present true of the royal tiger may have been formerly true of the elephant and rhinoceros. If then we suppose that in one of the last revolutions

which the earth has undergone, for example, in the upraising of a recent chain of mountains, like the Oural, elephants and other species had fled beyond their usual haunts to the banks of the Vilhovi and the mouths of the Lena, numerous accidents might bring their carcasses in contact with the frozen strata always existing a few feet under the surface, and in this case they would be safely preserved from putrefaction.

This hypothesis relieves us from the necessity of supposing that any great change of temperature has ever taken place at the surface of the earth; but it is hardly possible to believe, in the face of numerous geological facts, that the climatology of the ancient continent has not undergone at least a very great modification. No one, we think, who takes the trouble to read the luminous exposition of facts given by Mr. Lyell in the first volume of his excellent work on geology, will pretend to doubt that a great alteration of climate in the northern hemisphere has been fully established. Part of the effect may be, and most probably is, owing to a change of conformation, arising from the elevation of mountains, or of insular or continental masses from the bottom of the sea by the action of subterraneous forces; but much of it may also, we think, be ascribed to the diminution of the quantity of internal heat communicated to the atmosphere through crevices in the oxydized crust of the earth.

We cannot conclude our account of these Memoirs, without expressing the satisfaction we have in believing that, owing to the zeal with which the natural and physical sciences are at present cultivated among the Russians, the great want of positive information respecting the geography, natural history, and climate of Asia, under which science still labours, will soon be removed. During his recent expedition Humboldt left a number of thermometers in various parts of Siberia, in the hands of persons capable of making excellent use of them, and many valuable results have already been communicated. The Academy of St. Petersburg, also, with that spirit which it uniformly displays when the interests of science are concerned, has adopted the design of causing a regular series of simultaneous observations to be made, over the whole extent of the Russian empire,—of the diurnal variations of the barometer, thermometer, and hygrometer—of the temperature of the earth,—the direction of the winds, and the quantity of rain and snow deposited by the atmosphere. If this design is carried into execution, the laws which regulate the distribution of heat over the terrestrial surface will become better known to us than they have hitherto been, and Climatology be raised to a higher position among the accurate sciences than it at present occupies.

ART. III.—*Opinion de M. Cristophe, deuxième partie; suivie de son voyage, commerciale et philosophique.* Par M. Boucher de Perthes. Sm. 8vo. Paris. 1831.

IN our last number we gave an account of the measures adopted within the last few years affecting our Navigation Laws and Colonial system, and of what is called the "Reciprocity" arrangement. We now propose to pursue a similar inquiry into that branch of the "New System," which has acquired the popular but inaccurate designation of "Free Trade." It has been already shown that the "Reciprocity" and the "Free Trade," though often confounded, are things perfectly distinct. Either might exist without the other. The first is essentially an arrangement in which foreign powers are directly concerned, which varies according to the conduct of each foreign power, and has, in fact, been the subject of stipulation with most of them. It consists in treaties of Commercial Peace. The second only indirectly concerns foreign countries; it is not adjusted with reference to their conduct, and has not been the subject of any of the recent treaties. While, therefore, we are in many cases restrained by stipulation from imposing a duty upon importations in foreign vessels, as being in such vessels, we have within our own power the arrangement of our duties upon merchandize of all sorts, imported or exported; with full competence to augment to any extent the duties on foreign articles, because they *are* foreign; provided only, that we do not favor the produce of one country more than that of another, with which we have made the stipulation to treat, and be treated, as the "most favoured nation."

The two branches of the new system are not less distinct in practice than in law. Our duties upon foreign goods imported have not been arranged with any reference to the existence, or non-existence, of a reciprocity treaty: it has happened that we have favored, by our application of the system of free trade, the goods of a country, with which we have been engaged in a contest as to the reciprocity in regard to ships;* and it has also happened that we have renewed a reciprocity treaty with a nation,† with which we have been at the same time engaged in a contest as to the duties on goods.

It is thus a great mistake to consider the new measures affecting the duties on silk, iron, and most manufactured articles, which measures constitute what is not very accurately called the system

* France.—We admitted French silks, while we imposed a retaliatory duty on French ships under the order of 10th March, 1824.

† The United States of America.

of "free trade," as adopted upon a principle of "reciprocity" between England and the several other nations of the world.

We will now give the history of "free trade."

Although the first reduction of duty, under the new system, was not effected until the year 1824, it may be said to have attracted serious attention, and to have been in some degree recognized by the government and by parliament, in the year 1820; when the celebrated petition of the merchants was presented by Mr. Baring.* The principles and language of this petition were adopted, with a qualification apparently temporary, by Mr. Huskisson,† in his most celebrated defence of his own measures.

It has been cited by the professor of political economy at Oxford,‡ as a luminous exposition of the true principles of commerce, in contradistinction to those of the old "mercantile theory:" We, therefore, take it as affording the best explanation of *the principle* of the new measures; and the fittest basis of a discussion of the whole subject.

The avowed object of this petition was, to destroy the "old system" of prohibitions and restrictions on the importation of foreign produce and manufactures. Let us first, then, enquire, what this old system was?

It is much more difficult to answer this, than a similar question as to navigation or colonies; because, the navigation laws and colonial system were deliberately adopted, for avowed purposes, almost at one time. Various alterations, no doubt, had occurred in the course of centuries: but they were all modifications of a principle, which never was abandoned.

The restrictions which existed in 1820, upon the importation or exportation of certain articles, scarcely constituted a system, and certainly did not proceed from any distinct principle, at any one time adopted and avowed. The principle is to be sought in the details. Nor is it very easy to be discovered among those various and complicated arrangements. It operated, in most instances, through the medium of duties, and it is not always known, whether revenue, or protection of native industry, was the motive of the imposition. It frequently happened, that a duty imposed for the purposes of revenue, operated, unintentionally, as a protection; and many such are now claimed, by the English grower or manufacturer of the article, as a protection accorded by the wisdom of former parliaments!

Recent governments have been accused of abandoning the

* 8th May, 1820. Parl. Deb. N. S. vol. i. 165.

† Speech on the silk question, 23d February, 1826. Parl. Deb. N. S. vol. xiv. 774.

‡ Senior's Lectures on the transmission of the precious metals from country to country, and on the mercantile theory of wealth. 1828. p. 77.

policy under which England has flourished, and departing from safe and practical principles, in search of speculative and untried theories; and parliament has been exhorted to retrace its steps back to "the old system." The accusers have, over and over again, been challenged, by Mr. Huskisson, Mr. Courtenay, and Mr. Poulett Thomson, to propose the specific measures by which the errors of late years might be corrected: the opponents of free trade have always declined this challenge, sometimes plausibly pretending that it was now too late to go back; but, in truth, never distinctly marking the point, to which they desired, if it were possible, to return.

It is easy to state the full extent of the principle of free trade;—the entire absence of prohibitions or restrictions upon the importation or exportation of commodities. Here is an intelligible principle; its converse would be, the prohibition to export or import at all. If this be not maintained, as it certainly is not, where shall we find a principle, by which to limit our restrictive system?

The tract before us is in the form of a dialogue, between a minister, who espouses the prohibitive system, and a wine-grower, who argues against it; and, as the doctrines which we examine, however they may be defended by reference to our history, are not exclusively English, we might find here an exposition of them sufficient for our purpose. But the compiler of the dialogue is evidently a free trade man, and it is fair to hear the other side, through an advocate of their own.

A leading monthly periodical, in one of its numbers for 1828,* contains the most elaborate exposition of the old system which we have seen. Its principle is thus described:—"It has always been a leading principle with the old system, to establish and protect in this country, any trade or manufacture, or the production of any articles calculated to be a source of national benefit. It has never attempted to make this country produce wine, or sugar, or any article which from physical causes, could always manifestly be produced elsewhere, at a cheaper rate and of much better quality." * * * "Whenever it has had proper reasons for believing, that in progress of time, an article could be manufactured, or produced, about as cheaply, and about the same quality, all things considered, in this country, as in foreign ones, it has duly promoted its manufacture or production. It has not been deterred by the knowledge, that, for a considerable period, it would have to pay a higher price for an inferior article at home, than it could buy a superior one for abroad."

According to this explanation, the system consisted in protect-

* Blackwood's Magazine, September 1828, vol. xxiv. p. 376.

ing, for a time, infant manufactures, or those, of which it could be predicated that they would produce national benefit; and it would have resulted, that after a fair period for the experiment, the protection would be withdrawn; that the article would be left fairly to compete with its foreign rival, and that if beaten in the competition, the manufacture must be abandoned. If this be not the true understanding of the principle, it must be intended that the protection should be permanent; and should continue, after it had been discovered, that those physical causes existed, which rendered it impossible to produce the article here, so cheaply as elsewhere.

And many passages of the dissertation appear to justify this latter construction; for we are told that the protection is to be modified, or extended to prohibition, according to the capacity of this country to supply a sufficiency of the article for home consumption. Now, if only a temporary encouragement were intended, that encouragement should be effectual, so long as it endures, to give to our manufacturers the whole of the home market; for if a proportion of the cheaper and better manufactures of the foreign country are to be introduced, there will be, immediately, that competition which the general principle forbids, for a period.

Again, *silk* is instanced as one of the articles which we were content to buy, *for a considerable time*, inferior in quality; for the sake of establishing our silk manufacture. Elsewhere, the existence of the protection of the silk manufacture, for a century, and its present inability to compete with foreigners, is urged as a ground for its permanent continuance!

We should not thus criticise separate passages of an anonymous work, if the object were only to convict the writer of inconsistency;—our object is, rather, to show that the inconsistency is in the system itself. Measures were adopted upon one ground, and continued upon another; they were defended upon a new principle when the old one was forgotten. We have looked to this work, and to the parliamentary history, with a sincere desire to find an explanation of the old system, and the result is a conviction, that the complicated Tariff which we have lately superseded, never was, or could be, reduced to any uniform and definite principle of policy.

Its general design, however, unquestionably was, to encourage and foster the productions and manufactures of this country, by prohibiting, or highly taxing, the importation of similar articles from foreign countries; and, in some cases, by prohibiting the exportation even of a native product, lest it should facilitate a foreign manufacture. For the same reason the exportation of machinery, though manufactured of British produce, by British manufacturers, was prohibited.

The old system also gave bounties; sometimes, upon the growth or exportation of articles deemed of essential importance, and sometimes upon the exportation of manufactures, for the sake of the profit and employment which they afforded.

The difficulty of reducing this system to a principle cannot be better illustrated than in the article of wool. The principle is, to encourage the agriculture of England; therefore, corn and many other products of husbandry are prohibited or highly taxed; and is not the exportation of wool also encouraged by a bounty? No; it is not even permitted.—Why not? Because it is also the principle to encourage *manufactures*, and the free export of wool would raise the price to the manufacturers.

In most cases, indeed in all, there are the two conflicting interests, of the producer or manufacturer on the one side, and the consumer on the other; but here the three interests are contending: not to mention the state, which has, in its revenue, the most complicated interest of all. This interest of the state is sometimes *with* the producer, whom it benefits by a moderately protective tax, sometimes *against* him, when he desires a prohibition: sometimes *with* the manufacturer, when it prefers, with a view to productiveness, moderate duty, to a prohibition of the raw material from abroad; and *against* him, when it makes the same preference as to the foreign manufacture. It is *with* the consumer, as it prefers duty to prohibition, and *against* him, just in the proportion in which duty approximates to prohibition. In various stages too, the ship-owner comes in, and the merchant, and the colonist. The ship-owner is concerned *with* the manufacturer, and, if the article can be grown here, *against* the producer, as to the raw material; he wishes to have the carriage of it to England:—but then he is *against* the manufacturer, in wishing to bring it, without reference to its costs, from the most distant country, and from a country, whence, for whatever reason, it is likely to come in a British ship;—so far he is *with* the colonist, whose produce is only allowed to come in a British ship,—but the colonist again differs from him, in craving permission to export in a cheaper, foreign ship! In this point, the merchant is concerned *against* the ship-owner, and *with* the colonist; but he is *against* both colonist and ship-owner, and *with* the manufacturer, if he can procure the article more cheaply from a foreign country.*

Then again there is an infinity of interests among the growers and manufacturers of one article or another. Sometimes the interests of one or more branches of industry, or portions of the

* It is remarkable that Mr. Senior appears to confound the Merchant and the Manufacturer when he says, (p. 78,) that the petitioners, *namely, the Merchants*, would be the greatest sufferers, if these opinions were erroneous.

same branch are united; sometimes, and more often, they are opposed. Those who work in silk are all interested in the cheapness of raw silk, in its free and untaxed admission from abroad. Those who conduct the last stage of the manufacture are concerned also in the cheapness of the article, as prepared for them by the process of *throwing*, and consequently for the free admission of thrown silk. The throwsters here separate from the weavers, and deprecate the admission of thrown silk from abroad.

Again, the encouragement of one manufacture depresses others; goods of silk, cotton, and wool, are, in a great many instances, applicable to the same purposes; the measures which facilitate the manufacture, and consequently augment the consumption of one of them, may drive another out of use.

Is it a small portion of human wisdom which would effect an equitable adjustment of all these interests? Was the desire very unreasonable to escape from the complication, into a plain and simple system?

For the present, it is enough that we show the difficulty of tracing, in the old system of this country, the exact principle upon which it professed to effect its great purpose, of encouraging native industry.

It was under a state of commercial law, thus indefinite and unintelligible, that a very considerable number of the most eminent merchants of London petitioned the House of Commons through that wealthy, intelligent, and most successful of merchants, Alexander Baring, to relieve them and the country from the restrictive system. Their petition, it will not be denied, contains an exposition of principles which, sound or not, is clear and intelligible: with the comments of the Oxford professor of political economy, it shall be our guide in the proposed discussion.

The merchants commence with a recommendation of Foreign Commerce, as conducive to the prosperity of a country, by enabling it to obtain from others the commodities for which they are best adapted, in exchange for those which itself more suitably produces; and asserts that this exchange is best promoted, and "the best direction given to the capital and the industry of the country," by freedom from restraint; and that "the maxim of *buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest*, which regulates every merchant in his individual dealings, is strictly applicable, as the best rule for the trade of the whole nation." This is the position, so much reprobated on the other side, as importing that a nation should always buy, where it can buy the cheapest and best;* but it appears to us that the position, as

* Blackwood, *ut supra*, p. 371.

laid down on either side, conveys an inadequate and inaccurate notion of the principles whereon "freedom from restraint" justly rests.

A nation, (except as to public stores, which are certainly not intended here) does *not* buy or sell; and the principle borrowed from private example cannot be made applicable to the nation, which has no corporate interest in sales or purchases: but the doctrine of the merchants is, as we presume, that what the experience of each individual shows him to be conducive to his own private interest, is conducive to the private interest of every one of the individuals of whom the whole nation is composed; and, consequently, of the whole nation. Now we are not satisfied of this consequence. It would appear to imply, not only that it is the interest of each man to buy as cheap as possible, and sell as dear as possible, but that all men are equally concerned in the cheapness or the dearness of the very same commodities. The position would be correct, if every man produced, and manufactured, and consumed, precisely the same quantities of articles, of precisely the same nature and quality. If not, all the conflicts of interests occur, which we have lately described.

If it is intended that, upon the whole, there will be, under a system of freedom, a greater portion of wealth distributed among the whole nation, or that a greater number of persons will be wealthy, the position may be just; but it is not correctly deduced from the example of individuals.

We maintain the doctrine of freedom from restraint, upon other and higher principles. Upon the immutable principles of Justice, we uphold free trade as the rule, restriction the exception.

Free Trade must be permitted, unless there are special reasons to the contrary, as free loco-motion is permitted, or freedom in any other of the actions or concerns of men. It is not unnecessary to assert this very obvious doctrine; for the advocates of free trade are too commonly supposed by its opponents, to proceed on the calculation of loss and gain, or upon the opinions of writers upon Political Economy, as to the comparative effect of restrictive or unrestrictive laws upon the wealth of the nation. In our view, the doctrine is sound, without any reference to Adam Smith or M'Culloch. The burthen of the proof lies always upon those, who suggest an interference with freedom of action: essays on Political Economy may be useful in exposing the fallacies of those who give practical reasons for restraint; but they are not necessary for the original support of the doctrine, and the use of them sometimes deprives it of the higher sanction which it justly claims.

The rule, we submit, allows every man to buy, or to sell, or to manufacture, all articles whatever, where he likes, how he likes, of whom he chooses; and to buy or transport them from, or to, any place whatever, by whatever route, in whatever ships or conveyances, his interest, or his fancy, may suggest. And any law, interfering in any way, by prohibition or regulation, with any of these procedures, is, until shown to be necessary for some legitimate purpose of political government, an act of tyrannous oppression. We are aware that in describing the ground of just exception, we use a term somewhat ambiguous; a term, which raises this other question, what are, in reference to trade and navigation, the legitimate purposes of government? Is the duty of the government limited to the consideration of what is necessary for the safety of the state, or is the government also required to promote in its institutions, the wealth of the community; or (as we have heard it stated) to "augment the sum of human happiness?"

We are disposed to take the narrower view of the duties of government, and to extend the rule of "let alone" to every action not decidedly injurious to the community. Let it be recollected that the true question is not, whether the one system or the other be the more beneficial; whether the national wealth will be augmented more under a restrictive than under a liberal policy; nor even whether men will be happier under the one or the other; the question is, whether it is the duty of the legislature to impose restraints upon the actions of the King's subjects.

The beneficial effect of commercial restraints is at most doubtful and uncertain; but it is not the practice of a free government to control the people, even in matters concerning which there is scarcely a dispute. We do not insist upon early rising, though doctors and economists equally prescribe it to the farmer; and though the consequence of his laziness may be, idleness in his labourers, and short crops. We do not insist upon this or that course of husbandry; or the use of improved implements. Yet in all these matters, the nation is intimately concerned in respect of the subsistence of the people. Again, to come nearer to the objects of "Free Trade." Government is blamed, because it does not prevent its subjects from buying a piece of silk from a Frenchman, who brings it here, or perhaps sends it in one of our own ships. The Englishman, perhaps, derives the means of the purchase from his own industry, or from the industry which he sets in motion. Perhaps, he is a land-owner, deriving rent from an estate, excellently farmed under him, mainly in consequence of the application of his own funds to the land, which funds are made disposable by the cheapness of his purchases of the com-

modities, some British, some foreign, which he and his family require. But, if this land-owner, neglecting his neighbours and dependants, takes his family to Paris, drawing thither all that he can screw out of the farmer, and providing himself, altogether and entirely, with foreign commodities, necessary as well as luxurious, and employing none but Frenchmen, he is under no restraint, in the form either of prohibition or of tax.

We do not, in short, in any part of our system, recognize a principle of restriction, except as to the importation of commodities. And it must never be forgotten, that Free Trade is, not a permission to the foreigner to sell, but a permission to the Englishman to buy.

If it were possible to mark, clearly and positively, the direction which the more extended obligation ought to take, so that a statesman could have no doubt as to the course which in the exercise of a paternal authority he should pursue, a more minute interference with the actions of the governed might be justifiable and requisite. But while no man, be he politician, metaphysician, or moralist, can accurately define either wealth or happiness, still less point out the certain means of obtaining them, no government, according to our humble judgment, should attempt to control any man in the mode of his pursuit.

We acknowledge that even in the limited view which we have taken of the duties of the government, it will be difficult altogether to escape from a question in political economy. For the necessity instantly arises for enquiry, what state of individual wealth is the most conducive to the strength and security, which it is the unquestioned duty of the state to promote?

Will the people be more able to defend themselves against a foreign enemy, if engaged in manufactures, or in agriculture? Will luxury diminish strength, or increase riches? What system will at once give us the greatest number of fighting men, and the amplest resources for maintaining them? Many of the agitated questions concerning taxation and protection of native industry arise, before these inquiries can be satisfied. But we recur to our principle: human science cannot answer these questions with certainty; and so long as there is doubt, the rule of non-interference must prevail. Freedom must still be the rule, and he who proposes to enact, or continue, a restriction, must shew that it is necessary for the state, and just towards individuals.

Now then, let us apply these principles practically, and inquire what are the measures of restriction which are recommended by the old system, and whether they are maintainable upon the ground, upon which alone, as we humbly contend, any such measures can justly be defended?

The petition proceeds to state, that—

“a policy the very reverse of that which they recommend, has been acted upon by the governments of this, and of every other country : each trying to exclude the productions of other countries, with the specious and well-meant design of encouraging its own productions, *thus inflicting on the bulk of its subjects, who are consumers, the necessity to submit to privations in the quantity or quality of commodities* ; and thus rendering what ought to be the source of mutual benefit and of harmony among states, a constantly recurring occasion of jealousy and hostility. That the prevailing prejudices in favour of the protective or restrictive system, may be traced to the erroneous supposition that *every importation of foreign commodities occasions a diminution or discouragement of our own productions to the same extent* ; whereas it can be clearly shown that *although the particular description of production which could not stand against unrestrained foreign competition would be discouraged*, yet as no importation could be continued for any length of time, without a corresponding exportation, direct or indirect, there would be an encouragement for the purpose of that exportation of some other production to which our situation might be better suited ; thus affording, at least an equal, and probably a greater, and *certainly a more beneficial*, employment to our own capital and labour.”

In these passages are found the grounds upon which restrictions upon the importation of foreign commodities are defended ; and the general principles of political economy upon which they are shown to be hurtful to the community. They are adopted, it is said, to encourage native industry ; they may effect that purpose in a particular branch, but they effect it at the expense of the great body of the people who are consumers ; and they do not promote industry, or the employment of capital, *upon the whole*, because the importation of foreign commodities *must* produce a corresponding exportation of our own productions.*

Now, although we may, under the guidance of our general principle, come to the same point, or very nearly the same, at which, by this course of argument, the London merchants and the Political Economists arrive, we think that they have been too little observant of the objections which are opposed to their general principle : these may be too weak to prevail, but they are too strong to be disregarded.

They assume, apparently, that all modes of industry are equally advantageous to the community, and equally deserving of en-

* If we do not dwell upon this doctrine, it is not because we dissent from it, but because we deem the argument against checking importation complete without it. We own that we cannot understand how an Englishman can procure the productions of France otherwise than by the exchange, direct or indirect, of goods produced or manufactured here. We agree with Colonel Torrens, that the direct exportation is more advantageous. See p. 87, post.

couragement by the state; for, when they speak of the "certainly more *beneficial* employment" which the free system would give to our capital and labour, they evidently refer to the benefit which consists in the augmentation of wealth.

But we know that some of the claims to protection rest upon the allegation, that the branches of industry, for which they are solicited, deserve the peculiar encouragement of the State, as being *peculiarly* conducive to the existence, the safety, or the happiness of the people at large. We put out of the question now, claims founded upon actual possession, and "vested interests;" we intend those only, which, in their original nature, arrogate a peculiar right to public support.

The growers of corn are the first amongst these. They urge that their produce is essential to the subsistence of the people, and that unless they are protected by prohibition, or by a duty so high as to ensure them what is called a remunerating price, against the importation of foreign corn, they must cease to grow it in sufficient abundance, and the lives of the people will be at the mercy of foreigners.

This is the highest point to which the claims of the agriculturists reach; but there are various other peculiarities upon which the claim of corn to be exempted from the general rule is founded. The proprietors of land of all descriptions assert that *they* constitute and support, in the higher and the lower ranks of life, the class of persons which it is most for the public good to encourage; the most steadily attached to the country and its government, the most useful in administering its affairs, where they are more removed from metropolitan controul.

As the corn question is worthy of a separate discussion, and its peculiarities make it possible to discuss the restrictive and free systems, independently of it, we will not now give any opinion, either upon the justice of the statements of the agriculturists, or the correctness of the arguments raised upon them, ending in a measure of high protection to corn, and other productions of the soil. It is not necessary here to decide, whether this protection ought to be granted, or whether it is effectual. It is enough for our present purpose that it is granted upon reasons, which, whether good or bad, cannot exist in the case of our manufactures; and that these reasons are not answered by proving, that capital withdrawn from the land, would, as in the case of silk or gloves, be employed in some other more profitable mode.

On the other hand, the peculiarity of the case of corn may be used to show that corn is *less* fit to be protected than silk or gloves; since it may be urged as a great object of public necessity

to feed the people, and it may be said (how truly is not here a question) that this can only be through importations from abroad, whereas it is indifferent whether the people are clothed in silk or in cotton.

There may thus be one set of plausible reasons for protecting corn, leaving silk to chance, another for permitting corn to come freely from abroad, and protecting silk. The two questions are quite distinct, except when they rest upon the narrower ground of "existing interests."

Shipping too has its peculiar claim, as conducive to the defence of the country: nor is that claim negatived by the proof of any more profitable employment to which the capital invested in it could be diverted. There is in this case also an argument, not however so forcible on the other side, in the effect which expensive shipping has in raising the price of commodities in general.

We have already considered the case of the owners of ships,* on its peculiar ground; it is only mentioned now, as one of those to which the arguments of the petition, and of the Economists, do not afford an answer, and which may, as well as corn, form an exception to the general principle of freedom of which we are the advocates.

There is another ground of possible exception to the general argument of the petitioners, in the case of those applications of capital, which give more extensive and perhaps more healthful employment to the people. This may be urged as a great political object, independant therefore of ordinary rules; since our safety in war may depend upon the strength and numbers of our people, and the security of our government in peace may require that that people should be maintained.

In this country too, where the provision for the unemployed poor is more systematic, the question assumes a pecuniary character, inasmuch as all persons not subsisted by individual employers for their own profit must be subsisted by contributions from the whole community.

We believe that many writers on political economy would cut this matter short, by asserting that all applications of capital tend equally to the employment of the people. But Malthus,† who is upon this part of the subject perhaps the best authority, does not support this doctrine; and, in any view, it forms a subject of consideration, which the petitioners have either overlooked, or have insufficiently pursued.

There is no doubt but that in former times the employment of the people, at sufficient and established wages, was one part of

* Vol. ix. 333.

† Additions to Essay on Population.

the same system of laws regarding national industry, of which the prohibition of foreign manufactures was another. It is indeed only recently that the last of these laws has been repealed.

We hold this repeal to have been wise. We admit that the degree in which any branch of trade or manufacture gives employment to the people might be maintained in principle as a legitimate ground for protecting it; and we are not prepared to admit that employment of the people and "beneficial" application of capital, in the sense in which that expression is used by economists, are synonymous terms; but we nevertheless reject the principle of protecting manufactures, or even agriculture, for the sake of the industry which they promote, because we believe it impossible to reduce that principle to that point of *certain* advantage, at which alone it can overbear the higher principle of leaving men and things to themselves.

Difficulty and doubt attend every step in the attempt to regulate or direct national industry; we might grant, at least hypothetically, that it is not absolutely out of the nature of things to succeed in the attempt; but we would still contend that he who fails, as he probably will, is justly chargeable with rashness and presumption.

Nor must it be forgotten, that all branches of employment are so connected one with another, that the application of capital to any one operates certainly in some degree, but in what degree is quite uncertain, to the encouragement of almost every other.

These are all the grounds that occur to us on which, originally, and abstractedly from considerations of existing interests, an exception to the general rule of perfect freedom might, possibly, be justified.

We do not here inquire further in what degree, in that imaginary state of things, any of them ought actually to prevail; it is enough to say that, as exceptions to a general principle, not of political merely but of moral right, as restrictions upon man's natural liberty, they involve a serious responsibility in the statesman who adopts them; and that the error of omitting one which might be proved to be beneficial is much less than that of adopting one of which the necessity and advantage are questionable.

On the whole, then, we are unable to admit "protection to native industry" as a ground for permanently impeding the importation of foreign commodities.

We now proceed to those grounds of exception which are adventitious or occasional; and first, the protection of existing interests.

The petitioners do not specifically advert to this point, but they affirm, that of the "protective and prohibitory duties of our commercial code, it may be proved that while all operate as

a very heavy tax upon the community at large, very few are of any ultimate benefit to the classes in whose favour they were originally instituted, and none to the extent of the loss occasioned by them to other classes."

If the proposition contained in this passage were true, there would be little question of existing interests; no injury arises from taking away that which is not beneficial to the possessor. But we apprehend that the proposition is not correct; and Mr. Senior appears to be of the same opinion. "I should grieve," he says, "to be supposed indifferent to the partial evil which must accompany any change in the channels of commerce, however generally beneficial:" nor does he support the second proposition by which the first is qualified.* He cannot affirm that even such injury as may be sustained will be more than compensated by the general benefit. "I am far even from thinking," he continues, "that the peculiar evils sustained by those who are injured are balanced by the advantages sustained by those classes of producers who are peculiarly benefited by the change." Still less, assuredly, can it be balanced by an advantage not peculiarly felt by any one class of producers, but operating upon the numerous body of consumers. Mr. Senior, with a candour worthy of Malthus, admits and laments the existence of the evil, but justifies its infliction upon the general principle of public good. He argues, that a regard to existing interests would prevent every kind of improvement; bridges, where ferries existed; printing, where there were copyists; vaccination, in regard to the interests of medical practitioners; steam-boats, superseding the ordinary packets and coasters; the contemplated engine of Perkins, diminishing the consumption of coal. These, which are cases in which existing interests have been, or assuredly will be, disregarded, are the forcible illustrations of the argument, whereon Mr. Senior rests his opinion, that those interests ought always to give way. But he refers to another case, which, unfortunately, comes more home to our present purpose; "on what pretence," he asks, "can the man who throws the shuttle claim a protection which we should deny to him who works in the mine or navigates the collier?"

Now, before we attempt to state a principle by which the degree of favour shown to existing interests might reasonably be regulated, we must make a distinction which appears to us wanting in Mr. Senior's illustrations. The question between him who has the present interest, and those who, whether as consumers or producers of the improved commodity, would be benefited by the change, must be a question of degree. At least,

* P. 59, see from p. 54 to p. 61.

it would not be manifestly absurd and unreasonable to contend, that, if there were not only, as is admitted by Mr. Senior, a balance of evil sustained by the former, but a great evil almost entirely uncompensated, the old interests have a claim, stronger than in the cases of a more nearly equal balance, to a deviation from the general principle.

We admit, that it may be contended, on the other hand, that the maintenance of that principle is, in itself, enough to turn the scale; and that although there may be no peculiar and visible benefit in the repeal of the restriction, every instance of such repeal is one part of a beneficial whole, and cannot be omitted without endangering a system of acknowledged good.

This may be, and apparently is, the view of Mr. Senior; and perhaps with this view he was justified in passing over the distinction which we, not prepared here to dispute its accuracy, but desirous of considering the question in every point of view, will now make.

If the question may fairly be considered as one of degree, the thrower of the shuttle is in a different situation from the owner of the ferry; not that his loss is to be estimated more highly, but that the gain of the community placed in the opposite scale is of much less weight.

In the case of the bridge, there is a positive, important, extensive advantage, felt immediately by a large part of the community, and ultimately by a much larger portion, and possibly by the state itself. In the other case, the benefit reaches perhaps a still larger portion of the community, but it is scarcely felt by any individual. Some persons get perhaps, somewhat cheaper, an article of luxury, or rather of fancy, which is by no means necessary to them, and for which, for all useful purposes, they have substitutes at hand.

There are some other circumstances of difference; those who are concerned or employed in the erection of the bridge are natives of the country, whereas the producers of the silk no longer prohibited are foreigners. We are aware that, in a discussion of the question regarding silk, all these observations would require qualification. There are other natives than the consumers who are benefited by the freedom of importation; the importers, for instance, and dealers, and possibly the ship-owners and sailors. Nor do we deny that even the producers of the article, at home, may derive advantage from the importation in the enlarged demand for their produce, occasioned by the cheapness which may possibly follow the importation of the foreign goods.

This is not the place for considering how all these questions affect the particular case of silk; our consideration is now confined to the position of the petitioners, that few restrictions are

beneficial to any body, and to Mr. Senior's opinion, placing all existing interests upon the same footing.

It appears to us that such interests are liable to be greatly affected by a change of system, and that they cannot be entirely disregarded. It is difficult to lay down any principle for the treatment of them. It follows, from the high ground upon which the rule of non-interference has been placed in this discussion, that a very strong case would be required to justify even a postponement of its application, on the plea of existing interests; but we are not prepared to admit, that the one general answer, *private interests must yield to the public good*, is sufficient in all cases. We shall return to this point when we consider the particular cases, wherein an exemption is now claimed.

The other occasional ground of exception is *taxation*. This ground is admitted in the petition, and by Mr. Senior, but only thus far: when a duty is imposed upon an article of native production, a corresponding duty is fairly laid upon a similar article, imported from a foreign country: the tax is an impost upon the consumption of the article, and there is certainly no reason for taxing the consumer who buys it at home, and exempting him who procures it from abroad. This is so obvious, and has in truth so little connection with the prohibitive system, that it would be unnecessary to mention it here; if taxation had not been put forward, in justification of restriction, to an extent not at all warranted by the true principle.

Protection is claimed for various products of native industry, on account of the high taxes which the natives of England pay, not on the particular product or its materials, but generally, in reference to their consumption, expenditure, or property. Owing to these burthens, it is alleged that the Englishman cannot manufacture silk, for instance, so cheaply as the Frenchman, and is therefore entitled to protection, by legal prohibition, or high duty, against the importation of the foreign article.

Mr. Senior answers, that if the taxes affect the manufacturers of the particular article which claims protection, they must equally affect all others; and the consequent obstacle to the export of the native manufactures forms the most effectual prohibition of the importation of the foreign. And he asks, why, because every man is required to pay something to the public creditor, should he therefore be required to pay a larger sum than is necessary to his silk merchant?*

This latter approaches most nearly to the answer by which we would abide. We make no distinction as to the cause which

* P. 75.

occasions the greater difficulty or expense of producing a particular commodity in one country than in another; our object is, or ought to be, to permit every member of our community to procure all commodities as easily as possible; if, from any cause, he can procure silks more easily from France, let him avail himself of that facility. But, in truth, the taxes are not the cause. If under equal taxes, we are the cheapest manufacturers of cotton, and not the cheapest weavers of silk, the cause of the difference must be found elsewhere than in the taxes, in those physical circumstances which we have already rejected as the grounds of protection.

It does not appear to us that there is any case in which general taxation can be taken into account, either in establishing or apportioning a protective duty. If, in reference to "existing interests," a protective duty is adopted, as an exception to the general rule, the question is, what, in point of fact, will be a protection; and in estimating this, the cost of production will doubtless be considered. That cost will be affected, probably, by wages and prices, which general taxation may have operated to enhance; but the point of inquiry, supposing the principle of "adequate protection" to be admitted, is, *what* the cost is, not how it came so.

We therefore reject taxation altogether, as a ground for exception to the general principle of non-interference.

We are aware that in thus dismissing taxation as a ground for restriction, we sin against popular opinion. "Our financial system is artificial, how can we bear freedom in commerce? To expect an Englishman, loaded with debt, to compete with a Frenchman, is to require, of a man in fetters, that he should dance with the freedom of a naked savage."

We cannot answer in the same epigrammatical style; but if compelled to continue the metaphor, we would ask, *how* does the allegation, that we suffer under one burthen, justify the imposition of another? Let it be shown that the one weight will counterbalance the other, well: we say it will only augment the weight, and render the burthen quite intolerable. Again, how is a man whose ancles are shackled, to be relieved by manacles upon his wrists?

We now return to the petitioners, who proceed with stating their general arguments against the restrictive system:

"The artificial protection of one branch of industry, or source of protection against foreign competition, is set up as a ground of claim by other branches for similar protection; so that if the reasoning upon which these restrictive or prohibitory regulations are founded, were followed out consistently, it would not stop short of excluding us from all foreign commerce whatsoever."

We entirely agree in this representation of the tendency of the reasoning against free trade; abstractedly, always, from existing interests. It would go certainly to justify the prohibition of all foreign articles, which can, at any cost, be produced in England, or for which substitutes, however inadequate or expensive, can be provided. We really do not think that there is any exaggeration here.

There *is*, it appears to us, an inconsistency in what follows; the petitioners, pursuing their argument *ad absurdum*, urge that "the same train of argument might be brought forward to justify the re-enactment of restrictions upon the interchange of productions among the kingdoms of the same union, or among the counties of the same kingdom."

This is not correct as applied to the reasoning by which the protection of native productions is upholden as an original system of policy; it is more correct as applied to the protection of existing interests, because those interests may be, and every day are, as seriously affected by the rivalry of the residents in other provinces, as by foreign importation; but it would probably be admitted, by the opponents of free trade, that against such encroachments they ask for no protection; and the distinction is perfectly admissible *in principle*. It is not on the face of it absurd, though we may be able to show that no real difference exists.

Yet it would be difficult to avoid remarking here, that although it is only against foreign competition that protection is avowedly claimed, that claim is often urged when the successful rival is, in truth, a resident in another province of Great Britain.

The petitioners then notice "the strong presumption that the distress which then (1820) so generally prevailed, was considerably aggravated by the restrictive system."

The very able man who presented the petition, has, on several recent occasions, ascribed to the petition an *occasional* character entirely unwarranted by its contents. Mr. Baring has reconciled his support of the petition with several recent instances of opposition to its principles, by asserting that it merely arose out of the circumstances of the times, and the numerous additional and vexatious restrictions imposed upon trade during the war, under the advice of Mr. George Rose. The support of Mr. Baring to the principles which we uphold is too important to permit our leaving his error unnoticed. The above is the only passage in which any reference is made to ephemeral or even to local circumstances. Every other paragraph is applicable to all times and countries. And it is certain that all, or nearly all, of the alterations made during the war, in our commercial system, were on the side of relaxation. They were founded perhaps less upon a

principle of freedom than upon the necessity of the times, but they certainly do not justify Mr. Baring's position. In the speech with which Mr. Baring introduced the petition, he treated with ridicule most of the doctrines of the old system, and stopped very little short of the general recommendation of the petitioners.

The topic to which the petitioners next advert leads to the consideration of a third ground of exception, occasional or adventitious. They refer to the effect of our restrictions upon the proceedings of Foreign States; they urge that foreign manufacturers have adduced our practices as an argument with their governments for the establishment of restrictions; and they contend that if our arguments are good in defence of our system, they are also good against us. "Foreigners," they add, "insist upon our superiority in capital and machinery, as we do upon their comparative exemption from taxation; and with equal foundation."

They urge that a more conciliating policy on our part would tend to counteract the commercial hostility of foreign states: but they argue that "although as a mere matter of diplomacy, it may sometimes answer to hold out the removal of prohibitions or high duties as depending upon corresponding concessions by other states in our favour, it does not follow that we should maintain our restrictions in cases where the desired concessions on their part cannot be obtained. Our restrictions would not be the less prejudicial to our own capital and industry, because other governments persisted in maintaining impolitic regulations."

When explaining elsewhere the difference between the systems of "Reciprocity" and "Free Trade," we have in some degree anticipated this argument.

If the rule be, that every person may purchase what he wants, of a countryman or of a foreigner, the soundness of that rule is not impugned by the refusal of that foreigner to purchase what he wants from natives of this country.

The petitioners make the fullest allowance for this consideration which it requires, when they admit that a restriction affecting a foreign nation, may be used as a weapon in diplomacy.

It certainly requires some nicety of observation and judgment, to determine how long it may be politic to abstain from beneficial measures, with a view of inducing foreigners to adopt others, which will also be beneficial. We are certain that those who have contended for the propriety of adjusting our measures by the conduct of foreigners, have neither argued, nor acted, reasonably or satisfactorily. "It would be all very well," they say, "to adopt free trade, if other nations would do the same; but why admit their manufactures, while they reject yours?" We have

already exposed the fallacy by which it is represented, that foreign goods are received for the benefit of the foreigner, not for our own benefit. But, we admit, that freedom of exportation would be an additional advantage to the country which allows free importation; and that there is nothing unreasonable in arguing that it may be politic to postpone the one benefit for the sake of obtaining the two. There are two ways in which our admission of foreign goods may operate upon a foreigner. It may operate by example, which is the mode on which Mr. Huskisson relied, and on which he justified his immediate adoption of the free principle: or, it may operate by stipulation; and this is the favourite with those, who, professing to approve of free trade, only desire that it should be mutual. Let us follow this out.

France is usually selected, as the country upon which we have conferred a great advantage in admitting her silks, and, recently, her wines; while she prohibits, or taxes highly, our hardware and other commodities, in which we excel. It would appear that these gentlemen would be quite satisfied if France would stipulate to admit our razors at a duty only corresponding to that which we impose upon her silk stockings. Now, what is the principle here? The complaint is that the silk manufacturers of England are ruined, and English workmen thrown out of employ by the admission of French silks. Would this evil be remedied by the reception of our razors in France? This cannot be pretended; unless it be upon the true principle that extended intercourse is beneficial for all. To the silk-man his imperceptible share of the general benefit would be a poor compensation; and his reclamations would be as loud as ever. This then cannot be the principle of the arguers for reciprocity, if they are at the same time the upholders of the interests, vested in the existing manufactures. It may be said, in passing, that as to silk we have strict reciprocity; or more. English silks are admitted in France at a duty lower than that at which we receive those of France. Obviously, we use this fact only in the argument *ad homines*. We have admitted * that direct exportation is the more valuable. This consideration may add to the importance of "Reciprocity," but does not affect the position that, even without it, freedom is advantageous. Will it then be said, that these partial interests are to give way to the common good? Here is again a sound principle; but why is it to be applied to the particular advantage to be derived from the export of our razors, and not applied to the general advantage obtained, through cheapness of

* See the note in page 77. Since Colonel Torrens made the speech to which that note referred, he has contended still further for the necessity of reciprocity. We shall notice hereafter his argument of July 2.

foreign commodities, or even of silks and wines only—commodities interesting certainly to a much larger portion of the community than that which manufactures razors?

It would thus appear, that however beneficial to the common interest of the nation a stipulation for reciprocity of importation with France, or any other country, might be, it would not take from the freer importation of silks and other rival manufactures, any part, or certainly not the main part, of the objections which have been made to the measures actually adopted. Ruinous competition, capital annihilated, industry destroyed, workmen starving, all these sad consequences of "Free Trade," which have been depicted by Mr. Robinson of Worcester, and Mr. Sadler, would be equally prevalent, though Mr. Villiers and Dr. Bowring were to succeed, in effecting a reciprocal arrangement with France.

While a complete reciprocity, or rather, the adoption of a liberal system by all countries, would have been more extensively beneficial than its adoption by England only, it would not have exempted the ministers who adopted it from the clamors or complaints of native manufacturers.

The utmost that we can concede to those who dwell so much upon *reciprocity*, is this. It might perhaps have been as well to commence liberal measures by inviting all the powers of Europe and America to a general change of commercial policy. Yet to this course there would have been two objections. First, we could not have entered upon a complete or satisfactory discussion with foreign powers without bringing into question our corn-laws, which parliament had recently determined to maintain; and secondly, we must have incurred one of these dangers: we must either have made our change of policy dependant upon the conduct of foreign powers, thus possibly depriving ourselves of a great good, because we could not obtain a greater; or, we must have adopted, absolutely, a policy which we had professed to make conditional. For unless we had begun by declaring that our intentions were provisional only, we could not have operated with any effect upon a foreigner.

A foreigner will hardly be induced to alter his own policy, by a promise on our part to do that, which he knows to be consistent with our policy, and likely to be done without any reference to him.

We have hinted, in our former article,* at the embarrassment to which a system of commercial treaties might expose us. If all foreign countries had adopted a perfectly free policy, and had granted entire freedom of import and export, without exception,

* Vol. ix. p. 287.

there would have been no difficulty; but for this even England, advised by Mr. Huskisson, was not prepared. There must then have been a particular stipulation with each country, and an adjustment of duty on each article. One country would require the favourable admission of wines, another of timber, another of hemp. From one we should have required the reciprocal admission of hardware, from another of woollens, from another of piece goods. We should have had to decide, in each case, *what* among our exportable goods to select as most valuable, and *what* among foreign articles to admit as least injurious. We have a reasonable respect for Boards of Trade, but we doubt whether the wisest of them would have arrived at an arrangement by which they would at once have satisfied English interests, and made a good and acceptable bargain with the foreigner. Two countries press for the admission of the same article—France and Portugal for wines—Sweden and Russia for timber. We must take care that we sell to France the liberty to import wines for no higher a price on the admission of our manufactures, than we get from Portugal. Yet probably the price given by France and by Portugal would be in different commodities, and we might have to prove that the admission of razors into France at so many francs, was just equivalent, in point of advantage to England, to the admission of woollen cloths into Portugal at so many milreis. If not, we wrong the country from whom we acquire the more advantageous bargain. Or suppose we extend the bargain reciprocally to all manufactures; are they all to be admitted at the same duty? Will this be an equal bargain in the opinion of our manufacturers? No; then we must have a detailed adjustment: and thus we must fix the duties on all articles of export and import for a period of ten years or more. And in this arrangement we must include corn, so as to put out of our hands that article of necessary subsistence; or we must exclude it, which would necessarily occasion a corresponding exception, not of the same, but of some commodity deemed equivalent, on the part of Prussia, and America, and every corn-exporting country. And with respect to corn, as well as timber, we should have, in our colonies, a third and important interest to consult.

We will venture to say that the system of “free trade, upon a fair principle of reciprocity,” would prove to be the most artificial and complicated, inconsistent, unequal and unpopular arrangement, that even the restrictive school could advise.

On the whole then, we are inclined to approve of the course which the government of 1825 pursued. Mr. Huskisson might be too sanguine in his expectations of an imitation of our policy by France; but he was not the less right in setting her the exam-

ple; and so thought, at that time, Mr. Baring himself.* Yet the petitioners are surely warranted in affirming that the adoption of a more enlightened and conciliatory policy, on the part of this country, would tend to counteract the commercial hostility of foreign states.

"Independent," the petitioners proceed, "of the direct benefit to be derived by this country on every occasion of such concession or relaxation, a great incidental object would be gained by the recognition of a sound principle or standard, to which all subsequent arrangements might be referred."

To this opinion we heartily subscribe, considering the establishment of a general and simple principle as one of the most advantageous results of the new system; and we are confident that the more nearly that principle approaches to the "*laissez faire*," the government will gain in safety, as well as in facility.

The petitioners, after disclaiming all intention of requiring the repeal of custom duties imposed for purposes of revenue, conclude with a prayer "*against every restrictive regulation of trade not essential to the revenue; against all duties merely protective from foreign competition; and against the excess of such duties as are partly for the purpose of revenue, and partly for that of protection.*"

We have now endeavoured to show, so far as the indistinctness of its own form could permit, what the "old system" was, from which England has recently departed; and what are the general principles upon which her "new system" is, or ought to be, founded. We have freely examined the reasonings by which those principles are supported. The opinion which we have formed may be stated in a few words. Perfect freedom is the true rule: subsistence and security are the only grounds of *permanent* exception which are admissible without abandoning the principle. *Temporary* exceptions, in favour of existing interests, are also admissible. But all these exceptions, permanent and temporary, are of doubtful propriety; they are not to be allowed without a strong case of necessity, and those which rest on temporary grounds are never to be rendered permanent.

These are the principles which we offer for the guidance of our rulers. We think that we have already shown that they do not greatly differ from those of the theoretical advocates of the "new system." It remains to be seen whether they are those upon which the late measures have proceeded, and particularly whether they have been adopted in regulating the *exceptions*.

* Parl. Deb. N. S. vol. i. p. 176.

With this view we now proceed to state, in the order of their occurrence, the several measures which have been adopted for removing prohibition or restriction from the importation of foreign articles. With less of detail than we shall give, it would be impossible to understand the new measures.

The intention to commence a new system was first announced by Mr. Robinson, in his financial statement* of the year 1824; and the first article selected for its operation was *wool*. At this time the exportation of British wool was prohibited, and a duty of sixpence per lb. was imposed on foreign wool. This duty had formerly been only one penny, and was raised in 1819, as Mr. Robinson stated, as a measure of revenue only.†

Government, Mr. Robinson stated, had always said to the manufacturers, if you will consent to the removal of the restriction upon the *exportation* of wool, we will repeal the duty upon the import. There was a difference of opinion among the manufacturers on this point; but he now proposed to reduce the import duty to one penny, and to allow the exportation at the same duty. From this measure he expected a great increase of our woollen trade in all parts.

Silk was the next object of the new arrangement. Mr. Robinson assumed that nearly all men concurred in opinion as to the impolicy of prohibition; and that the prohibition of silks was extensively evaded. That the prohibition was impolitic in regard to foreign nations, who might say that we attempted, with liberality in our mouths, to cajole them into the admission of our manufactures, while in fact we rejected theirs.

Our silk goods, he said, were highly estimated abroad, and would, as he believed, if restrictions were removed, drive away others from the foreign markets.

He proposed to accompany the repeal of the prohibition by a considerable reduction of the duty on raw silk and thrown silk; and that manufactured silks should be admitted at 30 per cent. on the value.

Mr. Huskisson's‡ arguments were similar, and he was satisfied that with the duty of 30 per cent. we should successfully compete with the French. He proposed that the reductions of duty on the raw and thrown silk should commence immediately, but that

* Mr. Robinson's speech, 23d February, 1824. *Parl. Deb. N. S.* vol. x. p. 328.

† Upon this statement it is fair to observe, that Lord Castlereagh, in proposing the tax to the House, (*Parl. Deb.* vol. xl. p. 980,) stated that the then "duty of one penny per lb. was thought too low to protect the interests of the home grower of coarse wool," and therefore proposed sixpence, "which would operate as a protection to the home grower of that article against foreign competition."

‡ *Parl. Deb.* vol. x. p. 800.

the repeal of the prohibition should be postponed till the 5th of July, 1826.

This measure was opposed principally by Mr. Baring* and Mr. Ellice.† The former asserted that 30 per cent. would not be a sufficient protection, considering that the price of food here was double that of France. Prohibition could be enforced in the interior of the country. There was no reciprocity in the arrangement between us and other countries. We were proceeding much too fast, and beginning at the wrong end. We should begin with the Corn Laws. There were reasons, he said, why certain manufactures flourished in particular places, and the principles of "free trade," whatever their general efficacy might be, could never remove them. Thus Lyons had obtained, and would keep, a superiority in the silk manufacture. It is to be observed that Mr. Baring objected to the duty on thrown silk, as one of the burthens upon the manufacture.

Mr. Ellice, in opposing the measures, upon the same general grounds, stated nevertheless that smuggling could be effected at 10 or 15 per cent.; and that the wages of the labourers in silk, about six shillings per week, could scarcely obtain for them the means of subsistence. Mr. Ellice, however, after some arrangements had been made with respect to the stock in hand, &c. finally withdrew his opposition, and expressed the willingness of his friends at Coventry that the experiment of competing with the French should be tried. The bill may be said to have passed with the single opposition of Mr. Baring.

In the year 1825, the government proceeded further in the abrogation of the prohibitory system. Mr. Robinson, in his financial exposition,‡ expressed his intention of applying the then existing, or estimated, surplus of revenue, to the following objects — 1st. Increased facility of consumption at home, in conjunction with increased extension of commerce abroad; 2dly. a combination of the first principle with the restriction of smuggling; and 3rdly, some alleviation of the pressure of direct taxation. In furtherance of the first two of these objects, he announced the intention of Mr. Huskisson to propose "the reduction within moderate bounds of all the remaining prohibitory duties;" but he himself suggested a reduction of the duties on *iron*. The demand for iron, and consequently the price, had so much increased, as to occasion the transference of orders from Birmingham to the Continent. He proposed to reduce the duty on foreign iron from £6. 10s. to £1. 10s. the ton, a measure from which he expected

* Parl. Deb. vol. x. p. 814.

† Ibid. p. 824.

‡ February 28th, 1825. Parl. Deb. vol. xii. 728.

an extension of the use of iron, which would be beneficial not only to the manufacturer but to the producer. "Another object which he had in view in reducing the duty on this and other articles of foreign produce, was, to set an example to other governments. There were some states which had manifested an unequivocal disposition to adopt a similar policy, but others did not as yet appear to have emancipated themselves from their former system." * * * * "However anxious we might be to give to all countries the benefit of our example, and our practice; we were not bound to do so indiscriminately, or to abstain from making distinctions in favor of those nations whose views and principles are conformable to our own." It was therefore "not proposed that the reduction should immediately apply to all countries from which iron might be brought."

On this occasion, Mr. Alderman Thompson expressed his approbation of the reduction of the iron duty: "He, who was largely interested in the trade, was not afraid of the foreign competition."*

Shortly afterwards, a petition was presented from the Chamber of Commerce, at Birmingham, praying for a reduction of the duty on foreign iron, copper, and other metals.†

On the 25th of March, 1825,‡ Mr. Huskisson opened his general scheme of reduction of duty upon foreign articles. "Having ruled," he said, "that 30 per cent. is the highest duty which could be maintained for the protection of a manufacture, in every part of which we were much behind foreign countries, the only extensive manufacture which, on the score of general inferiority, stood in need of special protection, (he alluded here to the silk manufacture,) "it was time to inquire in what degree our other great manufactures were protected, and to consider if there be no inconvenience, no unfitness, no positive injury caused to ourselves, no suspicion and odium excited in foreign countries, by duties which are either absolutely prohibitory, or, if the articles to which they attach admit of being smuggled, which have no other effect than to throw the business of importing them into the hands of the smuggler."

He first noticed *Cotton* goods,§ which were subject to duties ranging from 50 to 75 per cent. a duty quite unnecessary, as we were in this manufacture superior to all other countries, not excepting India; and exported in the last year £30,795,000.

He proposed to reduce the duty to 10 per cent. which would be "*sufficient to countervail the small duty levied upon the importation of the raw material into this country, and the duty upon*

* Parl. Deb. p. 746. † March 11th, p. 996. ‡ P. 1196. § P. 1198.

any other articles used in the manufacture. Any protection beyond this he held to be not only unnecessary, but mischievous."

We have here a sound principle of protection, which ought, as we conceive, to be applied, eventually, to all foreign importations whatever; saving only the cases in which a duty upon a foreign manufacture may be the simplest and easiest mode of collecting a revenue.

Mr. Huskisson next proceeded to *Woollens*.* After referring to the vexatious laws for regulating the manufacture and trade in woollens, which had been recently repealed, he stated the increase of sheep and lambs' wool imported, from 1,926,000lbs. in 1765 to 23,858,000lbs. in 1824, accompanied by an increase of woollen goods exported only, from £5,159,000 to £6,926,000. These facts, coupled with the undoubted increase in the quantity of wool grown in England, evinced a great augmentation in the domestic consumption. Then mentioning the immense increase which had occurred within the same time, in the import of cotton wool, and of raw silk, and in the export of cotton goods, he claimed these facts as an illustration of his position, "that the means which led to increased consumption, and which are the foundation, as that consumption is the proof, of our prosperity, will be most effectually promoted by an unconstrained competition, not only between the capital and industry of different classes in the same country, but also by extending that competition as much as possible to all other countries." He proposed to reduce the duty on foreign woollens to 15 per cent. Mr. Huskisson's reason for fixing the duty at this rate was not so precisely assigned as in the case of the cotton duty, which it exceeds by one-third; he simply stated, that "*it would answer every purpose of reasonable and fair protection.*"

Linens, again, without assigning any particular reason, he reduced from a scale varying between 40 and 180, to one duty of 25 per cent.

The duties on *Paper*, then prohibitory, he proposed to reduce, "*so that they should not exceed double the amount of the excise duty payable upon that article manufactured in this country.*"

Printed Books, then subject to a duty which admitted of smuggling, he proposed, for that reason, and because "the importation of foreign works which do not interfere with any copy-right in England ought not to be discouraged," to reduce about one half.

Glass, then charged with 80, he reduced to 20 per cent.

And *earthenware*, then admitted at 75, he reduced—plain goods to 15, and ornamented porcelain to 30 per cent. "*quite as*

* Parl. Deb. 1199

"much as could be demanded," "without throwing this branch of import into the hands of the smuggler."

To gloves, "now prohibited, but to be had in every shop," Mr. Huskisson "applied the same observation and the same measure of duty," 30 per cent.

He confirmed what had been stated by Mr. Robinson as to iron, observing that the price of iron had almost doubled of late, and that great inconvenience was felt by the manufacturers of hardware, and in a great variety of manufactures, in ship-building, &c. The exportation was diminished, and orders were sent to the Continent, instead of England.

There would also be an advantage from the admission of Swedish Iron, which, when united with British Iron, produces more strength and tenacity, particularly, for instance, in ships' cables. He trusted that "the increased demand for iron, joined to a more steady price, would, ere long, more than compensate to the British iron masters the temporary inconvenience, if any, which some of them apprehend from the extent to which it is proposed to carry the reduction of this duty."

The copper duty, which in 1790 did not exceed £10, had been raised to £54, the ton. Our copper mines produced about 10,000 tons, of which about 5,000 were applied to home consumption.

If the price of our manufacture were to exceed that of foreign countries in anything like a proportion to the enormous duty, we must ultimately be driven from the foreign markets. "Do not the owners of copper mines see that if, by the high price at which the manufacturer buys copper, he should lose his hold upon the foreign market, they must be injured by the effects of their own monopoly?"

The high duties had prevented copper from coming here, not only in an unmanufactured, but in an imperfectly smelted state: it would here have undergone the process of purifying and rolling, and being otherwise prepared for consumption; but our duties have operated as a premium for doing this in other countries. He acknowledged however that much capital had been invested in copper mines, and "how difficult it was to do all that the public interest would require, without injury to those particular interests. This was in almost all cases the most arduous part of the task which a sense of public duty had imposed upon him."

He proposed to reduce the duty at present only to £27 per ton (one half of the existing duty) "without committing himself not to recommend at a future period, even a further reduction, if it should appear that the present limit is not sufficient to enable our manufacturers to preserve their foreign market, and that at a

lower rate of duty no great or sudden check would be given to the British mines.

Zinc, or *spelter*, was a semi-metal, which entered in the proportion of one-third into the composition of brass. The selling price of spelter on the Continent was £20 the ton; here, about £45, and the duty £28. With a duty on Copper of £54 and on spelter of £28, we could not compete with others in brass wares: our briskest demand at present was for patterns and moulds for the foreign manufacturer.

He would reduce the duty *one-half*, perhaps more on further inquiry—for he was convinced that we could not compete with Silesia, the principal country of production.

Tin was an article of which we had more the command, and one of less extensive consumption.

The duty was “excessive,” and he would reduce it more than one-half; from £5. 3s. 9d. to £2. 10s. the cwt.

Lead,—from 15 to 10 per cent. *ad valorem*, which would “be sufficient to admit of a foreign import and to check the present exorbitant price.” On this too, he reserved a right of proposing a further reduction.

Various other reductions were made upon articles enumerated in the schedule. Unenumerated goods, if wholly, or in part, manufactured, he reduced from 50 to 20 per cent, and if unmanufactured, from 20 to 10.

Mr. Huskisson * stated the result as follows: “upon foreign “manufactured articles generally, where the duty is imposed to “protect our own manufactures, and not for the purpose of “collecting revenue, that duty will, in no instance, exceed 30 “per cent. If the article be not manufactured much cheaper or “much better abroad than at home, such a duty is ample for “protection. If it be manufactured so much cheaper, or so “much better abroad, as to render 30 per cent. insufficient, my “answer is, *first*,—that a greater protection is only a premium “to the smuggler; and, *secondly*,—that there is no wisdom in “attempting to bolster up a competition, which this degree of “protection will not sustain. Let the state have the tax, which “is now the reward of the smuggler, and let the consumer have “the better and cheaper article, without the painful consciousness “that he is consulting his own convenience at the expense of “daily violating the laws of his country.” He then stated the evils, and the facility, of smuggling, and asked, “Is this abominable system to be tolerated, not from any over-ruling “necessity of upholding the revenue, nay, possibly, to the injury

* Parl. Deb. xii. 1207.

"of the Exchequer, but merely because, in a few secondary branches of manufacture, we do not possess the same natural advantages, or the same degree of skill, as our neighbours?" * * *

"The time has been when it was found quite a sufficient reason for imposing a prohibitory duty upon a foreign article, that it was better than we could make at home; but I trust that when such calls are made upon this House hereafter, our first answer at least will be, let us first see what can be done by competition;—first try to imitate, and by and by, perhaps, you will surpass, your foreign rival." He instanced the silk trade as one in which this emulation had been created. "Prohibitions, in fact, are a premium to mediocrity. They destroy the best incentive to excellence, the best stimulus to invention and improvement. They condemn the community to suffer, both in price and quality, all the evils of monopoly, except in as far as a remedy can be found in the baneful acts of the smuggler. They have also another of the great evils of monopoly, that of exposing the consumer, as well as the dealer, to rapid and inconvenient fluctuations in price."

Mr. Huskisson stated his belief that no great quantity of foreign goods would come in. Some would come, and he would be glad of it. That their admission would not be hurtful to our general interests, might be proved from the experience of the commercial treaty with France in 1786. By that treaty, cottons, woollens, hardware, cutlery, turnery, &c. were admitted at lower duties than those now to be fixed; no check was given to any particular branch of our staple manufactures in consequence of the interchange of goods which took place. On the contrary, the introduction of the finer woollen cloths of France led to the improvement of our own, till no difference could be perceived. The same might possibly now occur as to the more richly coloured cottons of Alsace or Switzerland, the fancy muslins of India, the silk stuffs and porcelain of France.

Mr. Huskisson referred to some objections which would be stated to the occurrences of 1786, as a guide for the present time. We had since, it would be said, been engaged in an expensive war, and had to support a heavy burthen of taxation. But, in truth, other countries also had suffered from the war; their taxes had been increased and their capital diminished, while ours had increased. The comparative cheapness of labour in foreign countries was not alone sufficient to make the balance preponderate in their favour. Our machinery, with our enterprise and perseverance, might be relied upon for the maintenance of our station among trading communities.

Another objection was, the want of reciprocity of commercial

advantages; he quoted, with approbation, the sentiments of Kirkman Finlay:—"Our whole object being to benefit ourselves, our inquiry is naturally confined to the consideration of whether such a mode of acting be really advantageous, independent altogether of what may be done by the governments of other countries. Now, if the measure be really beneficial to us, why shall we withhold from ourselves an advantage, because other states are not yet advanced so far as we are in the knowledge of their own interests, or have not attained the power of carrying their own views into practice?"

He expressed his hope, that when foreign nations found us sincere and consistent in our principles, they would, for their own advantage, imitate us. "At the same time, as a stimulus to other nations to adopt principles of reciprocity, he should think it right to reserve a power of making an addition of *one-fifth* to the proposed duties upon the productions of those countries which may refuse, upon a tender by us of the like advantages, to place our commerce and navigation upon the footing of the most favoured nation."*

He then stated the reduction which it was proposed to make in the duties upon sundry raw materials, and in certain stamp duties and other charges affecting trade and navigation; concluding with a hope that the house would comply with the injunction from the throne "to remove as much, and as fast as possible, all unnecessary restrictions upon trade."

These measures, extensive as they were, occasioned very little discussion and no general opposition, and but little of particular criticism.

Alderman Thompson repeated his acquiescence, notwithstanding his considerable interest in the iron trade. Other members approved of the general principle, but objected to the withdrawal of protection from the particular branches of produce or manufacture in which they were respectively concerned. Sir Hussey Vivian, Mr. Tremayne, and Sir Richard Vyvyan, objected to the reduction of duty on foreign copper; they urged, in opposition to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the existing duty had been imposed for protection, not revenue; and they expressed their apprehension of the competition of South American copper. The copper business in Cornwall they represented as a losing concern. Sir Matthew Ridley put in a word for *glass bottles*,

* This intention was carried into effect by the 5th section of Act 6 Geo. 4, cap. 111. It is to be observed, that it does not altogether bear out Mr. Robinson's notion of reciprocity. It is merely a provision that we are not to admit, at a lower duty, the goods of other states, which tax the same goods from England more highly than from other foreign countries.

but objected to the duty on kelp, which obliged the manufacturers to make use of the inferior article, *Scots kelp*.

Mr. Baring expressed his full approbation of the principle of the new measures, and deprecated the opposition made on the part of particular interests. But he was desirous of extending the principle to the corn laws.

Mr. Lindsay and General Ferguson objected to the extent of the reduction on linens; Mr. Cripps to that on woollens; Mr. Wilson, of London, wished the reduction to be more gradual. Mr. Littleton, of Staffordshire, appears to have been the only member who expressed an apprehension of danger from the new system, especially in regard to ornamental China ware. Sir Henry Parnell thought that the linens would bear the reduction, and warmly supported the principle, urging the interests of the consumers of manufactured goods. Mr. Bennett proposed to equalize the duty on the import and the export of wool. Mr. Hume urged the propriety of reducing the duty on Baltic timber. Mr. Huskisson defended it, as a protection to our *North American colonies*.

We are now desirous of deducing from this history of Mr. Huskisson's measures the principle of his system; but here we are compelled to acknowledge, that our task is not altogether free from difficulty.

In the minute formerly cited,* wherein Mr. Huskisson, in reply to a misrepresentation of our intentions by Prussia, lays down the principles of the British system, he states it to be our object "to reduce our tariff to the lowest degree consistent in each particular article with the two legitimate objects of all duties; either the necessary collection of the public revenue, or, the protection absolutely requisite for the maintenance of our own internal industry."

By various passages in Mr. Huskisson's speeches, and indeed by a common understanding, it appears to be established as his intention, that while national industry is to be protected against the competition of foreign commodities, this protection is in no case to be effected by prohibition, or by a duty exceeding thirty per cent. on the value of the article.

It is to be observed, that if this be the system of Mr. Huskisson, it is not the system of the merchants of 1820. They do not admit the fitness of protection, and they recognize no distinction between prohibition and protective taxation.

We confess that we can neither understand the principle of

* Vol. ix. p. 274.

such distinction, nor ascertain precisely the reasoning upon which Mr. Huskisson intended to justify and to regulate the protection of native industry.

According to the principles of the petition, even modified by considerations of subsistence and security, no protection can be justified, which will deprive the British consumer of the power of obtaining any foreign article at the lowest price at which it can be procured, subject only to such tax as the state may have imposed for the sake of revenue. To say he shall not purchase the article at all, or, he shall not purchase it without a charge imposed for the purpose of checking his purchase, appears to be in principle the same thing. Both must rest upon the doctrine which it has been Mr. Huskisson's peculiar boast to explode.—What is the measure of the necessity of protection to native industry? Is it to be the difference between the expense of raising or making a particular commodity in this country, and in any other in which it is produced?

If so, this is all, or nearly all, that the advocates of the *restrictive* system desire. And it is entirely inconsistent with the intention of giving to every country, by means of commerce, the benefit of the facilities of production as to particular commodities which every other country possesses. Properly followed up, it would lead to the prohibition of foreign goods, the produce, we will say, of a warm climate or dry soil, except on such terms as would raise their price in this country to that at which the like goods would be raised here, including the expense of supplying (if it be possible) by artificial means, the deficiency of solar heat. This construction would be so contrary to the known opinions of Mr. Huskisson, that we must at once reject it. But we are not quite so certain that, from Mr. Huskisson himself, and from other professed adherents of his system, we have not heard what would lead us to suppose that a distinction is made as to the price of *labour*; and that the difference between the *wages* of a native and a foreigner is deemed a legitimate subject of restrictive taxation.

We cannot see the reason of this distinction. We suppose it to be founded on one or both of these considerations: First, that the difference of wages is occasioned by an artificial or political cause, namely taxation: Secondly, that the restriction has, in this case, immediately in view the industrious employment and consequent subsistence of the people.

On the first, we have already observed, in discussing the necessity of protecting manufactures against *general* taxation; the second appears to us to rest upon a fallacy. If, upon a principle

which is, at the least, intelligible and plausible, we adopt the employment of the people as a ground for protecting our productions or manufactures against foreign competition, we must give them that protection against the foreign product, abstractedly from any considerations of the means whereby the foreigner is enabled successfully to compete with them. The fallacy consists in considering the protection to rest upon a principle of equitable adjustment of the interests of native and foreigner; whereas, if it be justifiable at all, it can only be justified upon the principle of preferring the interests of the native to those of the foreigner. We protect the native manufacturer against the foreigner, either for his own sake, as one of ourselves, or for the sake of the rest of our community, who will have to maintain him if deprived of the means of obtaining recompense for his labour: unless we protect him *effectually*, we shall not accomplish our purpose in either view of it.

On these considerations, we doubt the accuracy of the distinction frequently made between prohibition and protection, as parts of a permanent system, abstractedly from temporary considerations. There is no difference except in degree, and not always that; since a protective duty, even though not high in its rate, is often equivalent to a prohibition.

When the question is not of a permanent system of protection, but of the transition from a system of restriction to one of unrestrained intercourse, the substitution of a protection, however highly cast, for a prohibition, is a considerable step, because the protection admits of easier modification, till it may lose its protective character and quietly subside into a state of freedom. And, still more, a return from protective duty to prohibition is a great step in retrogression, which places at an immeasurable distance the free trade which our principle upholds.

The distinction between prohibition and protection appears to us so unintelligible, as part of a permanent system, that we can scarcely believe it to have been so intended by Mr. Huskisson; and we conclude that when he professed to protect national industry, he referred to the industry already engaged in a particular branch of employment; in other words, he only desired to protect "existing interests." He felt, as the merchants, whose petition he admires, avowedly felt, the vanity and impolicy of the artificial encouragements of productions unsuited to the climate or circumstances of the country; but he was more alive than the petitioners to the distress which would be occasioned by the sudden withdrawal of that encouragement where it had existed.

We hope, then, that notwithstanding some apparent inconsistencies, Mr. Huskisson's systematic policy and the principle of

the late measures are really such as we have endeavoured to recommend. We should unwillingly part with this belief, but we are satisfied with the correctness of our own views.

We fully admit the necessity of so managing the transition from a protective to an unrestricted system, as to occasion as little as possible of individual distress; but it is obvious, that unless we constantly bear in mind that the transition is to be made, our measures will be unavailing. We may proceed very gradually; we can perhaps hardly proceed by steps too slow, but we must step continually forward in the direction which we have determined to take.

To examine whether the transition has been prudently managed will be a part of our duty, when, in a future number, we resume and conclude this important discussion. We shall then consider the results of the changes which have been made. But we cannot quit the subject now without declaring our conviction, that the consequences of the new measures, so far as they have gone, have been favourable;—that our exports of commodities produced by British industry have been greatly augmented; that the increased importation has consisted chiefly in raw materials, or in desirable commodities not produced in England; and that even as to those very few branches of industry, bearing a scarcely estimable proportion to the whole of commerce and consumption, in which there has been an increased competition of foreigners, it is at least very doubtful whether British industry, even in those particular branches, has not been enlarged by the change.

All this we hope to show as clearly as, we trust, we have exhibited the soundness of the principle of freedom; and we shall contend that it is the duty of parliament to give to that principle a wider operation.

ART. IV. — *Corpus Scriptorum Historiæ Byzantinæ*: Editio emendatio et copiosior, consilio B. G. Niebuhrii instituta: viz. Syncellus, 2 tom.; Malalas, 1 tom.; Chronicon Paschale, 2 tom.; Agathias, 1 tom.; Dexippus, Eunapius, &c., 1 tom.; Constantinus Porphyrogennitus, 2 tom.; Leo Diaconus, 1 tom.; Nicephorus Gregoras, 2 tom.; Cantacuzenus, 3 tom. 15 tom. 8vo. Bonnæ, 1828—1832.

THE fortunes of the Byzantine or Eastern Empire present phenomena unparalleled in the annals of the human race: no other government of which we have either read or heard could have

resisted for half a century the operation of any of the single causes that during a thousand years combined for its destruction. Externally surrounded by foes superior in number, in discipline and in valour, it seemed as if its safety was guaranteed by cowardice, and its security confirmed by defeat. Internally were at work all the causes that usually effect the destruction of states; perfidy and profligacy triumphant in the palace, ferocious bigotry based at once on enthusiasm and hypocrisy ruling the church, civil dissensions equally senseless and bloody distracting the state, complete demoralization pervading every rank of society from the palace to the cottage—such were the elements of ruin, not antagonized but combined, whose destructive energies slumbered not during ten centuries, and were yet resisted during that long lapse of ages by an empire, which, to call feeble, would be sadly to overrate its strength. Constantinople, designed by its founder to be the capital of an empire that should unite the power of the western and eastern world, and make its rulers successors at once of Cæsar and of Cyrus, combined in its government all the faults of Roman and Persian despotism, possessed the merits of neither, and surpassed the duration of both. The centralization of feeling which made every citizen through the vast extent of the Roman dominions regard the City of the Seven Hills as “the home of his soul,” was lost when the palladium of empire was removed from the banks of the Tiber to the shores of the Bosphorus; but craft, cunning, fraud, treachery, and all the vices of unlicensed despotism accompanied the court, and were the only faithful companions of its emigration. The tinge of eastern habits and feelings which the imperial government received by its closer approximation to Asia, brought to the monarch no additional assurance of safety; the submission of the Asiatic is blind and unreasoning, a prostration of intellect as well as of body; he submits to tyranny as he would to fate, and regards the decrees of despotism as fixed as those of destiny. In outward form the Greek crouched as low as the Persian, the doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance fell more glibly from his tongue; but there was a mental reservation in his loyalty, a secret condition understood in his allegiance, and he hesitated not to join in conspiracy or revolt, if the emperor professed an obnoxious doctrine, disregarded the reveries of some favoured theologian, or admired the blue more than the red chariots of the circus. The problem to be solved in the history of most dynasties is “why they fell,” but the Byzantine alone perplexes us with the inquiry, “why it did not fall,” a difficulty of which it is by no means easy to obtain a satisfactory solution.

Explanations indeed of this extraordinary "life-in-death" are offered to us in countless abundance; every historian has his own favourite theory on the subject, some poetic, some prosaic some ingenious, some absurd; some whimsical, some argumentative; but all unfortunately unsatisfactory. The truth is, that the conservative agency must have been just as diversified as the destructive; simplicity of causation lends more grace to theory than verity to history; there is scarcely a recorded fact, and certainly no succession of facts, that has not resulted from the combination of many circumstances, and therefore he who endeavours to give to historical science the simplicity, the precision, and the certainty of mathematical, "*dat operam ut cum ratione insaniat*;"—he is metaphysically mad. The life of an individual cannot be reduced to abstract propositions of cause and effect; let any one make the effort for himself, and he will find occurrences in his own personal experience that violate all ordinary rules, and are explicable by no common formulæ of calculation; the history of a nation must necessarily present more and greater anomalies, for many matters that in their consequences exercised wondrous influence, may appear, and frequently have appeared at the time of their occurrence, too trivial to be recorded.

The causes separately assigned for the continuance of the Byzantine empire are insufficient to account for the phenomenon, though we have no doubt that each had some share in its preservation; and as their effects can be traced by a double analysis, (for the same causes now operate in maintaining the Turkish power in the very same localities,) they are not unworthy of a brief examination. One writer eloquently tells us that the impregnable situation of the capital is a complete solution of the entire mystery. "When," says he, "the barbarians thundered at the gates of Constantinople, when its walls quivered beneath the battering engines, and its battlements were swept by the towers of the besiegers, then was the existence of the empire periled, then did the pillars of its temple bend, and the ark of its safety tremble in the shrine; but when it was found that the walls, though shaken, could not be levelled, that the battlements, though cleared, could not be mounted, the baffled barbarians withdrew, and the forces of the empire rallied once more to the centre of dominion, where they found the ark still preserved, the temple uninjured and unimpaired." Unfortunately this theory is far more remarkable for poetic beauty than sober reason;—capital, temple, shrine and palladium, all fell before Baldwin and before Dandolo,—but the Byzantine empire survived the catastrophe, and seems to have suffered little in its stability from the shock. Stability indeed is a term little suited to the tottering power of the successors of

Constantine, but language has not as yet supplied us with a proper designation for the strength of weakness, and the vitality of decay.

But we by no means wish to deny that the position of Constantinople contributed in no small degree to protect the duration of the empire; the appearance of the Russian cross on the dome of Saint Sophia would now be the Ichabod of the Mohammedan reign, and the combatants during the late war felt a thorough conviction that Turkey would cease to exist when "the dogs of Moscow" had entered the gates of Stamboul. There are certain feelings of hereditary respect, certain reminiscences of glory, that sometimes take the name and not unfrequently produce the effect of patriotism, and these are for the most part identified with localities, and lead to a mental union of the fate of the metropolis with the fate of the kingdom.

Another and perhaps more plausible theory accounts for the continuance of the Byzantine empire, by the unity of purpose which it derived from the completeness of its despotism. The Cæsars, it is said, were limited monarchs compared with the successors of Constantine, and the Russian autocrat a constitutional sovereign when contrasted with the rulers of Byzantium. We more than doubt the existence of this perfect despotism; both the clergy and the populace claimed and often exercised a controul over the emperors; there was, we grant, always an autocracy in theory, but it was rarely to be found in practice. Still we do not in this instance deny the conservative energies of despotism; no other form of government can possess a centralizing power in periods of weakness and demoralization, when patriotism is an empty name, honour a mockery, and virtue regarded as a delusive dream, —let not despotic power be deprived of its legitimate boast, it is the only support of vicious weakness, and the last stay of an empire in its decline. We do not reject it wholly from the causes that maintained a tottering throne, but we doubt if, unaided by other matters, it would have been able to support it alone.

Pride in the Roman or Grecian name is generally rejected by historians from the list of causes assigned for the duration of the Byzantine empire, but, as we think, on very insufficient grounds. Every page of the historians of the lower empire proves that they claimed as their own the proud recollections both of Greek and Roman story; that Alexander and Cæsar were equally regarded as authors of their claims to dominion, and that they clung to these delusive shadows as if memory had been identified with hope, as if the past were certain to be renewed in the future, and the fortunes of their nation a revolving cycle, which should restore all former pride, pomp and circumstance, when its revolution was

completed. It is true that these claims were wholly unfounded, "dream of a dream and shadow of a shade," that on examination they would be found as futile and ridiculous as the claim of the Britons to descent from Trojan ancestors, or the boast of the Irish that they possessed civilization before the deluge. But the truth or falsehood of the claim is a matter indifferent to the issue, because national pride is equally strong whether founded on fact or fiction; it is *not* true that one Englishman can beat three Frenchmen, but it *is* true that the belief in so flattering a proposition has often contributed in no small degree to the triumph of the British arms: it is *not* true that a troop of Houris are ready to escort to Paradise every follower of Mohammed that dies in the service of the faith; it is true that this creed has not been the least influential of the causes that made the crescent wave in so many fields of victory. The effect of this "gilded halo hovering round decay" was that which we have witnessed in another country within the memory of the present generation; it engendered a passive obstinacy, a dogged endurance, infinitely more dangerous to an invader than courage and active exertion. Spain and Greece amply illustrate the workings of pride in a degraded nation; it made them insensible of dishonour and reckless of defeat; it changed the sabre to the dagger; it moulded the soldier into an assassin; the battle-field was the least of the victor's dangers, and the only mode left him of destroying national existence was national extermination. Twice were the French taught this lesson; once when their counts founded a Latin empire in Constantinople, and again when Napoleon placed a new dynasty in Madrid.

There were certain prophecies current among the Byzantines, which the Turks seem to have inherited with the dominions. These all declared that a fatal day should arrive when Constantinople should fall before the men of the north, and a Scythian prince sit on the throne of the Constantines. It required a marvellously small share of inspiration to predict such an event, when tribe after tribe of barbarians passed the frontier lines of the empire and ravaged both Thrace and Greece at their pleasure; but it is curious to find this guess, originally founded on an estimate of probabilities, assuming the form of an inspired prediction, and forming a part of the traditionary creed of two nations. We allude to it, however, principally as a probable conservative cause; in their wars with the Saracens and the Turks, the courage of the Greeks was supported by the belief that these were not the people whom fate had destined to be their conquerors; on the other hand, the Turks to this hour point out the

gate through which the victorious Russians shall enter Constantinople.

The study of Byzantine history is much more popular on the continent than in England, simply because it is much more intimately connected with the annals of continental nations. Germany, France, Italy, and, more than all, Russia, find in the Greek writers illustrations of some important periods of their history; we do not, therefore, assent to the reasoning of those who deem it a blot on the literary fame of our country that England can shew no such work as the collection of the Byzantine historians in thirty-six folio volumes, published in France during the reign of Louis XIV., nor any attempt to form such a series as that before us. The sketch of the eastern empire, given by our eloquent historian Gibbon, and which in the main merits the praise of accuracy, is fully sufficient for the purposes of ordinary historical students; still there is much of interesting and important matter that he has left untouched, or at least very partially noticed, that will amply reward the labours of research. The eastern empire is the link between the history, the social condition and the literature of ancient and modern Europe. When Godfrey and his crusaders stood before the throne of Alexis, the representatives of feudalism and chivalry were contrasted with the possessors of classic civilization, and the decaying relics of imperial Rome brought into contact with the germs of the system that succeeded to its power. They mutually passed sentence on each other, and proved that their co-existence was impossible. It is infinitely amusing to compare the historians on both sides, and see their reciprocation of contempt and misrepresentation, each abusing in no measured terms the customs of the other, generally without understanding them, sometimes even without ascertaining their existence.

The ecclesiastical antiquities of the Byzantine empire are topics of more painful interest; they are little more than the annals of controversies on subjects transcending human reason, in which the violence and fury of the controversies are in direct proportion with the ignorance and folly of the controversialists. Plato and Aristotle, who have every reason to curse all their followers and commentators, have respectively to answer for about nine tenths of the heresies in the eastern and western churches; the natural tendency of the Greeks to mysticism led them to adopt the dreamy speculations of the Alexandrian Platonists, while the colder Westerns found exercise for perverted ingenuity in the dialectics of Aristotle. Of the theological rancour between the Greek and Latin churches we find some very strange

instances, especially in the history of Nicephorus; but that the Latins were by no means inferior to the Greeks in the art of hating, the notes extracted from the French editions of those histories amply testify. A list of the topics discussed by the several polemics would compel Heraclitus himself to relax his muscles in a smile, while even Democritus would shed a tear to see the gospel of peace perverted into an arsenal of war, and hatred of the creature deduced from the love of the Creator. We shall, however, touch but lightly on the intellectual degradation of the eastern theologians, for there is too great a tendency in the present age to visit the follies and sins of the ministry, on the holy religion of which they are the teachers, and by whose precepts bigotry and violence are more emphatically condemned than by any system that has yet been devised by the self-named philosophers. We regret that the editors did not consign a large portion of these theologians to unhonoured oblivion.

Nor is this the only fault we have to find with the managers of the new edition of the Byzantine historians; Œdipus himself would be at a loss to assign a reason for the confusion that appears in the order of publication. It has been said that the British government erected the Martello towers in Ireland for the special purpose of puzzling posterity; the proceedings of the German publishers of this series seem to be dictated by the same benevolent design towards critics. There is not a symptom of any thing like arrangement or classification in the series; it seems to have been resolved that each successive volume should be as remote as possible both in period and subject from that which preceded it, and there is, therefore, scarcely an opportunity of collecting from the published volumes any connected view of some one interesting period of history or useful portion of Byzantine literature. By an exquisitely absurd management, also, the least valuable authors are those which have obtained precedence of publication. Procopius, Anna Comnena and Nicetas have been postponed for the chronologies of Malalas and Syncellus, and the treatise on ceremonies by Constantine the Porphyrogenete; as if it had been determined to fill the public with previous disgust, in order to enhance the value of future excellence. The notes and dissertations of the Paris edition are preserved without alteration; no small part of them is employed in explaining matters that are now familiar to schoolboys of the lowest form, and there is an equally large supply of topics that have just as much to do with the explanation of lunar geography as Byzantine history. A note of six pages to prove that the capture of Constantinople was an act of divine vengeance on the Greek church, for rejecting the supremacy of the pope; and another

of the same length, on the Lutheran heresy, were assuredly not requisite to swell a series whose volumes will be counted by the hundred. When it shall please the editors to bring before us the more valuable historians, we shall be better enabled to give our readers some sketch of those periods in Byzantine history that are most intimately connected with the general history of Europe; until then we must write

“ Sic
Ut quimus aiunt; quando ut volumus non licet.”

The volumes before us do not treat exclusively of Byzantine history; a large portion of them are Chronographies, or attempts to exhibit the history of the world in synchronistic annals; the works of Agathias and the tracts on the Legations belong to the old Roman rather than the eastern empire; the imperial author Constantine, the Porphyrogennete, treats only of the ceremonies used in the Byzantine court; and the writers whose works best accord with the general title of the series are Leo Diaconus, Nicephorus Gregoras, and the Emperor Cantacuzenus.

The chronologists demand our attention, not so much for their intrinsic merits, as for the value of the materials inserted in their compilations. Fragments of Sanchoniathon, Manetho, Berosus, Hecateus, and other authors, the loss of whose works leaves ancient history like the maps of ancient Africa—either a total blank in the middle, or filled up by vague traditions and fanciful conjectures, are found in these chronologies, and amply repay the toil of wading through the trash with which they are encompassed. There are few literary tasks requiring such vast and varied learning as the synchronizing of the different eras used by the nations of antiquity; if we are to judge from the specimens that some of the Byzantines and of the Fathers have left us, it would seem that the execution of the task was frequently entrusted to the most incompetent. Before the Christian era, many writers, of whom Diodorus Siculus appears to have been the most meritorious, laboured to reconcile the chronology of the Asiatic and European dynasties; but new difficulties arose after the introduction of Christianity, for it was deemed necessary to reconcile both chronologies with the canon of time which the Fathers imagined they had discovered in the Old Testament. We say “imagined,” because a little consideration will suffice to show that no system of chronology can be based on the history of the Bible, nor indeed should it be expected; that holy book is an account of the manifestations of the divine will to a chosen people, and beyond that its revelations do not extend. It no more contains a perfect ancient history or chro-

nology, than it does a perfect system of geology or astronomy, which, by the way, the Hutchinsonians, in the last century, sought to extract from its pages. Like most other Eastern nations, the Israelites reckoned loosely by generations, and not exactly by years; they were regardless of fixed eras, they took no notice of celestial phenomena; and they have, therefore, left us no sufficient data for determining whether any of the successive generations may have been omitted by careless or ignorant transcribers. Another difficulty arises from the frequent use of round numbers by the sacred writers; they constantly use the word forty in the same loose way that we do a dozen or a score, and, in fact, the Hebrew ארבע seems, from its similarity to כר, to have signified primarily an indefinite multitude. Finally, the numerical annotation of the Hebrews is even more imperfect than that of the Greeks and the Romans, and the liability to error, from the similarity between several of the Hebrew letters, must have led to frequent mistakes, even among the most exact copyists. Hence the chronologies of the Hebrew and Samaritan text are irreconcilable with that of the Greek version, and with each other; nor are we able to discover which was preferred when the books of the Old Testament were revised and collected by Ezra.

The first Christian writer that composed a synchronistic canon of the Biblical and Gentile chronologies was Julius Africanus, who flourished in the early part of the third century: he seems, judging from the fragments of his work that have survived the wreck of time, to have brought to his task great industry, a habit of diligent research, and no ordinary talent, but to have wanted critical sagacity in estimating the value of doubtful authorities, and assigning a preference to the best supported of contradictory statements. Hence his work was full of inconsistencies, and the dates assigned in his tables utterly irreconcilable with the authorities he quoted. Africanus was followed by Eusebius, and as plagiarism seems to have been deemed no crime by the Greek writers of chronology, the latter appropriated to himself the entire chronicle of his predecessor, transcribing it into his own work without amendment or alteration. Of the Eusebian chronicle, known only to us through the medium of imperfect translations, little need be said; it scarcely differed in style or substance from the work of Syncellus, of which we shall soon have occasion to speak more particularly. The Greek chronologists and compilers of chronicles perceived that the sacred Scriptures were not designed to gratify human curiosity with respect to remote antiquity, and they filled up the bold outline of the Penta-teuchal archives with the apocryphal narratives devised by the Alexandrian Jews and their Christian imitators. These romances, if indeed they deserve even that name, are quoted by

Syncellus almost with as much respect as the works of the inspired writers. The *Life of Adam*, the *Little Genesis*, the *Prophecy of Enoch*, and others of the same class, afford him "confirmation strong as proof of holy writ;" it would be, of course, idle in the present day to demonstrate their utter absurdity, but from the influence they exercised over the Fathers of the Christian Church, it would be equally absurd to pass by their fragments as unworthy of attention. The Alexandrian Jews and Christians anticipated the folly of the Hutchinsonians in attempting to obtain a system of physical philosophy from the Pentateuch; and Syncellus furnishes us with the orthodox cosmology and geography which for several centuries were deemed essential articles of faith. In refuting the extravagant claims of the Egyptians and Chaldeans to a remote antiquity, he astounds us with the assertion, that "previous to the deluge the world was uninhabited," and labours to prove it by an appeal to the then established system of the universe.

"The sacred Scripture says, 'He expelled Adam, and placed him opposite the Paradise of delight;' but Babylonia and all our earth is at a great distance from Eden, which lies in that eastern clime where we place Paradise. And that we should quote an inspired evidence for this assertion, let us summon as a witness the divine Ephraim, that tongue rolling an ocean of eloquence, who in his dogmatic orations speaks thus about Paradise:—'Paradise is higher than all the lofty pleasant places of the earth, the waters of the deluge only reached to its foundations. But the men older than the deluge dwelt between the ocean and Paradise: the offspring of Cain indeed inhabited the land of Nod, which signifies 'tremulous;' the sons of Seth dwelt on the higher ground in obedience to the command of Adam, that they should not mix with the offspring of the fratricidal Cain. The descendants of Cain were of a low stature, on account of the curse pronounced upon their progenitor, but the children of Seth were giants, and like the angels of God in the upper regions. But the daughters of Cain going to them with various musical instruments, brought them down from the upper regions and married them, and contempt of the law increasing, the deluge arose. And God brought Noah's ark to Mount Ararat, and thenceforward men dwelt on this earth. From whence it is evident that the earth now cultivated was then deserted, for, by the mercy of God, men dwelt before the deluge in regions near Paradise, between Paradise and the ocean. But the outward darkness of which Christ speaks lies beyond Paradise. For Paradise with the ocean goes all round the earth; Eden is on the eastern side, and the two lights of the sun and moon rise within Paradise, and having traversed it set outside.'"

The almost perfect identity between this and the geographical system adopted by Homer, will at once be recognized by every classical scholar, and may probably lead him to the conclusion that both were derived from oriental sources. The history of the

Egregori, or angelic watchers before Paradise, who fell in love with the daughters of men, is transcribed by Syncellus from the Prophecy of Enoch, and he strenuously labours to prove the truth of the narrative by Scripture testimony, laying particular stress on Saint Peter's allusion to the punishment of the fallen angels. The apocryphal books of the Old Testament were more valued by this writer than by any other of the chronologists; the books of Judith, Esdras, and the three Maccabean histories, he receives implicitly as inspired, and with singular inconsistency he attributes the books of Maccabees to Josephus. In the Gospel history Syncellus adopts the legends of Abgarus, and the miraculous portrait sent him by Christ; he alludes with apparent respect also to the anecdotes contained in the Protangelium. His account of the four Gospels is worthy of being noticed; he says that several of the apostles and disciples kept notes or journals of the life of Christ, and that after a careful examination of their merits, those of Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, were alone adopted by the church. To this we may add, that the belief of St. Matthew's Gospel having been originally written in Hebrew, and St. Mark's in Latin, was very general among the Eastern writers.

Syncellus confined his attention principally to biblical and ecclesiastical chronology; indeed his chief contribution to profane history is his collection of the various accounts given of the foundation of Rome; accounts so utterly inconsistent with the ordinary narrative, and with each other, as to prove fully, that the origin of "the eternal city" was to the ancients a matter of total uncertainty. A wider range is taken by his followers, Malalas and the compiler of the Paschal Chronicle. Malalas, or John of Antioch, as he is sometimes called, aspired to the honour of writing an universal history; with eastern antiquities he seems to have been tolerably familiar, but of the western languages and literature he exhibits an ignorance absolutely ludicrous. He informs us that Cicero and Sallust were the most illustrious of the Roman poets—he tells us that Manlius Capitolinus was appointed dictator by the senate for having compelled the Gauls to raise the siege of the capitol, and slain Brennus with his own hand—he favours us with a circumstantial narrative of the murder of Pompey by Julius Cæsar in Egypt—he declares that Lucullus was sent to wage war against Tigranes by Augustus Cæsar—and finally astounds us with the information, that Britain was a city built by Claudius Cæsar on the borders of the ocean!! His acquaintance with the Latin language is nearly on a par with his knowledge of Roman history; he informs us that *consilia* signifies "the day of largess;" having favoured us with the novel information

that the four factions of the circus were instituted by Romulus, he tells us that the green faction was called *prasine*, which in Latin signifies "permanent;" finally, he thus explains the story of Romulus and Remus being suckled by a wolf:—"Shepherdesses among the Romans were called 'lupæ,' because they dwelt ('inter lupos') amid the wolves." From these specimens it will be seen that the republication of Malalas reflects little credit on the discrimination of the German editors; all that is valuable in the volume is a few pages of the contemporary history of Justinian, which would have formed a very good supplement to the history of Agathias; the rest might and ought to have been omitted, more especially as three-fourths of it are faithfully transcribed into the Paschal Chronicle.

The errors made by Malalas, even in the contemporary history of Justinian, are so great, that Hodus is inclined to transfer the author to a later age; but his reasoning does not appear to us conclusive, especially as the errors are of that nature into which authors who trust to common report usually fall. But Justinian has been singularly unfortunate in his historians, both ancient and modern. Gibbon's life of that prince is the greatest blot in his mighty work; relying on the Secret History of Procopius, a libeller self-convicted of falsehood, the English historian has not hesitated to disgrace his pages by an ostentatious display of all the filthy slanders that a disappointed statesman had raked together. The piety of the emperor was a crime for which his formation of the civil code could not atone; the monstrous indecencies charged against his empress are received as indisputable facts, on no better authority than that of a witness who, by his own testimony, had for ever forfeited the character of an honest man. As the works of Procopius have not yet been published in this series, they may be said to be *coram non judice*; but it is scarcely possible to allude to Justinian's reign, without condemning an author who, in his public history of that prince, was the most fulsome of flatterers, and in his secret anecdotes the most licentious of libellers. The history of Agathias is professedly a continuation of that of Procopius, and it is no bad specimen of the absurdly disorganized system adopted by the publishers of this series, that the continuator's work has been published more than three years, while the primary history has not yet made its appearance. Inferior to Procopius in talent and information, Agathias is infinitely his superior in straight-forward honesty. Unluckily for his historic fame, he was both a poet and rhetorician, or at least a maker of verses and a manufacturer of speeches. Of his qualifications in both respects he entertained no humble opinion, and anxiously laboured to exhibit them in his history. "The curse

of a love of fine writing is upon him;" an Ossianic admixture of poetic phraseology, with the most thread-bare prose, bombastic nothings, archaisms containing a jumble of all the dialects, pompous announcements of trivial and common-place sentiments, make the respectable author so frequently ridiculous, that we almost forget the merits concealed under the meretricious mask that he so fatally assumed. Yet is this history one of the most valuable in the series; indeed the greatest blockhead that ever scrawled paper could not have written the annals of Justinian's reign without being interesting. There were the heroic deeds of Belisarius and Narses, recalling for a brief space the hours of Roman glory; there was the Pagan religion, and there was the Pagan philosophy, beautiful in their falsehood, struggling in the last throes of mortal agony; Christianity, long victorious, was about to become permanently triumphant; the empires of Byzantium and Persia were "towering for the last time in their pride of place;" the twilight of civilization and literature, fondly lingering after a long and glorious day, was fast going down the sky, and leaving the way for gloom interrupted only by meteoric flashes, "like angel visits, few and far between." The impartiality of Agathias atones for many of his errors; so little does he favour either sect or party, that it is impossible to determine from his writings whether he was a Heathen or a Christian. The monkish commentators, with characteristic simplicity, infer from this that he was a Pagan, because, say they, "no Christian would have written so tenderly respecting Pagan opinions and superstitions;" but as we believe in the possible existence of Christianity without bigotry, and of religion unsullied by intolerance, we do not acknowledge the cogency of their inference. Not only was Agathias well acquainted with the policy and condition of the Byzantine court, but he had an extensive and accurate knowledge of its eastern contemporaries. His account of the celebrated Chosroes (or Nushirvan, as he is called by the Asiatics,) displays more acuteness in the development of character, a more intimate acquaintance with eastern usages, and a greater readiness to do justice to an illustrious enemy, than was to be expected from the historian's age or nation. Chosroes was one of those fortunate individuals who have obtained immortal fame rather by their comparative than substantial merits. A despot in the worst sense of the word, he secured his power by the murder of his brethren, and rewarded the general to whom he owed his crown with a cruel death for performing an act of humanity: but in the eyes of the slavish Orientals, the firmness, stability and impartiality of his government more than atoned for its rigour; and his military prowess inspired respect among the Greeks, who had witnessed too many

instances of imperial iniquity to be shocked by these examples of royal cruelty. A smattering of knowledge was magnified by the ignorance and flattery of the Persian courtiers into the consummation of terrestrial wisdom, for "blessed are the one-eyed in the city of the blind;" and not only the barbarians, but the Greeks themselves, adopted the belief that a half-educated prince was the very incarnation of intelligence. This mistake led to one of the most whimsical events recorded in history. Seven Athenian philosophers, wearied by Christian persecution, and pained at witnessing the downfall of their dynasty, resolved to visit Persia, where they expected to see the golden dreams of Plato amply realized. Agathias gives us an amusing account of their adventures.

"These seven, the topmost bloom, to speak poetically, of modern philosophers, displeased with the belief of a Superior Intelligence that prevailed among the Romans, deemed that the polity of the Persians was much superior, persuaded by the narratives, so extensively circulated, how the government was the most just, and what Plato describes, a perfect union of empire and philosophy. The obedience of subjects also was wise and decorous; neither thieves nor robbers existed, nor was any species of fraud perpetrated; if a person should leave the most precious article in a desert place, there it would remain, though unguarded, until the owner's return."

To this moral Eldorado the seven philosophers hastened with lofty hopes and high-wrought anticipations; but they were doomed to meet with disappointment.

"First they found that those who were in authority were proud and ostentatious beyond measure, and these they immoderately detested; then they beheld many house-breakers, robbers, and thieves, of whom some were taken, and others escaped. They saw every species of injustice flourish, for the rulers oppressed their inferiors, and behaved with great cruelty and inhumanity. And what was still more opposed to right reason, though each could marry as many wives as he pleased, and the privilege was freely used, yet adulterers were by no means uncommon. For all these reasons, the philosophers were grieved, and bitterly repented of their migration."

Thus disappointed, the illustrious seven returned to Greece; but it is gratifying to find that Chosroes, pleased with the confidence they had shown him, stipulated with Justinian for their future security.

The collection of the tracts on Legations is connected with this period of Roman history; we say Roman, for until the establishment of Charlemagne's empire in the West, we consider the Eastern empire as Roman rather than Byzantine. The volume contains many curious particulars of the negotiations between the emperors and the various tribes of barbarians with whom a short-

sighted policy induced them to form alliances; alliances productive of temporary benefits and permanent injuries. Here, for the first time, we find mention made of the Turks, a tribe of Tartars distinguished for the simplicity of their manners and the ferocity of their courage, just beginning to press on the other swarms that had previously quitted the Scythian hive. Little did the Eastern emperor, who first received the deputies of this tribe, and encouraged them to wage war against the Persians, deem that the representatives of the future possessors of Constantinople stood before him. The specimens of ancient diplomacy contained in this volume will well repay the student's toil; unfortunately they are preserved in too imperfect a form to interest the general reader, without longer explanations than our limits will allow.

The two volumes of Constantine the Porphyrogenete, contain a long and minute, but not a very interesting, account of the ceremonies used in the Byzantine court; such a history of childish form and unmeaning ritual it has never before been our fate to see, and we are utterly at a loss to discover how the volumes came to be introduced in this series. The imperial author, born to empire, as the epithet Porphyrogenete imports,* is, both as a sovereign and an author, a specimen of hopeless, helpless imbecility. His uncle, his mother, a usurping general, that general's sons, and the empress Helena, successively assumed the management of the state, while Constantine was writing bad books on the theory of government, and leaving to the several administrations worse practice. We cannot agree with the editors in their estimate of the instruction to be derived from this ponderous farrago; it may be, indeed it probably is true, that many usages of the Augustan court were preserved in Constantinople, but they were so mixed and adulterated with others of meaner growth, that it would be scarcely possible to disentangle them from the mass, and even if it were, the result would not be worth the trouble. It is also true that in these volumes we find a description of the splendid ceremonials and imposing forms of the Eastern church, in its high and palmy state, and that many of the observances here described are still preserved in the Russian church; but it needs not much toil to acquire the knowledge that the purity of Christianity has been sullied and obscured by ostentatious folly in every age, and that mummary will beget mummary to the end of the chapter. There is one topic which the imperial writer might have made interesting, the description of the factions of the circus, which, by a strange concatenation of events, became a kind

* Literally "born in the purple or porphyry chamber," an apartment in the Byzantine palace reserved for the use of the pregnant empresses.

of order in the state; on this head, however, though we have many words, we have but few facts; the Porphyrogennete is as dull, dry, and unsatisfactory as he well can be, and his faithful commentators, "*regis ad exemplar*," contrive to leave the subject just as obscure as they found it.

As we proceed, the series begins to improve, the volume containing the works of Leo Diaconus being both the most interesting and the most complete in the collection. The period of which it treats is that in which the Byzantines, under the guidance of Nicephorus Phocas and John Tzimiscēs obtained a momentary glimpse of former glory, when laurel wreaths once again covered the arches that had been bare for centuries, and the notes of triumph awoke echoes that had long ceased to respond to such sounds. Subjoined to the volume are, the Tract on military skirmishing, drawn up under the direction, and probably at the dictation of Nicephorus; the Acroasis of some court poet on the capture of Crete, which does not rise beyond the ordinary level of a laureate's verses; an account of an Embassy sent from the western to the eastern emperor, and the Arabic accounts of the Asiatic campaigns of Nicephorus. Leo's style is florid and inflated, but his matter compensates for the faults of his manner; he displays an undeviating honesty of purpose and a manly candour, which we should scarcely have expected from the contemporary of a despot. A comparison of his narrative of the Syrian war with the accounts given by the Arabic historians, proves that he did "nothing extenuate nor set down aught in malice," but executed his task with strict and stern fidelity. But the account that Luitprand, the ambassador of the emperor Otho, gives of the Byzantine court, and his reception by Nicephorus, is the gem of the volume. Luitprand was sent to demand the hand of one of the Byzantine princesses for his master, but Nicephorus imprisoned the unfortunate ambassador, overwhelmed him with the grossest insults when he dared to complain, half poisoned him with the abominations of Constantinopolitan cookery, and shocked his religious prejudices by sundry observances, which one church regarded as mortal sins, and the other as absolutely essential to salvation. Luitprand took a characteristic revenge; he scrawled some barbarous hexameters, vituperating Byzantium and all that it contained more bitterly than poetically; he wrote to his master a lengthy epistle descriptive of his sufferings among "the beasts in semi-human shape," to whom he had been sent, and quitted Constantinople with a fierce malediction on a capital so inhospitable and heretical. It is curious to compare his description of Nicephorus with that of Leo; the outlines of both portraits are the

same, but the general effect of the pictures is as different as possible.

"He was," says the Byzantine, "of a complexion more dark than fair; his hair was long and black; his eyes black and thoughtful, shaded by heavy brows; his nose neither large nor small, a little hooked at the extremity; his beard was trim and regular, but a few grey hairs were on his cheeks; his form was round and firm, his breast and shoulders were broad; in strength he seemed another Hercules. In prudence, in moderation, and in singular readiness of wit to take immediate advantage of every opportunity, he excelled all his equals."

Luitprand gives a less favourable description.

"I found him," says the enraged prelate, "a man perfectly monstrous, pigmy-sized, fat-headed, mole-eyed, with a short, broad, coarse and greyish beard, covered like Jopas with long thick hair; an Ethiopian in colour, one whom you would not like to meet at midnight; pot-bellied, with thighs disproportionately long, legs very short, and splay-footed; clad in woollen dress of a dirty white colour that stunk from age and filth, wearing Sicyonian shoes, insolent in speech, a fox in cunning, a Ulysses in perjury and lying."

A still more ludicrous portraiture is given when Luitprand proceeds to give his master a flattering interpretation of a popular prophecy which it appears was current both in eastern and western Europe. This Delphic prediction was, "the lion and the cub shall destroy the wild ass;" which the Greeks understood to signify that the eastern and western emperors should destroy the Saracens. Luitprand indignantly rejects this explanation, proves indisputably that Nicephorus was not a lion, but rather a wild ass, and that the lion and cub were beyond doubt Otho and his son, to whom he promises a speedy victory over the ass Nicephorus, as soon as they should turn their arms against the east. The good bishop's valediction to Constantinople must not be omitted.

"On the second of October, at ten o'clock, having departed from that city, once most opulent and flourishing, but now starved, perjured, deceitful, lying, fraudulent, rapacious, covetous, avaricious and vain-glorious, after forty-nine days of ass-riding, walking, horse-driying, hungering, thirsting, sighing, groaning, weeping and scolding, I came to Naupactus."

The western bishop seems to have been very unfavourably disposed to his episcopal brethren of the eastern church. He says,

"In all Greece I did not find one hospitable bishop. They are rich, but they are also poor; rich in gold pieces, but poor in their utensils. They sit down by themselves to a naked table, serving up for their food ship-biscuit, sipping, not drinking, from a moderate glass. They are buyers and sellers, porters and door-keepers, butlers and grooms, capons and caupons, (inn-keepers,) &c."

He proceeds to account for this by mentioning several exactions to which they were subjected by the emperors.

The history of Nicephorus Gregoras in two volumes, and that of the emperor Cantacuzenus in three volumes, contain all the particulars of the extraordinary discussions which agitated the Greek church after the dissolution of the Latin empire at Constantinople, respecting the light on Mount Tabor. The fourteenth century was not altogether unproductive of learned men; the patronage of the elder Andronicus filled the Byzantine court with orators and philosophers, not worthy, indeed, of the olden times of Grecian fame, but certainly superior to any that had appeared since the reign of Justinian. Nicephorus Gregoras at an early age was enrolled in the number of the learned frequenters of the court, and soon rendered himself conspicuous by proposing that reformation of the calendar which Pope Gregory XIII. subsequently adopted. The deposition of his patron, the elder Andronicus, involved Gregoras in some difficulties, which were greatly aggravated by his share in the Taborian controversy. It appears that some dreaming monks had affirmed that they could see divine light with their bodily eyes; some equally wise people denounced the assertion as blasphemous; Palamas, on the part of the monks, asserted it to be scriptural; and quoted the light seen during the transfiguration on Mount Tabor as at once eternal, uncreate, and visible. Gregoras took the side opposed to the monks; and for a long series of years the eastern church was diligently engaged in a very furious discussion, that did not always confine itself to words on this whimsical topic. The names of heretic, blasphemer, traitor, and every other epithet which the abundant resources of theological invective could supply, were liberally bestowed on both sides; synods and councils were assembled, with no other effect than to add fresh fuel to the contest. The accession of Cantacuzenus, who had been the pupil of Gregoras, inspired the Anti-Taborians with hopes of victory, but they were doomed to be disappointed; Cantacuzenus had got hold of some metaphysical crotchet respecting what the schoolmen were pleased to term "the immateriality of visibility," and vindicated the uncreate light of Mount Tabor as vigorously as Palamas. Gregoras declared that the death of the Emperor's son was a punishment from heaven on the imperial heresy; a piece of profaneness paralleled by the commentator, whose notes the editors have thought fit to re-publish, who very gravely ascribes the downfall of the eastern empire to the rejection of papal supremacy. The controversy lasted through the entire life of Gregoras, and the rancour of his adversaries survived his death; they refused

his body the rites of burial, and ordered it to be exposed to the dogs and birds.

Cantacuzenus is at once the critic and continuator of Gregoras; he composed his history, after his abdication of the empire, as a vindication of his life and actions. It is, indeed, rather a laboured "apology for the life of an ambitious statesman than a history, but it contains many eloquent passages and graphic descriptions worthy of the writers of a better age." His account of the spasmodic cholera which devastated Europe in the fourteenth century, would, with but little change, serve for a description of the disease which still holds its course through England.

"This plague," he says, "originating among the Hyperborean Scythians, spread over all the maritime coasts of the habitable world, and destroyed a vast multitude of people. For it not only passed through Pontus, Thrace, Macedon, Greece Proper, and Italy, but also all the islands, Egypt, Libya, Judæa, and Syria, and wandered over almost the entire circuit of the globe. But so incurable was the disease, that neither any system of dietetics, nor any strength of body, could resist it; for it prostrated all bodies alike, the weak as well as the strong; and those who were attended with the utmost care died, as well as those who were wholly neglected. That year, indeed, was remarkably free from other diseases, but if any person had been previously indisposed, his sickness assumed the types and character of this disease. The entire art of medicine was found unavailing. Nor did it similarly attack all; for some holding out but for a very brief space, died the very same day, some the very same hour. But those who held out for two or three days were first attacked by acute fever; the disease then ascending to the head, they became dumb and insensible to all occurrences, and so dropped off as into a profound slumber. But if any by chance came to themselves, they made attempts to speak, but the occipital nerves being paralyzed, the tongue refused to perform its office, and so, muttering inarticulately, they quickly expired. In some the disease attacked, not the head, but the lungs; soon their inward parts became inflamed, their breasts were racked with violent pains, and they vomited matter tainted with gore, and having a very fetid smell. The jaws and tongue were parched with heat, and became black and gory; it made no difference whether they drank much or little. They could take no sleep, but were tortured by continual pain. Abscesses and ulcers of various sizes seized on the arms and arm-pits of some; others had them in the cheeks and various parts of the body, but with these the ulcers were smaller, like black pimples. In some, black spots, like brands, appeared over the whole body, varying in size and intensity. But all of these died alike. Some had all these symptoms together, some only a few, but with most the appearance of any one of these signs was deadly. The few who escaped were never again mortally seized with the disease, so that when attacked a second time they retained their confidence. Great abscesses were sometimes formed in the arms and thighs, which being opened discharged a very foul pus, and thus the virulence of the disease was carried off. Several, though

attacked by all these symptoms escaped, contrary to general expectation. No certain remedy could be possibly discovered; for what was salutary to one patient was fatal to another. He that cured another generally took the disease, and funerals were multiplied, so that many houses were left completely desolate, even domestic animals dying with their masters. But nothing was more wretched than the general despair. For when a person was taken sick, he at once resigned all hope, and not a little strengthening the violence of the disease by his utter dejection speedily expired. The species of this malady cannot therefore be described; whence we may clearly understand that it was not any plague natural or common to mankind, but a fearful chastisement inflicted by Providence; and many, converted by its means, amended their lives and determined to forsake their sins; not only those who were mortally attacked, but even those who recovered from the pestilence. Laying aside their vices, they devoted themselves to the study of virtue, and many, even before they were attacked by the disease, bestowed all their goods to feed the poor. But if any found themselves affected, there was none so flinty-hearted or obdurate that did not repent him truly of his former sins, and by sincere contrition afford the Deity an occasion of showing mercy at his gracious tribunal. Of this pestilence vast numbers perished at Byzantium, and among others Andronicus the son of the emperor."

We cannot take our leave of this series without expressing our regret that the editorial cares have been, for the most part, limited to the republication of the Parisian volumes with a more correct text; we would gladly have hailed a good critical apparatus of notes and glossaries, the condensation of the prefaces and commentaries of the Parisian editors, and in many instances rejection of what, for want of a better term, we must call "twaddle." Even of the originals a great part might have been safely omitted, for we cannot discover any reason for our being condemned to read the same absurdity, in the same words and syllables, both in Malalas and the Paschal Chronicle.

ART. V.—*Poems by William Cullen Bryant, an American—*
edited by Washington Irving. London. 1832. 8vo.

WE have reason to hail with satisfaction such creditable productions of American authorship as the volume before us. England has been not only the parent but the preceptress of America. Our language is the sole repository of her literature. We furnished the models which her writers have most evidently followed. In reading their works we are irresistibly led to associate them with those of England; and we yield easily to the temptation of adding their literary laurels to swell that vast aggregate of glory which illuminates the annals of the English

language. Yet though the American writer is in many respects identified with ourselves, there is on the other hand much that renders him distinct. Though availing himself of the same vehicle of thought, and acknowledging the same models, he has his own peculiar sources of inspiration, has viewed scenes which we have never viewed, and has associations and feelings which are not as ours. With respect especially to the author before us, we agree in opinion with the distinguished editor, that his descriptive writings "are essentially American. They transport us into the depths of the solemn primeval forest, to the shores of the lonely lake, the banks of the wild nameless stream, or the brow of the rocky upland rising like a promontory from amidst a wide ocean of foliage; while they shed around us the glories of a climate, fierce in its extremes, but splendid in all its vicissitudes." Though a contributor to "the common treasury of the language," Mr. Bryant must still be regarded as a foreigner; and in that capacity his productions fairly bring him under the notice of this Journal—a notice more willingly recorded, because our remarks will be rather those of eulogy than of censure.

The small collection of poems now first offered to the British public, under the editorship of Mr. Washington Irving, has been slowly formed. Some of them have been subjected to a probationary delay exceeding even that long term which is prescribed by Horace—a commendable contrast to the usual precipitance of these days of impatient authorship. The first and longest poem in the collection—"The Ages," and about half a dozen others, were printed in America in 1821. Many of the rest have subsequently appeared in various periodicals in that country, and were first published all together at New York in the present year. The result of this modest reserve has been shown, rather in the quiet propriety and freedom from extravagance which characterise the poetry of Mr. Bryant, than in that refinement of execution which careful writing is expected to produce. We do not find the rich mosaic work of Gray—the faultless delicacy of Goldsmith—the polished brilliancy of Moore—and that unexceptionable elegance of thought and expression which appear in the "Pleasures of Memory," and in many of the writings of Campbell. The rare finish which the works of these writers exhibit, is not very apparent in Mr. Bryant's. We do not feel, as in the foregoing instances, that the most careful elaboration could hardly have made them better; and yet there are, perhaps, few poems in which it would be more difficult to discover distinct blemishes than in those of the American poet. Mr. Bryant is not a writer of marked originality, but neither is he a copyist. It is true we are often reminded by him of other writers—of Thomson, of Young,

of Akenside, of Cowper, not unfrequently of Wordsworth, and sometimes of Campbell and of Rogers. We are reminded of them by discovering passages which we feel they might have written, and which partake of the spirit which breathes in their works; but we perceive no traces of direct imitation, no resemblance which does not seem to arise rather from the congeniality of our author's mind than from his study of their productions. He cannot be truly called the follower of any one of them. Like each of them, he has, though unmarked by strong peculiarities, a manner of his own, and is, like them, original. This may not be very evident on the first hasty glance at his writings; for his is an unpretending, unobtrusive originality, not that which results from eager straining after novelty of effect, but such as will be naturally unfolded in the works of him who, drawing little from books, records the impressions of his own mind, the fruits of his own observation. It does not occur to us, in reading his poems, that he has ever tried to be thought original—that he has at all considered whether such or such a sentiment has been previously uttered by others—that he has ever studiously striven to be unlike his predecessors. Accordingly, he digresses slightly from off the broad straight highway of truth—deals little in novel illustrations and ingenious conceits, and has no epigrammatic points or bright quick turns of wit. The merit of his sentiments lies rather in their justness than in their novelty—the merit of the language in which he clothes them, in its unaffected propriety rather than in its point. There are hardly any short passages of his which, taken out of their *setting*, would sparkle alone, and have much isolated merit, independent of the poem of which they are a part. They must be viewed with reference to the whole. Alone they seem scarcely more than well-worded truisms, excellent in their way, but rather common-place—and yet they are, perhaps, the constituents of a poem to which the term “common place” would be utterly inapplicable.

Mr. Bryant is not a literary meteor; he is not calculated to dazzle and astonish. The light he shines with is mild and pure, beneficent in its influence, and lending a tranquil beauty to that on which it falls. But it will be little attractive, except to sobered minds, which do not seek their intellectual pleasures in the racy draught of strong excitement. He does not possess the requisite qualifications for the attainment of extensive popularity. No writer will be extensively popular who does not employ notes more stirring than those of Mr. Bryant—who does not transport us somewhat more out of the realms of contemplation into those of action—who does not excite our sympathies by moving exhibitions of human passion—or who, in default of these means, does

not possess the resources of versatility, of wit, or of those attractive artifices of polished style, to the fascination of which many are sensible who disregard the more intrinsic germ of poetical excellence. But if the popularity of Mr. Bryant will not be extensive, it will, in its contracted sphere, be of a kind which is eminently creditable. He will have pampered no evil passion—he will have distorted no moral truth—he will have penned (as we conceive) “no line which dying he would wish to blot.”—He will have addressed himself with unambitious simplicity, and modest knowledge of his own powers, to the pure of heart, and will have earned, not perhaps a loud applause, but a just and heartfelt approbation. He will not be the founder of a style—his manner is not sufficiently marked—nor has he those glaring peculiarities which will ensure his being either vehemently censured or vehemently applauded by any literary sect.

The turn of his mind is contemplative and pensive, disposed to serious themes, such as are associated with solemnity and awe. He is a Jaques without his moroseness. The mutability, the uncertainty of all around us, and even Death itself, are to him welcome themes. Yet he is not a gloomy poet. There is nothing misanthropic, nothing discontented, nothing desponding in his tone. On the contrary, there is in it a calm and philosophic spirit, which disposes rather to tranquil cheerfulness; and he treats subjects which in other hands might be food for melancholy, in the happy consciousness of being able to extract from them that germ of comfort which, if rightly considered, they are calculated to afford. We recommend to notice the short poem entitled “The Lapse of Time,” not so much for its poetical merits, as for an example of that true philosophy which discovers the materials of happiness in circumstances on which many a dismal poetaster has strung only notes of the deepest anguish. More strongly still, for the same reason, do we commend a poem with a startling title, his “Hymn to Death;” a poem of no mean power, yet a power not shown in terrific exaggeration or heated enthusiasm, but in its philosophical calmness, its justness of thought, and, strange as it may seem, its cheerfulness. It is too long to be quoted entire, and we know not how to select any portion in preference to the rest. We will rather quote another poem called “Thanatopsis,” similar in tone and subject, and little inferior in poetical merit.

“To him who, in the love of Nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language: for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty; and she glides

Into his darker musings with a mild
And gentle sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder and grow sick at heart—
Go forth under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings: while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—
Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again;
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements—
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould;
Yet not to thy eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth, the wise, the good—
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past—
All in one mighty sepulchre! The hills,
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun—the vales,
Stretching in pensive quietness between—
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man! The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings; yet the dead are there,

And millions in those solitudes, since first
 The flight of years began, have laid them down
 In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
 So shalt thou rest. And what if thou shalt fall
 Unheeded by the living, and no friend
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of Care
 Plod on, and each one as before will chase
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men—
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
 And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man—
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side
 By those who in their turn shall follow them.
 So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon; but, sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.”—pp. 19—22.

There is much quiet beauty, much merit, both of a descriptive and moral kind—much justness and purity of thought and expression—much unforced felicity of association in the following little poem entitled “The Rivulet.”

“ This little rill, that from the springs
 Of yonder grove its current brings,
 Plays on the slope awhile, and then
 Goes prattling into groves again,
 Oft to its warbling waters drew
 My little feet, when life was new.
 When woods in early green were drest,
 And from the chambers of the west
 The warmer breezes, travelling out,
 Breathed the new scent of flowers about,
 My truant steps from home would stray,
 Upon its grassy side to play,
 List the brown thrasher's vernal hymn,
 And crop the violet on its brim,
 With blooming cheek and open brow,
 As young and gay, sweet rill, as thou.

And when the days of boyhood came,
And I had grown in love with fame,
Duly I sought thy banks, and tried
My first rude numbers by thy side.
Words cannot tell how bright and gay
The scenes of life before me lay.
Then glorious hopes, that now to speak
Would bring the blood into my cheek,
Passed o'er me ; and I wrote on high
A name I deemed should never die.

Years change thee not. Upon yon hill
The tall old maples, verdant still,
Yet tell, in grandeur of decay,
How swift the years have passed away,
Since first, a child, and half afraid,
I wandered in the forest shade.
Thou, ever joyous rivulet,
Dost dimple, leap, and prattle yet ;
And sporting with the sands that pave
The windings of thy silver wave,
And dancing to thy own wild chime,
Thou laughest at the lapse of time.
The same sweet sounds are in my ear
My early childhood loved to hear ;
As pure thy limpid waters run,
As bright they sparkle to the sun :
As fresh and thick the bending ranks
Of herbs that line thy oozy banks ;
The violet there, in soft May dew,
Comes up, as modest and as blue ;
As green, amid thy current's stress,
Floats the scarce-rooted water cress ;
And the brown ground-bird in thy glen
Still chirps as merrily as then.

Thou changest not—but I am changed,
Since first thy pleasant banks I ranged ;
And the grave stranger, come to see
The play-place of his infancy,
Has scarce a single trace of him
Who sported once upon thy brim.
The visions of my youth are passed—
Too bright, too beautiful to last.
I've tried the world—it wears no more
The colouring of romance it wore.
Yet well has Nature kept the truth
She promised to my earliest youth ;
The radiant beauty shed abroad
On all the glorious works of God,
Shews freshly to my sobered eye
Each charm it wore in days gone by.

A few brief years shall pass away,
 And I all trembling, weak, and gray,
 Bowed to the earth, which waits to fold
 My ashes in the embracing mould,
 (If haply the dark will of fate
 Indulge my life so long a date,)
 May come for the last time to look
 Upon my childhood's favourite brook.
 Then dimly on my eye shall gleam
 The sparkle of thy dancing stream,
 And faintly on my ear shall fall
 Thy prattling current's merry call;
 Yet shalt thou flow as glad and bright
 As when thou metst my infant sight.

And I shall sleep—and on thy side,
 As ages after ages glide,
 Children their early sports shall try,
 And pass to hoary age and die.
 But thou, unchanged from year to year,
 Gaily shalt play and glitter here;
 Amid young flowers and tender grass
 Thy endless infancy shall pass;
 And, singing down thy narrow glen,
 Shall mock the fading race of men.”—pp. 35—38.

The following is in a similar spirit, and will illustrate the assertion, that though he delights in solemn themes there is no gloom in this writer's mind.

“ I gazed upon the glorious sky
 And the green mountains round,
 And thought, that when I came to lie
 Within the silent ground,
 ’Twere pleasant, that in flowery June,
 When brooks sent up a cheerful tune,
 And groves a joyous sound,
 The sexton's hand, my grave to make,
 The rich, green, mountain-turf should break.”—p. 151.

There, through the long, long summer hours,
 The golden light should lie,
 And thick young herbs and groups of flowers
 Stand in their beauty by.
 The oriole should build and tell
 His love-tale close beside my cell;
 The idle butterfly
 Should rest him there, and there be heard
 The housewife bee and humming bird.

And what if cheerful shouts, at noon,
 Come from the village sent,
 Or songs of maids, beneath the moon,
 With fairy laughter blent;
 And what if, in the evening light,
 Betrothed lovers walk in sight
 Of my low monument:
 I would the lovely scene around
 Might know no sadder sight nor sound.

I know, I know I should not see
 The season's glorious show,
 Nor would its brightness shine for me,
 Nor its wild music flow;
 But, if around my place of sleep
 The friends I love should come to weep,
 They might not haste to go.
 Soft airs, and song, and light, and bloom,
 Should keep them lingering by my tomb."—pp. 152, 153.

In poetry descriptive of the aspects of nature Mr. Bryant principally excels. He has evidently observed accurately, and with the eye of a genuine lover of natural scenery, and he describes eloquently and unaffectedly what he has seen—selecting happily, using no tumid exaggeration and vain pomp of words, not perplexing us with vague redundancies, but laying before us with graceful simplicity the best features of the individual scene which has been presented to his eye. Nor is he limited in his sphere. Nature, under aspects the most different, seems alike congenial to his pen. Winter and summer—storm and sunshine—the hurricane and the zephyr—the rivulet and the mighty Hudson—a humble flower and the solemn magnificence of boundless forests—are alike depicted, and with equal beauty. He has much of the descriptive power of Thompson, divested of the mannerism which pervaded that period of our poetry—much of the picturesqueness of touch which shines in the verse of Sir Walter Scott, but ennobled by associations which that great writer did not equally summon to his aid—much of the fidelity of Wordsworth, but without his minuteness and occasional overstrained and puerile simplicity, yet closely following him in that better characteristic, his power of elevating the humblest objects by connection with some moral truth. In this Mr. Bryant eminently shines. His descriptions of nature are never mere barren descriptions, undignified by association, unproductive of pure and generous feelings, unaccompanied by some great lesson. He fulfils better than many of his predecessors the character imagined by Shakspeare, who finds "books

in the running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in every thing." He is singularly happy in touching the relations of inanimate objects to man and his lot, and of all to their Creator. To him the aspect of nature seems ever associated with grateful and religious feelings, and he renders it a means of praise and worship. He treats it, however, not like the sceptic, who deifies nature, that he may exclude revelation and make religion as vague as possible. The view which Mr. Bryant takes of it suggests to us no such idea. This great use to which he applies the aspects of the external world is finely exhibited in his "Forest Hymn," and in many others which we might select. We will give some specimens of that descriptive power which seems to constitute one of Mr. Bryant's chief claims to poetical celebrity. Take the following picture of a summer's day, which Thompson has never exceeded.

- " It is a sultry day ; the sun has drank
 The dew that lay upon the morning grass ;
 There is no rustling in the lofty elm
 That canopies my dwelling, and its shade
 Scarce cools me. All is silent, save the faint
 And interrupted murmur of the bee,
 Settling on the sick flowers, and then again
 Instantly on the wing. The plants around
 Feel the too potent fervours ; the tall maize
 Rolls up its long green leaves ; the clover droops
 Its tender foliage, and declines its blooms ;
 But far in the fierce sunshine tower the hills,
 With all their growth of woods, silent and stern,
 As if the scorching heat and dazzling light
 Were but an element they loved."
- " For me, I lie
 Languidly in the shade, where the thick turf,
 Yet virgin from the kisses of the sun,
 Retains some freshness, and I woo the wind
 That still delays its coming. Why so slow,
 Gentle and voluble spirit of the air ?
 Oh, come and breathe upon the fainting earth
 Coolness and life. Is it that in his caves
 He hears me ? See, on yonder woody ridge
 The pine is bending his proud top, and now,
 Among the nearer groves, chestnut and oak
 Are tossing their green boughs about. He comes !
 Lo, where the grassy meadow runs in waves !
 The deep distressful silence of the scene
 Breaks up, with mingling of unnumbered sounds
 And universal motion. He is come,
 Shaking a shower of blossoms from the shrubs

And bearing on their fragrance ; and he brings
Music of birds, and rustling of young boughs,
And sound of swaying branches, and the voice
Of distant waterfalls. All the green herbs
Are stirring in his breath ; a thousand flowers,
By the road-side and the borders of the brook,
Nod gaily to each other ; glossy leaves
Are twinkling in the sun, as if the dew
Were on them yet ; and silver waters break
Into small waves, and sparkle as he comes."—pp. 15, 16.

As a contrast to the foregoing, and equal in excellence, take the following extracts from "A Winter Piece."

"When shrieked

The bleak November winds, and smote the woods,
And the brown fields were herbless, and the shades
That met above the merry rivulet
Were spoiled, I sought, I loved them still,—they seemed
Like old companions in adversity.
Still there was beauty in my walks ; the brook,
Bordered with sparkling frost-work, was as gay
As with its fringe of summer flowers. Afar,
The village with its spires, the path of streams,
And dim receding valleys, hid before
By interposing trees, lay visible
Through the bare grove, and my familiar haunts
Seemed new to me. Nor was I slow to come
Among them, when the clouds, from their still skirts,
Had shaken down on earth the feathery snow,
And all was white. The pure keen air abroad,
Albeit it breathed no scent of herb, nor heard
Love-call of bird nor merry hum of bee,
Was not the air of death. Bright mosses crept
Over the spotted trunks, and the close buds,
That lay along the boughs, instinct with life,
Patient, and waiting the soft breath of Spring,
Feared not the piercing spirit of the North.
The snow-bird twittered on the beechen bough,
And 'neath the hemlock, whose thick branches bent
Beneath its bright cold burden, and kept dry
A circle on the earth, of withered leaves,
The partridge found a shelter. Through the snow
The rabbit sprang away. The lighter track
Of fox and the racoon's broad path were there,
Crossing each other. From his hollow tree
The squirrel was abroad, gathering the nuts
Just fallen, that asked the winter cold, and sway
Of winter blast, to shake them from their hold."—p. 121, 122.

Very good too is this picture of an ice-bound forest.

"Look ! the massy trunks
 Are cased in the pure crystal ; each light spray,
 Nodding and tinkling in the breath of heaven,
 Is studded with its trembling water-drops,
 That stream with rainbow radiance as they move.
 But round the parent stem the long low boughs
 Bend, in a glittering ring, and arbours hide
 The grassy floor. Oh ! you might deem the spot
 The spacious cavern of the virgin mine,
 Deep in the womb of earth—where the gems grow,
 And diamonds put forth radiant rods, and bud
 With amethyst and topaz—and the place
 Lit up most royally with the pure beam
 That dwells in them ; or haply the vast hall
 Of fairy palace, that outlasts the night,
 And fades not in the glory of the sun ;—
 Where crystal columns send forth slender shafts
 And crossing arches ; and fantastic aisles
 Wind from the sight in brightness, and are lost
 Among the crowded pillars. Raise thine eye,—
 Thou seest no cavern roof, no palace vault ;
 There the blue sky and the white drifting cloud
 Look in. Again the wildered fancy dreams
 Of spouting fountains, frozen as they rose,
 And fixed, with all their branching jets, in air,
 And all their sluices sealed. . All, all is light—
 Light without shade. But all shall pass away
 With the next sun. From numberless vast trunks,
 Loosened, the crashing ice shall make a sound
 Like the far roar of rivers, and the eve
 Shall close o'er the brown woods as it was wont."—pp. 122, 123.

Here, again, is a good delineation of forest scenery, entitled
 "Inscription for the Entrance to a Wood," and which will tend
 to exemplify those merits which we have previously pointed out.

"Stranger, if thou hast learnt a truth which needs
 No school of long experience, that the world
 Is full of guilt and misery, and hast seen
 Enough of all its sorrows, crimes, and cares,
 To tire thee of it—enter this wild wood
 And view the haunts of Nature. The calm shade
 Shall bring a kindred calm, and the sweet breeze
 That makes the green leaves dance shall waft a balm
 To thy sick heart. 'Thou wilt find nothing here
 Of all that pained thee in the haunts of men,
 And made thee loathe thy life. The primal curse
 Fell, it is true, upon the unsinning earth,
 But not in vengeance. God hath yoked to guilt
 Her pale tormentor, misery. Hence, these shades

Are still the abodes of gladness, the thick roof
 Of green and stirring branches is alive
 And musical with birds, that sing and sport
 In wantonness of spirit ; while below
 The squirrel, with raised paws and form erect,
 Chirps merrily. Throngs of insects in the shade
 Try their thin wings, and dance in the warm beam
 That waked them into life. Even the green trees
 Partake the deep contentment ; as they bend
 To the soft winds, the sun from the blue sky
 Looks in and sheds a blessing on the scene.
 Scarce less the cleft-born wild-flower seems to enjoy
 Existence, than the winged plunderer
 That sucks its sweets. The massy rocks themselves,
 And the old and ponderous trunks of prostrate trees
 That lead from knoll to knoll, a causey rude,
 Or bridge the sunken brook, and their dark roots,
 With all their earth upon them, twisting high,
 Breathe fixed tranquillity. The rivulet
 Sends forth glad sounds, and tripping o'er its bed
 Of pebbly sands, or leaping down the rocks,
 Seems, with continuous laughter, to rejoice
 In its own being. Softly tread the marge,
 Lest from her midway perch thou scare the wren
 That dips her bill in water. The cool wind,
 That stirs the stream in play, shall come to thee,
 Like one that loves thee, nor will let thee pass
 Ungreeted, and shall give its light embrace."—pp. 134, 135.

The longest and one of the best poems in the collection is his first, "The Ages," written in the metre of Childe Harold, reminding us not a little of that great poem, and compensating for inferior power and brilliancy by superior justness of sentiment. It is a rapid and eloquent sketch of the rise and fall of nations, and the vicissitudes of man's condition, written in a strain of hope—the grateful "optimism" of a well-tempered mind—and ending with a truly patriotic anticipation of the progressive welfare of his native country. The following are extracts from it.

IX.

"Sit at the feet of History—through the night
 Of years the steps of virtue she shall trace,
 And show the earlier ages, where her sight
 Can pierce the eternal shadows o'er their face ;—
 When, from the genial cradle of our race,
 Went forth the tribes of men, their pleasant lot
 To choose where palm-groves cooled their dwelling-place,
 Or freshening rivers ran ; and there forgot
 The truth of heaven, and kneeled to gods that heard them not.

X.

Then waited not the murderer for the night,
 But smote his brother down in the bright day ;
 And he who felt the wrong, and had the might,
 His own avenger, girt himself to slay ;
 Beside the path the unburied carcass lay ;
 The shepherd, by the fountains of the glen,
 Fled, while the robber swept his flock away,
 And slew his babes. The sick, untended then,
 Languished in the damp shade, and died afar from men.

XI.

But misery brought in love—in passion's strife
 Man gave his heart to mercy pleading long,
 And sought out gentle deeds to gladden life ;
 The weak, against the sons of spoil and wrong,
 Banded, and watched their hamlets, and grew strong.
 States rose, and in the shadow of their might
 The timid rested. To the reverent throng,
 Grave and time-wrinkled men, with locks all white,
 Gave laws, and judged their strifes, and taught the way of right.

XII.

Till bolder spirits seized the rule, and nailed
 On men the yoke that man should never bear,
 And drove them forth to battle : Lo ! unveiled
 The scene of those stern ages ! What is there ?
 A boundless sea of blood, and the wild air
 Moans with the crimson surges that entomb
 Cities and bannered armies ; forms that wear
 The kingly circlet rise, amid the gloom,
 O'er the dark wave, and straight are swallowed in its womb."—
 pp. 4, 5.

Greece and Rome are thus introduced.

XVI.

" Oh, Greece ! thy flourishing cities were a spoil
 Unto each other ; thy hard hand oppressed
 And crushed the helpless ; thou didst make thy soil
 Drunk with the blood of those that loved thee best ;
 And thou didst drive, from thy unnatural breast,
 Thy just and brave to die in distant climes :
 Earth shuddered at thy deeds, and sighed for rest
 From thine abominations ; after-times,
 That yet shall read thy tale, will tremble at thy crimes.

XVII.

Yet there was that within thee which has saved
 Thy glory, and redeemed thy blotted name ;
 The story of thy better deeds, engraved
 On fame's unmouldering pillar, put to shame

Our chiller virtue ; the high art to tame
The whirlwind of thy passions was thine own ;
And the pure ray, that from thy bosom came,
Far over many a land and age has shone,
And mingles with the light that beams from God's own throne.

XVIII.

And Rome—thy sterner, younger sister, she
Who awed the world with her imperial frown—
Rome drew the spirit of her race from thee,—
The rival of thy shame and thy renown.
Yet her degenerate children sold the crown
Of earth's wide kingdoms to a line of slaves ;
Guilt reigned, and wo with guilt, and plagues came down,
Till the North broke its flood-gates, and the waves
Whelmed the degraded race, and weltered o'er their graves."—
pp. 7, 8.

The Reformation is the subject of the following passage.

XXIII.

" At last the earthquake came—the shock that hurled
To dust, in many fragments dashed and strown,
The throne whose roots were in another world,
And whose far-stretching shadow awed our own.
From many a proud monastic pile, o'erthrown,
Fear-struck, the hooded inmates rushed and fled :
The web, that for a thousand years had grown
O'er prostrate Europe, in that day of dread
Crumbled and fell, as fire dissolves the flaxen thread.

XXIV.

The spirit of that day is still awake,
And spreads himself, and shall not sleep again ;
But through the idle mesh of power shall break,
Like billows o'er the Asian monarch's chain ;
Till men are filled with him, and feel how vain,
Instead of the pure heart and innocent hands,
Are all the proud and pompous modes to gain
The smile of Heaven ;—till a new age expands
Its white and holy wings above the peaceful lands.

XXV.

For look again on the past years ;—behold,
Flown, like the night-mare's hideous shapes, away
Full many a horrible worship, that, of old,
Held o'er the shuddering realms unquestioned sway :
See crimes that feared not once the eye of day,
Rooted from men, without a name or place :
See nations blotted out from earth, to pay
The forfeit of deep guilt ;—with glad embrace
The fair disburdened lands welcome a nobler race."—pp. 10, 11:

The American forest and the Aboriginal Indians are thus described.

xxx.

"There stood the Indian hamlet—there the lake
Spreads its blue sheet that flashed with many an oar,
Where the brown otter plunged him from the brake
And the deer drank ; as the light gale flew o'er,
The twinkling maize-field rustled on the shore ;
And while that spot, so wild, and lone, and fair,
A look of glad and innocent beauty wore,
And peace was on the earth and in the air,
The warrior lit the pile, and bound his captive there :

xxxI.

Not unavenged. The foeman, from the wood,
Beheld the deed ; and when the midnight shade
Was stillest, gorged his battle-axe with blood.
All died—the wailing babe, the shrieking maid—
And in the flood of fire that scathed the glade,
The roofs went down ; but deep the silence grew,
When on the dewy woods the day-beam played ;
No more the cabin smokes rose wreathed and blue,
And ever by their lake lay moored the light canoe."—pp. 12, 13.

There is much more in this volume which we could quote with pleasure, but we must forbear. We will content ourselves with mentioning such poems, in addition to those already named, as appear most worthy of attention. We would select "*The Song of Pitcairn's Island*"—Lines "to the Evening Wind"—"*To the Past*"—"Monument Mountain"—"*The Hunter's Serenade*"—"Autumn Woods"—"*The Disinterred Warrior*"—"Scene on the Banks of the Hudson"—Sonnets on "*Midsummer*," on "*October*," and on "*Mutation*"—"The Walk at Sunset"—"*Hymn to the North Star*," and "*The Death of the Flowers*."

There are some pretty translations, chiefly from the Spanish ; but we cannot counsel Mr. Bryant to pursue this branch of composition. Not only is it secondary to that in which he is capable of excelling, but he is not possessed of those qualities which would enable him to be distinguished as a translator. He wants versatility and pliancy of style. He can not invest himself easily in a foreign garb, and dismiss all marks of individual manner. The translations are very pleasing, but they differ scarcely at all from his original poems, except in having less force. They do not enable us to forget the identity. They are still evidently from the hands of Mr. Bryant. Mr. Bryant cannot, perhaps, be said to have a bad ear for metrical rhythm, but neither has he shown a very good one. Some of his experiments

in metre certainly cannot be called successful. Such are his "Mary Magdalen"—"Autumn Woods"—Lines "To a Cloud"—"Hymns of the City." The short poem called "The Gladness of Nature" halts awkwardly. Couplets sometimes occur like the following,

"Artless one, though thou gazest now
O'er the white blossom with earnest brow ;"

which, if not positively bad, yet evince an ear not attuned to a delicate sense of metrical melody. The "Indian Story," which has in it much good poetical imagery, shambles thus in weak emulation of "Alonzo the Brave."

"But where is she who at this calm hour
Ever watched his coming to see ?
She is not at the door, nor yet in the bower.
He calls—but he only hears on the flower
The hum of the laden bee."

Mr. Bryant does not, we think, always well understand how to adapt his metre to his subject, or he would not have written on "The Hurricane" in such dancing sing-song as the following.

"Lord of the winds ! I feel thee nigh,
I know thy breath in the burning sky !
And I wait with a thrill in every vein
For the coming of the hurricane."

His want of metrical polish is rendered very evident by comparison whenever he has adopted the measure of Moore. His blank verse is good, and more satisfactory to the ear than his other poetry. This may be thought minute criticism, but, if Mr. Bryant's faults had not been few, we should not have stopped to notice such as these. We cannot advise him to prosecute the sportive style. He does not trifle lightly and gracefully. He has rarely attempted it, and with little success. His "Meditations on Rhode Island Coal," his lines "To a Musquito," and "Spring in Town" are not worthy of his talents. Mr. Bryant is in the main a very unaffected writer, but there is a little occasional tendency to *prettiness*—to the namby-pamby Rosa-Matildaism of modern album poetry, against which we would warn him. We have no flagrant instances to adduce; but whoever will look at his "Song of the Stars" will see plainly what we mean. These flaunting tags of garish embroidery consort ill with the correct and simple garb in which his thoughts are usually clothed.

We need add little to the preceding observations to express our sense of Mr. Bryant's merits. It will be seen that approbation predominates greatly over censure. We do not consider

him a first-rate poet, but we would assign him an honourable station in the second class, and regard him as eminently entitled to that respect which both in this and in his native land his poetical labours will, we trust, never fail to receive.

ART. VI.—*Histoire des Gaulois, depuis les temps les plus reculés, jusqu'à l'entière soumission de la Gaule à la domination Romaine.* Par Amédée Thierry. Paris. 1828. 3 vols. 8vo.

THIS work of M. Amédée Thierry, the brother of the celebrated historian of the Norman conquest of England, professes to give an account of every thing which is known respecting the Gaulish or Celtic tribes, until the final reduction of Gaul by the Romans in the year 79 of our era. It extends therefore over a very large surface, both in space and time, for the Celts appear in the history of national migrations at a period long anterior to contemporary accounts of passing events, and during the time when they move on the stage, they were carried by their restless, plundering, and military disposition into Asia Minor, Northern Greece, Germany, Gaul, Italy, Spain, Britain, and Ireland. The distinctive characteristics of the whole Celtic race, the names of the several Celtic tribes, the history of their movements and migrations, their national affinity, their connections with other races, their forms of civil and military government, and the changes which these underwent, their religious and hierarchical systems, are set forth by M. Thierry in a clear, methodical, and detailed narrative. It might at first seem that the history of a *race*, not of a *state*, and above all of a *wandering and predatory* race, would consist merely of unconnected stories and desultory disquisitions. But there is something peculiar in the history and state of the Celts. If any nation can be said, like individuals, to have a character, to show under different circumstances and at different times, an identity of peculiar dispositions and sentiments, it is true of the Celts that certain broad marks, traced by the hand of nature, may be seen in the character displayed in every page of their history, affording an irresistible proof that different races of mankind are distinguished no less by their mental than their physical peculiarities. Thus, even where the unconnected conquests of various Gaulish tribes are related, we see a sameness of manners and feelings, and find in the subject an unity, though it is neither of time, nor of place, nor of action. There is also another circumstance which gives an almost dramatic interest to the history of this roving and barbarous race.

Through the grey dawn of traditional story, we can just descry the countless bands of Celts pouring over the centre and west of Europe: from ancient authors we learn the indistinct dread of these warlike hordes which prevailed among the inhabitants of Italy and Greece; we see them overrunning Asia Minor, pillaging Delphi, and making Rome a heap of ruins; again, in conjunction with Hannibal, nearly overthrowing the Roman republic at the zenith of its constitution, and after the very name of a Gallic *tumult* was sufficient to throw all Rome into consternation, scarcely driven from Italy by a most bloody vengeance, and at last maintaining, in their ill defended towns and with their rude tactics and discipline, a protracted struggle with the most consummate general of Rome, backed by an army devoted to his interests, nor finally subdued till near a century after his death. Here M. Thierry draws the curtain over their destinies. But when we come to the modern history of the Celts, do the same events recur? Do we see the same warlike prowess, the same energy and resolution, and wild undaunted bravery in the remnants of the Celtic race now driven by their conquerors within Brittany, or pent up in the fastnesses of Scotland, Ireland, Wales, and Cornwall? The conquering nation of antiquity becomes, in its turn, the conquered nation of the middle ages, and shrinks into nothing before the fresh swarms of the Germanic race which poured from the woods of northern and central Europe. One is indeed almost led to believe, that although states and governments, being everlasting corporations, suffer no changes analogous to the life of man; yet that races of mankind, having passed through a vigorous infancy and manhood, may become in their old age affected and decrepit, and no longer wield the sword, either for attack or defence, with the same force as their ancestors had done in former ages. Whether some races of mankind are, like some varieties of animals and plants, liable to degenerate, or whether this great change in the lot of the Celtic tribes is not to be attributed to the superior force of the Teutonic nations, rather than to a diminution of energy in the Celts themselves, are questions which we shall leave to the decision of the reader; but it is certain that the same want of firmness, regularity and union, the same susceptible and choleric disposition, impatient both of insult from individuals and oppression from governors, continues, as well as their language, to mark the modern as the ancient Celts.*

* "Les traits saillans de la famille Gauloise, ceux qui la différencient le plus, à mon avis, des autres familles humaines, peuvent se résumer ainsi: une bravoure personnelle que rien n'égale chez les peuples anciens; un esprit franc, impétueux, ouvert à toutes les impressions, *eminemment intelligent*; mais à côté de cela une mobilité extrême,

M. Thierry does not, in his preface or notes, mention any of his numerous predecessors in the field of Celtic or Gaulish history. Perhaps it would have been well if he had made some general acknowledgment of assistance from works in which he found, at least many, or most of the passages in ancient authors relating to his subject ready collected; but we shall gladly follow his example of silence, and not trouble our readers with an account of books written at a time when no history was thought perfect unless it could be ascertained from which precise son of Noah the nation was descended, and all the proper names, both of men and gods, were satisfactorily traced to Hebrew roots.

It has been justly remarked, that the language and religion of ancient nations furnish the first materials for their history. With this persuasion, M. Thierry begins by examining the dialects of the Gaulish races. If from the languages spoken by the population now inhabiting ancient Gaul and Britain, we except the Latin and Teutonic, which are known to have been introduced by strangers, there remain four, viz. the Basque, spoken in the Western Pyrenees both in France and Spain, the Low Breton, the Welsh or Kymric, and the Gaelic or Erse. These four may however be reduced to three, as the Low Breton and Welsh are, in fact, the same dialect. The Basque appears to be the remnant of the ancient Iberian or Ligurian tongue, and to have been spoken by the early Iberian population of Spain, and the Ligurian tribes of Aquitania and Liguria. From the testimony of Strabo, it is certain that the Aquitanians were not Celts,—and probable that they were Iberians. M. Thierry considers the Ligurians as of Iberian origin. The other two languages, the Gaelic and Kymric, differ from each other too much to be considered as dialects of the same tongue, but resemble each other enough to be called sister languages, having a common origin. On this difference, supported by the testimony of classical authors and native traditions, M. Thierry founds his division of the Celtic tribe into the two races of Gaels and Cymris; the former of which he believes to have preceded the latter in Britain, and probably also in Gaul. In the last country, the Cymris, under the name of *Belgæ*, *Bolgæ*, *Volcæ*, and *Armoricans*, dwelt in the northern and western parts, and in Britain as far as the

point de constance, une repugnance marquée aux idées de discipline et d'ordre si puissantes chez les races Germaniques, beaucoup d'ostentation, enfin une désunion perpétuelle, fruit de l'excessive vanité." Vol. I. p. 5. In one point we do not agree with M. Thierry: it does not appear to us that the Celts or Gauls, either in ancient or modern times, have been remarkable for their *intelligence*, that is, we suppose, for their intellectual powers. They have never had any writers, nor does it seem that any Celtic dialect has ever been a written language.

Firth of Forth. Under the name of *Cimmerians* they were, at an early period, known to the Greeks from their plundering incursions into central Asia, and the traces of their presence on the shores of the Black Sea. Under that of *Cimbri*, they were known to the Romans from the second century before Christ.

The first national movement of the Celtic races of central and southern Gaul which history records, was, according to M. Thierry, towards Spain. Having crossed the Pyrenees, they penetrated to the west of that peninsula, conquered and dislodged many Iberian tribes, who in their turn crossed the Pyrenees, but in an opposite direction. The Sicani then passed through the coast of Gaul into Italy; they were soon followed by the Ligurians, a tribe originally established about the Guadiana, who settled on the shores of the Mediterranean, from the Pyrenees to the Arno. The barrier of Italy having thus been once overcome, some of the southern Celtic tribes of Gaul next poured over the Alps, and driving the Siculians southwards, founded, under the name of *Umbrians*, an empire which reached from the Tiber to the Alps. But in the 11th century before Christ, a powerful nation, acquainted with the art of fortifying towns with stone walls, crossed the Illyrian Alps, swept over Northern Umbria, and passing the Apennines, reduced the Umbrian population between the Tiber and the Arno. These *Rasena*, or *Etruscans*, (as they were called by the Romans), soon afterwards turned their arms against the Umbrians of the Po, and easily subdued a nation living in open villages. Some of these Celts submitted like their brethren of the south to servitude: others fled back to the Helvetians and the *Æduans* on the banks of the Saone, or took refuge among the Ligurian tribes to the west. In the mountainous tract between the left bank of the Tiber and the *Mare Superum*, some remnants of the Umbrians retained a qualified independence, were, till late times, marked by a personal courage and irritable disposition characteristic of the Celtic race, and bore the national arm, the *gæsum* or *javelin*.

After the Phœnician, and afterwards the Rhodian commerce and empire on the shores of the Mediterranean had in turn declined, the enterprising Ionian republic of Phocæa sought to occupy a market now left empty. In the year 600 B.C. a Phocæan vessel of discovery, commanded by a merchant named Euxenus, anchored off the eastern bank of the Rhone, in a territory dependent on the king of the Segobriges, a Celtic tribe, which had retained its independence in the midst of a Ligurian population. Euxenus and his crew were hospitably entertained by the Celtic prince Nannus, who happened that day to be celebrating the marriage feast of his daughter Gyptis, or Petta, (for

her name is differently stated). It was the Iberian custom, adopted by the Segobriges, and still kept up in several of the Basque cantons, for the bride to present a cup of water to the husband of her choice. At the end of the festival, Gyptis appeared, and whether by accident or from some other cause, she offered the cup to Euxenus. The father, seeing something superhuman in the occurrence, confirmed his daughter's choice, and granted to Euxenus the bay where he had landed for a marriage portion. Euxenus immediately sent back to Phocæa news of his good fortune; many adventurers were found, the sacred fire was brought from the Prytaneum, a statue and priestess of Diana from Ephesus, and the Greek city of Massilia rose on a barbarous shore. The neighbouring Ligurians, however, soon began to fear its growing power; and warned Comanus, now king of the Segobriges, of his danger. A plot was formed to massacre the Massaliots during a festival; which was discovered by a near relation of the king, to her paramour, a young Massaliot*. In consequence of this information, the Gauls, together with their king, were surprised and killed, to the number of seven thousand.

Such is the romantic tale which Aristotle and Justin record of the founding of Massilia. It is not wanting either in external testimony or internal probability: but whether it is to be classed with the numerous fables, which the Greeks invented respecting the foundation of their cities, or whether it is to be received as real history, is not easy to determine. Massilia, however, from whatever cause, was, at no long time after its establishment, pressed by the neighbouring Ligurians; and its preservation from their attacks was one of the remote consequences of a great national movement of the Cimmerian branch of the Celtic race. This great tribe, extending from Asia, the Tauric Chersonese, and the Euxine, to the Don and the Danube, had been driven to the west by nomad Scythians in Asia, and taking the course of the Danube, crossed the Rhine, and occupied the north of Gaul. The ancient Gaelic inhabitants of this country were, by this shock, driven in a direction from north and west to east; and some of these tribes, collected in Sequania and Helvetia, began to emigrate. One division of them, under Sigovesus, left Gaul by the Hercynian Forest, and settled on the right bank of the Danube, and in the Illyrian Alps. Another, under Bellovesus,

* M. Thierry refines the coarse narrative of the Roman writer with great gallantry. "*Adulterare (says Justin) cum Græco adolescente solita, in amplexu juvenis, miserata formæ ejus, insidias aperit, periculumque declinare jubet.*" "*Ce complot (says the French historian) si perfidement ourdi, l'amour d'une femme le déjoua. Une proche parente du roi, éprise d'un jeune Massaliote, courut lui tout révéler, le pressant de fuir et de la suivre.*" p. 32.

marched towards Italy, and was met at the foot of the Alps by envoys from Massilia, to beg for assistance against the Ligurians. This request being granted, the Ligurians were attacked by the Gauls and defeated: after which Bellovesus crossed the Alps by the Saltus Taurinus, routed the Etruscans at the Ticinus, and hearing that the district where they halted was called Insubria, (from their kinsmen the Umbri), "following the omen of the place," built the city of Mediolanum, and dislodged the Etruscans from all the north bank of the Po. Nor was this the last territorial conquest of the Celts in Italy. In the pressure of migration, some of the first of the Cimmerian tribes, finding in Northern Gaul no sufficient space for their numbers, traversed Helvetia, passed the Pennine Alps, and as the northern bank of the Po was already occupied by Gaelic Celts, drove the Etruscans beyond the Appennines. Of this band of invaders, the Boii took the country between the Ligurian Appennines and the Po, and made the Etruscan city of Felsina, under the name of Bononia, their capital (Bologna); while the Lingones and Anamani dwelt on the western shore of the Adriatic. About seventy years afterwards, in 521 B. C., another Kymrian tribe, the Senones, drove the Umbri from the shores of the Mare Superum, and fixed their head-quarters at Sena. Northern Italy, which had been brought into a state of high cultivation by the Etruscans, now, under the rule of the barbarous Celts, who lived in unwalled villages, slept on the ground, and knew no art or craft except war and husbandry, fell back almost to its former state of wildness. Nevertheless, the numbers of the Gallic population increased so much in the century and a half which followed their first settlement in Italy, that in 391 B. C. 30,000 Senonese warriors crossed the Appennines, and demanded of the Etruscans a friendly partition of their territory. The townsmen of Clusium, to whom the Gauls had applied, sent to ask assistance of Rome; and accordingly Roman ambassadors were dispatched to Clusium, who, contrary to the law of nations, headed the Clusines in a battle against the Senones. The Gauls, justly offended at this outrage, waited till reinforcements could arrive from their own country, and in the mean time sent to demand that the Roman envoys should be delivered up to them. This the Roman senate refused; but offered money as a reparation for the wrong. The Gauls persisted in their demand, and irritated by the conduct of the Romans, who formally tried and acquitted their ambassadors, began to make new levies, and without waiting for all the succours which were ready to come from the banks of the Po, marched on Rome, and gained the famous victory of the Allia. We have neither the wish, nor the space, to detail the well-known circumstances of

the burning of Rome by the Gauls. It is sufficient to say, that having been foiled in their attempt to scale the capitol, their numbers having been thinned by pestilence, but chiefly on account of an irruption of the Veneti into their own territory, they agreed to quit the Roman city on condition of receiving from the Romans 1000 (or 2000) pounds of gold, of being furnished during their march with provisions by the Romans and their allies, of the Romans ceding them a portion of their territory, and of leaving in their new town a gate always open, in memory of the Gallic conquest.

For twenty-three years after this event, the Gauls, having repulsed the Venetians, were kept at home by internal feuds. But in 366 B. C. they resumed their roving habits, and made several incursions into Latium and Campania, in one of which Sulpicius, the Roman dictator, by a cautious system of tactics, succeeded in routing them. This defeat intimidated them for a few years, till in 350 B. C. they appeared on Mount Albano, from which position they were enticed by the consul Popilius Lænas, and vanquished with great slaughter. The Gauls retired to Mount Albano, and encamped there for the winter; but the Romans were content to let them retire under a treaty for three years, which was changed into a peace that lasted for half a century. In the year 299 B. C. a body of Transalpine Gauls crossed the Alps, and sought to obtain a territory in Etruria. After some negotiations, a league was formed with the Gauls, by the chief nations of northern and central Italy, the Etruscans, Samnites, and Umbrians, against Rome. The consuls Fabius and Decius succeeded in dividing this powerful combination, and defeated the Gallo-Samnite army at Sentinum with a loss to the enemy, which Diodorus reckons at 100,000, and Livy at 25,000 men. The Romans had till this time been fighting with the Gauls for existence; they now fought for glory and plunder. After some reverses, an army of the Senones and Boii was defeated by Dolabella, the whole Senonese nation exterminated, a Roman colony planted at Sena, and Drusus brought back to Rome the gold which had been paid to the Senones at the siege of the capitol.

The passage of Transalpine Gauls into Italy, just mentioned, appears to have been caused by the migration of the Cymric tribe of the Belgæ to the west of the Rhine. In consequence of this pressure, the Tectosagi left Gaul by the Hercynian Forest, and found in the valley of the Danube their kinsmen, who had emigrated by the same route under Sigovesus, swelled into large nations stretching as far as the mountains of Epirus, Macedonia, and Thrace. Some of these Celts had sent ambassadors to

Alexander the Great during his expedition against Thrace: but they were not mixed in the politics of Greece till the time of Antigonus, who hired some Danubian Gauls to serve in his army, but found them more dangerous as friends than as foes. The Gauls of Illyria and Ponia, having thus learnt the weakness of Greece and their own strength, and being aided by the new comers from Gaul, and headed by their *Brenn* or chieftain, planned an invasion of Greece by three points. One detachment was to pass through eastern, another through central Macedonia, and the third by the frontiers of Macedonia and Epirus. The latter division, under a leader named *Bolg* or *Belg*, first reached its destination, and summoned Ptolemy Ceraunus, then king of Macedon, to pay a sum of money if he wished for peace. Ptolemy, attempting to resist, was defeated and slain; and his kingdom was left an easy prey to the Gauls, who collected in it an immense booty. The left wing, occupied with plundering expeditions in Thrace, did not attempt to form a junction with the rest of the army, and the centre under *Brennus* was checked by some guerrilla bands, organized by a patriotic Macedonian of low rank. Having retreated, in order to gain recruits during the winter, *Brennus*, in 280 B. C. entered Macedonia at the head of a formidable army, ravaged the open country, and in the autumn took up his quarters at the north of Olympus. The Greeks were thunderstruck at the near approach of a nation, whose very name, as at Rome, was sufficient to excite a panic fear.

“Ce que savaient,” (says M. Thierry,) “à cette époque, les plus savans hommes de la Grèce sur la nation Gauloise se réduisait à quelques informations vagues, défigurées par d'absurdes contes. L'opinion la plus accréditée parmi les érudits plaçait le berceau de cette nation à l'extrémité de la terre, au-delà du vent du nord, sur un sol glacé, impuissant à produire des fleurs, des fruits, ou des animaux utiles à l'homme, mais fécond en monstres et en plantes vénéneuses. Un de ces poisons passait pour être si violent, que l'homme ou l'animal atteint dans sa course par une flèche qui en aurait été infectée, tombait mort sur le champ, comme frappé de la foudre. On se plaisait à raconter, touchant les Gaulois, des traits d'audace et de force qui semblaient surnaturels. On disait que, les premiers de tous les mortels après Hercule, ils avaient franchi les Alpes pour aller brûler dans l'Italie une ville Grecque appelée Rome. Cette race indomptable, ajoutait-on, avait déclarée la guerre non-seulement au genre humain, mais aux dieux et à la nature; elle prenait les armes contre les tempêtes, la foudre et les tremblemens de terre; durant le flux et le reflux de la mer, ou les inondations des fleuves, on la voyait s'élancer l'épée à la main au-devant des vagues, pour les traver ou les combattre. Ces récits, propagés par la classe éclairée, couraient de bouche parmi le peuple, et repandaient un effroi

général, du mont Olympe au promontoire de Ténare."—vol. i. p. 150—152.

A defensive league was formed by the principal Greek states to the North of the Peloponnese, and early in the spring their army met at Thermopylæ, to resist an enemy more formidable even than the Persians. After an unsuccessful attempt to force the defile, Brennus detached a division to ravage Ætolia, in order to draw off the Ætolians from their allies. This expedition, which was attended with every circumstance of the most savage and revolting brutality, answered its purpose: Brennus then turned the Greek army by a path over Mount Oeta, and marched by Elatea to Delphi. The height was scaled, and the temple plundered: but the Gauls, having indulged in their customary debauches, and struck with fear at a thunder storm, which seemed to them the sign of an offended deity, were pursued to their camp with great slaughter by the Greeks. After a disastrous retreat through an enemy's country, the remnants of this undisciplined army were able, with the loss of their general by his own hand, ten thousand wounded men dispatched in cold blood by their comrades, and about twenty-six thousand by the cold or the swords of the Greeks, to reach the northern frontier of Macedonia. Here they separated: some settled under the Scardian chain, and became the nation of Scordiscan Gauls. The Tectosagi divided into two bodies; one carried its plunder back to Gaul; the other, with a horde of Tolistoboii and Gaelic Celts, marched, under a leader named Comontorius, towards Thrace. This country was already occupied by the mixed body of Gauls and Teutons, which had formed the left wing of the army of Brennus: and its two chieftains, Leonorius and Lutarius, finding that Thrace was too small a field for so large a number of plunderers, applied to Antipater, now king of Macedonia, for transports to convey their followers to Asia Minor. Some delays arising, the two leaders divided; Lutarius was left at the Thracian Chersonese, where he seized four vessels sent by Antipater to watch his motions, and by degrees landed all his men on the Asiatic coast. Leonorius marched to the Bosphorus, and having levied a contribution on the city of Byzantium, was called over to Bithynia by Nicomedes, to assist him in a succession war against his brother Zibœas. The Gauls of Lutarius were, by the influence of his fellow chieftain, gained to the party of Nicomedes, which thus became triumphant, and the same mercenaries afterwards saved the free towns of the Bosphorus from Antiochus, though (as M. Thierry remarks) actuated by no other motive than a love of money. Comontorius and his Gauls had now undisputed possession of Thrace, where, after having

committed every kind of extortion and tyranny, and having imposed exorbitant tributes on the Byzantines, they were, after a century's misrule, exterminated by a general rise of the native population.

Nor had the Asiatic Greeks less reason to repent of their imprudence in calling in the Gauls to settle their civil broils. Asia Minor was conquered, and divided into three parts, according to the three Gallic nations: the Trocmi had the Hellespont and the Troad, the Tolistoboi took Æolis and Ionia, while the inland country west of Mount Taurus, as far as the sea to the south, fell to the share of the Tectosagi. The conquering system of the Gauls was not like that of the Greeks, Carthaginians, and Romans, to eject the native population from the towns, to form a governing class or aristocracy of their own citizens, among whom all the lands were divided, and to degrade the ancient proprietors and citizens to the rank of bond slaves or serfs, who paid a tribute to their new landlords in the shape of rent. The Gauls neither dispossessed the inhabitants, nor even regularly occupied the country. Each horde either remained encamped in the field and lived in fortified villages, or roved about the country with their flocks and herds, ready to quell any attempts at an insurrection. With the towns they interfered no further than to force them to pay large tributes; the civil government, whatever that might be, remained untouched. In this manner the Gauls preserved their military habits. Their easy life, derived from the contributions of others, encouraged population and attracted new comers, and they were thus able to make all the towns of Asia Minor, and even the kings of Syria, their tributaries. But if they had followed the surer policy of the Greeks,—if, like the Spartans, they had formed a class of subjects and a class of slaves, and imposed a tribute on both,—had themselves seized all the strong places, and concentrated into one town a stationary oligarchy of their own race, bound by the strictest rules of military discipline, alone forming the strength of the army, and alone able to act in concert, though at first more exertion and activity would have been required to secure their dominion, and the tributes would have been less productive, they might have been able to perpetuate their dominion, and leave a valuable inheritance to their descendants. As it was, not having ejected the rightful owners, they gained no title by prescription—they never ceased to be intruders; and when the day of retribution did come, they were easily separated from the soil into which they had never struck their roots. "*Quicquid plantatur solo, solo sedet*," says the maxim of our law: a lesson full of importance to the makers of revolutions; for if the lands of the dispossessed class, whether nobles

or clergy, are divided amongst a large number of new proprietors, their restoration to the ancient possessors by a counter-revolution is a matter of great difficulty. The neglect of this caution has enabled the regular and secular clergy of Spain to regain their enormous estates which had been sequestered in the revolution of 1821.*

The first check which the Gauls received in Asia Minor was in 233 B. C., from Antiochus, King of Syria, who, for this good deed, was called the *Saviour* (Σωτήρ) by his grateful subjects. But the wars in the East, which soon followed, allowed the Gauls to recover; they spread in great numbers over Asia, and were employed as mercenaries by all the Asiatic kings and free towns, and even by the Ptolemies, one of whom was nearly deprived of Lower Egypt by a garrison of Gauls quartered at Memphis. This is the most southern point to which any considerable Celtic force is known to have penetrated. In 243 B. C., Eumenes, the Prince of Pergamus, assisted by the Gauls, defeated Antiochus, who bequeathed to his son Attalus the accomplishment of his patriotic designs. Attalus succeeded in driving the Tolistoboi and Trocmi from the Troad beyond the chain of Taurus; and these two tribes, together with the Tectosagi, settled on the south-eastern shore of the Euxine, in a district which now obtained the name of *Galatia*. After these victories, for which Attalus was almost deified by the Asiatic Greeks, the Gauls ceased to exist in Asia Minor as a separate race: and by their mixture with the natives was formed the population known by the name of *Gallo-Greeks*. When the Gauls had been thus driven within the limits of Upper Phrygia, and forced to adopt sedentary habits, they fell of necessity into the system of a national aristocracy. The state of Galatia was formed of three ranks; first, the *Gauls*, divided into twelve tetrarchies, each governed by a tetrarch, whose office was elective and temporary. Besides these twelve tetrarchs, who formed the council of state, was another board of 300 members, who acted as a court of justice, and were alone competent to pass sentence of death on a Gaul. Secondly, the *Greeks*, whose cleverness and activity appear to have procured them a considerable degree of liberty; and the Gauls must have allowed them some civil rights, as they had a sort of national magistrate (called *πρῶτος τῶν Ἑλλήνων*), who was their representative or patron. The *Phrygians*, who formed the third subject-class, were reduced to the most complete servitude, and kept distinct both from their masters and fellow-subjects. But in adopting this hateful though effective mode of governing a conquered

* See a remark of similar import in Hallam's Constitutional History of England, ch. xviii. on the English plantation in Ulster under James I.

people, the Gauls showed their want of skill in civil affairs. They used all the tyranny and oppression inseparable from an aristocracy of race, without gaining the safety which should also attend it. Their fetters galled their captives without securing them. Instead of entrenching themselves in a walled city and training their subjects to fight their battles, they lived chiefly in open villages, and derived no assistance in war either from the Greeks or Phrygians.* Hence, when Cneius Manlius invaded their territory in 189 B. C., the Gauls fled with their wives and children to the mountains, where they were surrounded by the Romans and defeated with great loss. The Romans, however, did not then think proper to attempt their final reduction; nor did Galatia become a Roman province till the time of the Emperor Augustus.

Thus far we have followed the footsteps of M. Thierry, and have given such an abridgement of his narrative of the more obscure and uncertain portion of Celtic story as will enable our readers to judge of his qualifications as a describer of those great national movements which lie on the confines of history and fable. With the same disposition, so strongly marked in his brother's admirable work on the Norman Conquest, of referring political events, not to the passions or contrivances of prominent individuals, but to the unanimous wishes of large masses of population, and having the same sympathy with the conquered against the conquering races, he has set about his work with an inferior knowledge of his subject, and a less lively perception of the events which he narrates. Like many, perhaps most, of the French writers, he is wholly untinged with the spirit of historical criticism; a quality which may be dispensed with, when a history is to be drawn, wholly or principally, from contemporary authorities, but which can alone give any value to a work founded on the various accounts contained in Greek and Latin authors, of the origin and adventures of a foreign race. It would be easy for us to show in detail the deficiencies of M. Thierry's book in this respect, by examining his account of the part taken by the Gauls in Hannibal's invasion of Italy; a part which has not been sufficiently attended to by many modern writers; as the existence of a powerful nation of Gauls in Northern Italy, the deadly enemies of Rome, was undoubtedly one of Hannibal's chief inducements for preferring an invasion of Italy from the north rather than from the south. But a more convincing proof than any researches of ours could furnish, may be afforded to any one who will take the trouble to compare the two admirable chapters in Niebuhr's

* *Ex campestribus vicis agrisque frequentes demigrare et cum conjugibus ac liberis quæ ferre atque agere possint præ se agentes portantesque.*—Livy, *xxviii.* 18.

second volume of his Roman History, which describe the early movements and national character of the Celts, and their famous capture of Rome, with the corresponding parts of M. Thierry's work; he will then see how different an appearance the records of antiquity assume in the feeble compilation of the French, and in the searching and vigorous investigation of the German writer. Nevertheless, we have no intention to detract from the authority of M. Thierry's history, or to deny to his work the merits which it certainly possesses. He has been the first to give, within a reasonable compass, a connected view of the fortunes of the Gaulish tribes, and their influence on the condition of the ancient world; and to his diligence in tracing the difference of races, by means of their language and other national peculiarities, the student of history, both ancient and modern, must be ever indebted.*

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- ART. VII.—1. *Briefe aus Paris*, 1830, 1831. Von Ludwig Börne. Hamburg. 2 vols. 12mo. 1832.
2. *Lettres écrites de Paris*. Par M. L. Börne. Traduites Par M. F. Guiran. Paris. 1832. 8vo.
3. Heine's *Reisebilder Nachträge zu Heine's Reisebildern*. (Pictures of Travel. Supplement to the Pictures of Travel.) Hamburg. 4 vols. 12mo. 2d Edition. 1830, 1831.

THESE are two very singular productions, resembling each other in many particulars; both written in a certain wild reckless vein, with an apparent indifference or cynical contempt for all ordinary feelings, opinions, or creeds; and both possessing to a considerable extent that air of novelty and vivacity which is likely to accompany such an emancipation from all those fetters, the authority and force of which is recognised as legitimate by the rest of society. One of them (Börne's) is avowedly the production of a Jew; the other bears just as little marks of being written by a Christian; and both have been received with greater extremes of approbation and censure by opposite parties in Germany, than any works which for some time past have issued from the press of that country.

* For the benefit of the author of the 'History of Spain and Portugal' in Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopædia (see vol. i. p. 16), we remark that in Strabo, iii. p. 139, *ἑρῶν* should be read for *ἑρῶν* with Niebuhr, History of Rome, vol. i. note 377, and that poems containing 6000 verses, not poems 6000 years old, are meant. Knight, Symb. Language of Ancient Art and Mythology, § 5, compares Hermippusap. Plin. N. H. xxi. 1. *Vicies centum millia versuum a Zoroastre condita*: and Cæsar de B. G. vi. 14. *Magnum ibi numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur*; itaque nonnulli annos vicenos in disciplina permanent. The same writer is likewise ignorant of Humboldt's celebrated Dissertation on the Basque Language.

This has been peculiarly the case with Börne's "Letters from Paris," which touching, as they do, on questions the interest of which is yet at its height, and the future solution of which no political sagacity can foresee, and affecting the very superlative of ultra-liberalism, have stirred up a tempest of abuse on the one hand, and of clamorous applause on the other, which nothing but the very peculiar position of society at this moment could render at all intelligible. The literary scuffle over these volumes has been as desperate as the set-to over the body of Patroclus. It is the most pestilent, egotistical, atheistical, anarchical, incoherent effusion of the age, say the supporters of the German system as it is, and even the advocates of a moderate enlargement of constitutional rights. It is the freest, boldest, truest picture of the oppressions of the governors and the sufferings of the governed, say the ultra-liberals, and only by such strong thoughts conveyed in such strong words will the evils of society make themselves to be heard and remedied. The writer, say the moderates, is a literary bravo, who sets truth, principle, consistency, and moral decency at defiance. He is a fellow of infinite jest, strong fancy and caustic satire, say his admirers, wisely steering clear of the point as to decency and principle. He deserves to be exalted above all his brethren of the press, cries the editor of the *Morgenblatt*. It should be on a gallows fifty feet high then, replies Dr. Meyer of Altona.

The most amusing part of the contest to quiet spectators, like ourselves, is, that we are persuaded both parties are in an entire mistake as to the true scope both of his work, and that of Heine, to which, though in a somewhat modified degree, the same exaggerated tone of praise and censure has been applied. We are convinced that if they had detected the real intent with which these ingenious performances have been written, the combatants would have immediately changed sides; the supporters of things as they are would have hailed Börne as a valuable auxiliary, who had been fighting their battle in disguise; while the liberals, finding that he was no true man after all,—“no waiter, but a Knight Templar,”—would have ejected him from his lodgings in the Temple of Fame, with as much alacrity and more noise than had attended his admission.

The real fact, as we hope to show by internal evidence, is, that under the disguise of an affected and exaggerated liberalism, these works are written with the express purpose of turning into ridicule the whole slang of the party, of exposing the wild, unprincipled, or objectless views of its leading organs in Germany, their barefaced attempts on the credulity of the public, and their total incapacity of substituting any thing in room of the systems they are

seeking to destroy. Such, certainly, was not formerly the character of the German press, which might rather have been reproached with a tendency to the opposite extreme; too strong an *inertia*, and attachment to every thing which custom had sanctioned and incorporated with the feelings and habits of the people, even where a change would have been attended with no danger, and with probable advantage. But in Germany, as elsewhere, a singular movement has been impressed on periodical literature, particularly the more ephemeral journals, by the general excitement and delusive hopes arising out of the success of the French and Belgian revolutions. In that country, formerly so remarkable for the quiet and even tenor of its political way, and where the governments, however little reconcilable with theoretical ideas of perfection, were undeniably exercised in practice with a general forbearance and mildness which had conciliated the attachment of the people, and, though not fenced round with the formal machinery of constitutions, had been scarcely less securely limited by the tacit and invariable practice of ages; in that country formerly so tranquil, the same restlessness, discontent, and desire of change have begun to manifest themselves, which had led to the overthrow of the existing dynasties in Belgium and France. The impulse came from the same quarter—the press. And if any thing were required to convince us of the tremendous power, either for evil or good, which that engine can exercise, it would be the effect which the persevering efforts of a few of its organs, and these not of distinguished ability, (though well gifted with the ordinary qualities which attract the multitude,) by the mere perseverance and combination with which their efforts are carried on, have produced on the national mind of Germany. Not that we are of opinion that even the mass of the population, numerically speaking, far less the majority of the intelligence in Germany, goes along with these apostles of revolution; but the continued increase of revolutionary journals, many of them of the most uncompromising character, demonstrates the spread of such opinions, by proving that they find readers. Projects of change, which three years ago would have struck the reader with astonishment; attacks upon governments in particular, and government in general; abuse of all in power; the fiercest and most savage diatribes against all those who differ in opinion from themselves,—are now as common in the *Tribune* or the *Morgenblatt*, as in the pages of the *Nemesis* or the *Figaro*. We hardly know a spectacle that gives a lower idea of the literary character than that presented by too many of the modern German liberal journals. Lovers as we are of rational and constitutional freedom, both of government and of

the press, we regret, for the sake of literature itself, that its dignity and usefulness should be so degraded. Generally speaking, the French press, in its wildest extravagancies, had a clear meaning and object; it might be pursuing a phantom, but at least its views were intelligible and logical enough. Not so the ultra-liberals beyond the Rhine. On no principle could their incoherent ravings, their gross inconsistencies, their planless speculations, their contempt for taste and decency, be explained, but this,—that they had in truth no aim save that of bettering their own condition by the promotion of that agitation which, however fatal to the higher organs of literature, is carnival-time to the lower. In short, the only object which these literary condottieri steadily kept in view,—the point from which they set out, and to which, like pirouetting Fakirs, they always returned,—was “self,” still self: the best proof of which is, that if a stronger inducement were held out on the other side, if the bully was of sufficient importance to be purchased, his services in support of despotism, absolutism, Jesuitism, or any other *ism*, might be had at any time for some thirty pieces of silver. With what an easy and natural grace, for instance, does the democratic Saphir of Berlin graduate into the absolutist of Stuttgard; now lauding the French revolution, and then in “one little month, or ere his shoes were old,” advocating the cause of Don Miguel, and breathing fire and sword against revolution all over the world. It is rather consoling to find, however, that the services of these mercenaries are estimated pretty much at their true value. Some one, we understand, accused Saphir the other day of receiving some 360 florins from government as the price of his services. The journalist repelled the charge with indignation, and assured his friends and the public that his pay was only 36. This we suppose may be considered as about the fair average price of a German ultra-liberal scribbler of all-work.

It is this present aspect of the German periodical press, and the consideration of its ruinous effects on morality and taste, which seems to have excited the indignation of Börne and Heine, and called forth these bitter satires—for such, we are persuaded, they are—upon its spirit and tendency. No two individuals could have been selected so well fitted to the task. “They also have been in Arcadia.” Both, having sided with the spirit of “the movement” up to a certain point, had of course acquired a complete command of the slang of party, and a perfect knowledge of the few popular themes which it is the business of the journalist to vary and harp upon. And now that the extravagance, we might almost say the insanity, of some of their early collaborateurs has at last converted them to wiser and sounder

views, this previous acquaintance with the secrets of the enemies' camp has enabled them to direct their fire with peculiar certainty and effect against the weak points in their adversaries' lines.

The plan which they have adopted is, we think, on the whole, judicious. For one who is convinced by reasoning, there are twenty, we know, who are influenced by ridicule; and most men too, we believe, after a course of politics, begin to act on the simple plan of reading only on their own side of the question. There is no breaking through the enemies' entrenchments, except in disguise; you can only approach them through the path of ridicule, taking care to wear a grave face till you are fairly in the camp, and repeating the watchword of the party as if you were a friend and brother. Thus the adversary is laid upon his back before he is aware, compelled with many wry faces to join in the laugh against himself; and at last, after repeated explosions of this kind, begins to think of changing sides, and leaving his companions to march through Coventry alone. This is the plan which has been adopted both by Börne and Heine. Under the disguise of liberals, and with a huge parade of all the ordinary cant of the party, they contrive, by concentrating and combining in a short space the most striking instances of ignorance, impiety, selfishness, malignity or inconsistency, which the writings of the ultra-liberal party for some time past afford, to impart to these an air of irresistible absurdity, and to render the character of its supporters more contemptible than we believe it could have been made in any other way. Whether there be any people so incapable of seeing a thing which is not in the bond, as to take these performances for grave and serious eulogiums on the ultra party, we hardly know, though, from the *bonâ fide* abuse which these books have met with, we suspect such dull beings may exist. But we have no doubt the satire is obvious enough to the more *clairvoyans* of the party, and that if any thing is likely to expose and ultimately to correct the present tendencies of the press in Germany, it will be works like these, in which its vices and extravagancies are presented in so ludicrous and yet so literal a form.

Börne has been long known as a journalist and essayist. He is a Jew, if report be correct, born at Frankfort in 1786, and has successively edited several journals. He is a man of clear head, and apparently without a particle of enthusiasm. All opinions and creeds seem naturally much the same to him. He has no love or veneration for any individual, sect, or country. No one sees better the aimless and absurd views of modern revolutionists, or has occasionally exposed them more forcibly. He is a close and accurate observer of character, and many of his observations

are original, both in themselves and in their expression. It may assist the effect of contrast, if, before proceeding to the work which he has written in his assumed character, we quote from one of his earlier productions, entitled "*Fragments and Aphorisms*," some of those remarks, which we think are both new and true.

"We conceal hatred easily, love with more difficulty, indifference with the greatest difficulty of all."

"On the stage of the world, destiny is the prompter, who reads the piece in a low breath, and without emotion, without gesture, without declamation, whether it be a tragedy or a comedy."

"Luther knew what he was about when he threw his ink-bottle at the devil's head. There is nothing the devil hates more than ink."

"Our times are not favourable to light. We are so constantly snuffing the candles, that people can see nothing."

"A constitutional throne is a chair with a back; an absolute throne is a seat without one. If Napoleon had given a charter to France, he would not have fallen from his throne, when a vertigo seized him; he would still be Emperor of France."

"Moderation, as the word is often used, means something like this— one person wishes for day and another for night; a ministry wishes for a sort of moonlight, to please both parties."

"Before the march of a new era, it sends forth men acquainted with its views to procure it accommodations; but instead of receiving these heralds and listening to their counsels, they are denounced as demagogues, seducers, revolutionists, and they are thrown into prison. But Time arrives, with all her suite, and finding nothing prepared, she makes her lodgment as she can, overturning and destroying far more than would otherwise have been required to make room for her."

The following shows plainly with what a cool and impartial eye Börne, when speaking in his proper person, views the pretensions of popular demagogues, and their accusations against their governors.

"If I were a Nero in Germany, and were to throw my crown into the river, and say 'bring it here,' the most decided among those who are charged with being demagogues would jump after it like a spaniel to bring it back to me."

"Governments govern too much, but it would be unjust in Germany to make that a subject of reproach. The fault is with the subjects. Let any one try to abolish the hundred restrictions which should never have been imposed, or the hundred permissions which should never have been granted, and we should immediately see the people stumbling at every step, and complaining that they had no rule for their conduct."

"Every revolution ends as it began. Whoever can distinguish among the phenomena of history what is essential from what is accidental may predict with certainty how the history of a particular state shall be developed. Where will France stop? At the point from which it

set out in 1789. The French then wished for a constitutional monarchy, and they will have one. Neither the republicans, who aim at the subversion of the throne, nor the ultras, who aim at the subversion of the constitution, will give them bread."

All this is reasonable and temperate, with a sufficient leaning, no doubt, to the popular side; but with a sufficiently clear apprehension also of the danger of tampering with existing institutions, and a very evident dislike and contempt for the preachers of revolution. Let us now reverse the old appeal, and turn from Philip sober to Philip drunk; and if we suddenly find the moderate and reasonable Borne out-Heroding Herod, and leaving the Wirths, the Siebenpfeiffers, the Kalbs, "*et hoc genus omne*," far behind in the insane violence of his opinions and the audacity of his style, we shall find no difficulty in accounting for it on the supposition that the whole is merely factitious, that the work is an anthology of Ultra-Liberalism,—Elegant Extracts from the German periodical press of the last two years. Viewed in this light, the impiety, the rancorous and malignant spirit, the abuse of all existing institutions, the frantic diatribes with which the work abounds, or rather of which it consists, (for the few observations on the fine arts, or on literature, which it contains, are plainly introduced merely as a blind,) all these assume a satirical purpose or meaning, which redeems them from the disgust they would otherwise inspire.

The work is entitled "*Letters from Paris*," and is supposed to be written by an Ultra-Liberal of the darkest dye, a Hebrew of the Hebrews, from the French capital, the paradise of the party, to his German friends, who are still wandering in the desert, and groaning under oppression in that miserable country, which is yet without a national guard, or a citizen king; without the three glorious days, either of July 1830 or June 1832; and (what is the worst of all) is actually ignorant of its own misery and misgovernment, and deludes itself with the idea that it is prosperous and happy. These delusions it is the pretended object of these letters to dispel, by the bitterest abuse of every thing German, with a corresponding exaltation of every thing French; a system which has of late been acted on to an almost incredible extent in Germany.

Our traveller first catches a glimpse of the tricolour flag on the bridge at Strasburgh. It reminds him of "the rainbow after the deluge of our days, as the sign of peace of a reconciled God." When he reaches Paris, he sets out to view the scene of the barricades. He wishes to take off his boots: the pavement is too holy to be trod except by the naked feet of the pilgrim. He bursts out into a tirade against his country, because, though Spaniards, Portuguese, Dutchmen, Englishmen, Italians, Ameri-

cans, even Negroes, had fought in the ranks of the people on that occasion, there were no Germans among the number. But Germans, forsooth! what right could they, poor miserable slaves, have to combat in the ranks of freedom? These are the traits of the national character, according to Börne, or rather the hero of his satire.

"Imbecile beasts! An ox could not put up with such treatment. (He is speaking of the new *Constitution* of Hesse.) An ox is a brute, but he has a will of his own, and he has horns. We are sheep, shorn, miserable sheep. No wonder that the Germans draw the carriages of their princes and their opera singers; are they a whit better than horses? Horses themselves could not submit to a constitution such as has been given to the Hessians: they treat the Germans worse than they did our Saviour. He was obliged to carry his cross, no doubt, but they did not go the length of compelling him to make it. I may learn French in Paris, but, good Heaven, when shall I learn to forget German!"

"Whence comes this servile character of the Germans I know not, but they have always been so. I believe they must have had their origin in Asia; they must have been a sort of Paria caste, who, not being able to subsist there, emigrated. The Ancient Germans were coarse savages, without property physical or mental. Servility, drunkenness, and a passion for play—such were the virtues of our ancestors."

One great source of his contempt for the German character is represented to be the attachment of the people in general to their existing governments, and their reluctance to exchange a system theoretically bad, but practically administered with mildness and equity, for the chance of drawing a prize in the lottery of constitutions. The satire here is palpable, we should think, to all.

"The Spaniards, Italians, Russians, and others are slaves, the Germans are servants. Slavery renders men miserable, but it does not degrade them: servility makes them contemptible. *It is better to have a Don Miguel for a master, than a soi-disant mild and just German Prince.* We have a respect for force, when it can inspire fear."

"How should any one think at the present day, but of fighting for or against liberty! It is great even to be a tyrant, if one does not love liberty: but to be indifferent!"—

He is mortified at the very idea that the changes he pretends to wish for should take place by the peaceable concessions of the German governments: force is the only weapon with which he would condescend to agree.

"They tell me Metternich is positively to give up the helm. I am sorry for it, it is a misfortune."—"Metternich was unbending, conceited, the tempest would soon have dashed him asunder; his successor will not yield, but he will bend a little, and all will remain out of joint. May God preserve my Metternich!"

"We are too much on ceremony with kings. We ~~dissemble~~ too much. We should allow them all a month, within which to establish a better government; if not, to the door with them."

"My wish is for a musket and a battle. Every day I am the more convinced that reasoning will do no good. My longing is for war, and that the sickly condition of the world may change at once to a vigorous malady, decisive of life or death."

"The freedom which is bestowed by governors is not worth having. It should either be stolen, or taken by force."

He then turns to the subject of revolutions. Whether the government or the people are in the right, he thinks a matter of no consequence; whether the change is to be for the better or the worse, is, upon the same principle, equally to be laid out of view. Hence the merest whisper of a revolution, be it in Italy, Spain, France, Germany, or Peru, is enough to engage the sympathy of the true Ultra-Liberal. His decision requires no acquaintance with the facts of the case; it is sufficient for him that the attempt is against the dynasty for the time. This aimless and insane love of change is well ridiculed in the observations on the Belgian Revolution; and the rationale of the whole creed is summed up in the following passages. After the usual laudation of the Belgian Revolution, he observes,

"I can easily believe that the catastrophe of Antwerp has been produced by the arrogance of the insurgents, that Chasse was forced to the bombardment; but what then? We must still ask to whom does Belgium or any other country belong, to the prince or to the people? It is very possible the Belgians were in the wrong in regard to their king; I myself could never clearly understand what they had got to complain of; but every one is master of himself, and a king whom we dislike, *were it for no better reason than the shape of his nose*, may be lawfully dismissed. *All this appears to me quite plain.*"

In a similar strain are the reflections on the fate of Charles X.

"Royalty is nothing else but an artificial abscess which Providence, for the purposes of health, brings out upon the people, that they may not perish by their humours, but that their poisonous passions may flow outwards, and collect there. If it bursts at last, who has swollen it? We should have no mercy with criminal kings, but we may regret that we can have none. Don't repeat this, however, lest some fool should say, 'there is a friend of liberty who maintains that the King of France has been unjustly dealt with.' *Just! unjust! empty meaningless words.* Blame the tempest, the earthquake, the fever, and then blame a people for being unjust towards their king."

Nothing can be plainer, as Börne observes; might makes right; therefore let none attempt to blame the people: will makes reason; therefore if they choose to dismiss their sovereign from an objection to his nose, who is entitled to interfere?

Some of our readers may have an indistinct recollection of

some disturbances in Italy in the spring of 1831. Like most Italian revolutions, in which, as Byron, who had a little experience of them, used to say, the heroes chiefly distinguish themselves by "shooting round a corner," this affair was over in a day or two, leaving matters just where they were. Long, therefore, before Börne's letters were even in types, this great effort of regenerated Italy was numbered with the thousand other paltry local disturbances which have thrown an air of ridicule round the very name of revolution as connected with that country, so that the enthusiastic allusion to its probable consequences, printed as it was after its miserable failure, operates as a severe satire, though in the guise of praise.

"Oh Italy! Italy! do you hear the accents of my joy? Why have I not a trumpet which can reach even to your ears? Yes, this spring will atone for a hundred winters. Liberty, a nightingale with the accents of a giant, awakens with her noise even the profoundest sleeper. We shall now see what the strength of liberty is, since it dares to attack even the powerful Austria!"

The "strength of liberty" by this time had evaporated in some squabble in Modena; one or two of the leading champions had fallen victims to their rashness, and the strong grasp of Austria was only tightened around Italy by the premature and ridiculous effort which had been made to emancipate her.

It is equally impossible, we think, to mistake the true views of Börne in the sentiments which he puts into the mouth of his hero as to some of the domestic attempts at revolution in Germany. Indeed, the sneer is sometimes almost too obvious even for the purpose of satire.

"I have my room," says he, "often filled with young Germans anxious for a revolution. But nothing is to be made of them, for they neither know their wants nor their capabilities. Yesterday, at Lafayette's, I met one of them who had been living at * * * when the troubles broke out. He came here to visit and consult Lafayette, B. Constant, Quiroga, and others, as if these men were possessed of some revolutionary powders which he might administer to the Germans."

He hears of disturbances at Hamburg, at Brunswick, at Dresden, and his heart leaps up for joy. "Am I deceived," he exclaims, "or is Germany riper than I believed? Have I been *unjust* towards this people? Have they really been carrying a helmet and a cuirass beneath a night cap and a robe de chambre? Oh, with what pleasure should I find myself in error?" He reads a report of the University Library at Göttingen being attacked, and he halloo on the rabble, and, in the true spirit of Omar, exults in "the destruction of all these useless lumbering folios." He looks with delight on the spectacle of the Archbishop of Paris's library floating down the Seine, while the people are smoking him in effigy

with the censers taken from the cathedral. He anticipates, with transport, the arrival of the time when "a dozen of eggs shall be dearer than a dozen princes," and when "the cooks of kings shall ask each other every morning, 'Well, whose dinner are we to cook to day?'" This blessed consummation, he thinks, will be decidedly accelerated by the cholera, the approach of which he anxiously awaits.

"The plague," he exclaims, "may do what nothing else could. By preventing princes from assembling great armies, it will stimulate and encourage the most inert and timorous people on the face of the earth. The plague and liberty never had so hideous a mother—so fair a daughter. What calamities may not the spring scatter over the world? Tears will not suffice, we must laugh at misery."

The idea of invoking a destroying pestilence as a convenient political agent is in the best style of Börne's models.

The genuine ultra affects a contempt for literature, and particularly that of his own country. The loftier spirits of literature are, of course, too completely at issue with him on almost every point, not to be visited with the choicest abuse. Conspicuous among these, not only by his pre-eminent talent, and by the calm wisdom, tolerance, and true liberality (not liberalism) of his views, but also for the spirit of reverence and attachment with which he regarded existing institutions and opinions, was the immortal Goethe. He, of course, along with Tieck, Schlegel, Hegel, Raumer, every one, in short, who either by his life or writings has attempted to stem the career of innovation, have, for some time past, been the objects of the most bitter and persevering attacks. The false and despicable nature of these is well exposed in the following pretended character of Goethe. What German, on reading it, would not blush to think that similar expressions should ever have been applied by the savage spirit of faction to the greatest, and in the latter part of his tranquil and glorious career, one of the best of her sons!

"This man is a perfect pattern of baseness; you may search the history of the world before you find his equal. It is ridiculous in people always to couple Schiller and Goethe, like Voltaire and Rousseau. Goethe is as much worse than Voltaire, as Rousseau is better than Schiller. Goethe was always the servant of despots; his satire is wisely directed against the weak; he pays his court to the great. This Goethe is a very cancer in the German body, and the worst is, that every one takes the disease for the perfection of health, places Mephistophiles on the altar, and hails him as the prince of poets. His proper title should be the poet of despots."

These passages may give an idea of the manner in which Börne's work is written. But to form a perfect notion of the force with which his satire is brought home to all the weak

points of his opponents, and the skill with which their own jargon is imitated and turned against them, the book must be perused as a whole.

Meantime we must say a passing word of his collaborateur, Heine, who, though his object be the same, has directed his attack more against the impiety and *polissonerie* of the German press, than its political tendency. Now and then, no doubt, he takes up the same strain as his Jewish coadjutor, and exposes with success some of the doctrines of the ultra liberals, particularly that singularly consistent attachment which they avow for the most determined, the ablest and most unrelenting enemy of liberal principles and the freedom of the press in modern times, Napoleon Bonaparte. He is more successful, however, we think, where he caricatures the scoffing irreligious tone and brutal personalities with which these literary bravos systematically adorn their articles for the press, though unfortunately the nature of the subject prevents us from quoting any of those passages in which the imitation is the most complete. The satirist has allowed himself liberties in this respect which indeed the nature of his plan rendered imperative, but which could not be permitted to an English review. Thus, for instance, one of the best things in the *Reisebilder* is a mock critique upon the poems of Count Platen Hallermund, the clever parodist of Müllner's *Schuld*.* Platen has the misfortune not to be a liberal, and is consequently enjoyed the distinction of a more than usual portion of abuse. Heine has given us a specimen of a review of his poems in the ultra liberal vein, extending to some thirty pages and upwards, and in which the critique consists simply in deducing from some ambiguous phrases in a sonnet or two, that the Count is addicted to unnatural crimes! As a satirical caricature the article is exceedingly clever, but of course such *jeux d'esprit* do not bear translation. Neither can we venture on many specimens of that tone of profanity as applied to religious subjects, against which his efforts are so perseveringly directed. On such subjects, however, one instance is as good as a thousand; take the following as a liberal's account of his Christian faith.

"I love him, not because he is a legitimate God, whose father was God before him and ruled the world from the infinity of time; but because he, though the heir apparent of heaven, having a democratic turn of mind, dislikes all court ceremonial, because he is not the God of an aristocracy of tonsured priests and gold-laced officers, and because he was the God of the people, *un bon dieu citoyen*. In fact, were he not a God at all, I would choose him for one and obey him, the elective God,

* Platen's parody is entitled "Der Verhängnissvolle Gabel," (the Mysterious Fork,) and is an excellent specimen of broad yet good humoured caricature.

as the God of my choice, much rather than any compulsory absolute Deity."

This idea of treating the Deity as an ultra-liberal Heine seems to have thought too good to be lost, for he avails himself of it again in an article on Don Quixote. "The tears which the boy wasted over the mischances of the crazy cavalier, the youth has shed to the same purpose, many a night in his student's chamber, over the death of the sacred heroes of freedom, over Agis of Sparta, over Caius and Tiberius Gracchus of Rome, over *Jesus of Jerusalem*, over Robespierre and St. Just of Paris!" Here, we must say, we think the caricature a little too broad; in fact it has not even that thin vein of plausibility which we think the plan of the work required, because none but an absolute madman could have written the passage above quoted, and none but a fool would have thought of echoing the madman's remark.

We may observe, that it is chiefly in the last volume of the *Reisebilder* that these satirical tirades against the profligacy and impiety of the periodical press are to be found. The other three volumes are more devoted to sketches of character and scenery, written frequently with much liveliness and poetical beauty of style. In fact, it seems to have been his intimacy with Börne that has suggested to Heine the idea which both these authors have so successfully brought out. Each seems to play into the other's hands; and we really find it difficult to say which wears the masquerade garment of a literary sansculotte with most nature and ease. To the negligent observer they seem, in fact, to use the free translation of Byron, to be

"Arcades ambo—that is, blackguards both."

And the only way of adjusting their respective claims, we think, is to divide the laurel between them.

With these views of the real object of both writers, we, of course, feel exceedingly surprised that any one should consider these works as serious *bonâ fide* productions, indicating the real sentiments of Heine and Börne. The passages we have adverted to must settle that question, we think, with every one who reads them; but if any obstinate persons still persist in believing, after all, that these are the genuine sentiments, and such the natural style of thought and expression of two of the great organs of the German democratic press, or if we could persuade ourselves that such was really the fact, we should consider no words too strong to express the mingled indignation, disgust, and contempt which such productions deserve to inspire.*

* Perhaps it may be necessary to state that this article was written, and in types, some time before the appearance of the Resolutions of the Diet of Frankfort.—EDITOR.

ART. VIII.—*Voyage au Congo et dans l'intérieur de l'Afrique Equinoxiale, fait dans les années 1828, 1829 et 1830.* Par J. B. Douville, Secrétaire de la Société de Géographie de Paris pour l'année 1832, et membre de plusieurs sociétés savantes Françaises, et étrangères. *Ouvrage auquel la Société de Géographie a décerné le prix dans sa séance du 30 Mars, 1832.* 3 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

AFRICA, distinguished in all ages as a land of prodigies and wonders, has never given birth to any thing more extraordinary than the volumes now before us. A private gentleman has travelled 3,500 miles, at an enormous expense, through countries hitherto deemed inaccessible. He has visited and won the admiration of great kings, has discovered rich gold mines, has seen volcanoes both active and in all stages of extinction; has cleared up many problems of African geography, and even caught a glimpse of a river, which an adventurous critic might pronounce to be the true Nile; and finally, he has brought home, it appears, such irrefragable proofs of the reality of his travels that the highest honours have been already awarded him by scientific Europe. The *Société de Géographie* at Paris has bestowed on him its first prize, a gold medal of a thousand francs value, and, deeming that a distinction below his merits, has also appointed him one of its foreign secretaries. On the motion of Mr. Barrow (who has always enjoyed the reputation of being a gentleman of shrewd discernment,) M. Douville has been elected an Honorary Member of the Royal Geographical Society of London. M. Douville's narrative we acknowledge to be extremely wonderful, but the honours which he has obtained appear to us still more so. We cannot yet enlarge on our suspicions; but if the reader will take the trouble to peruse the following pages, we can promise that he will find in them, not only an abstract of M. Douville's very remarkable discoveries, but also some, not less amazing, of our own.

“Hardly rested,” says our author, “from the fatigues of my preceding travels in various parts of the world, I left Paris on the 1st of August, 1826, and embarked at Havre on the 6th of the same month, with the intention of proceeding to the eastern peninsula of India; and afterwards, if possible, of penetrating into China.”

From this first sentence of M. Douville's narrative, the reader will perceive that he is a man of mettle and a determined traveller. He does not acquaint us explicitly (indeed he is never explicit) with the extent and direction of his preceding travels, but it may be collected from scattered sentences in his volumes,

that he has visited both North and South America, South Africa, Egypt, Italy, and some portion of Asia. He had expended much money and consumed much time in these distant peregrinations. But what weight can such comparatively sordid considerations have in a mind glowing with the ardent love of knowledge and of truth? That M. Douville cared little for money, may be inferred from the enormous expense attending the important discoveries which we are now about to lay before our readers; that he had completed his studies before he sallied forth on his travels, must be also taken for granted, since no man, not duly strengthened by education or else not grossly ignorant, could advance in a tone so authoritative and *tranchant*, opinions, often the most heterodox, on scientific matters. However, it will be sufficient for the present to observe that he carried with him a dozen thermometers, seven barometers, a repeating circle, sextant, compasses in abundance, besides chronometers, hygrometers, eudiometers, and other apparatus.

Yet, however M. Douville may have panted to explore the interior of China, a country which offers to a skilful observer, well versed in the language, a boundless field of inquiry, he had hardly arrived on the other side of the Atlantic, when he was induced to lay aside his original plans, and to direct his attention towards another quarter. At Rio Janeiro he became acquainted with some Portuguese merchants, who had resided in the colonies of Angola and Benguela, and who related to him many curious particulars respecting the interior of those countries.

From these observations our author was led to conclude (and indeed it is singular that he should have been previously ignorant of the fact) that no European had ever trodden the central regions of Equinoctial Africa. He was immediately fired with the thought of reaping fame in a field untouched by others, of measuring mountains, sounding lakes, taking plans of cities, prying into all the secrets of nature, and studying the manners of demi-civilized cannibals throughout countries, of which even the names were unknown in Europe. This last assumption indeed, which appears to have constituted a most important element of M. Douville's reasoning, was not perfectly correct, but "we'll talk of that anon." His Portuguese friends amplified, we have no doubt, as much as he does himself, on the dangers and difficulties of his new enterprise, but could not daunt him, nor perhaps did they intend to do so, inasmuch as they told him that he would find no difficulty in forming at Ambriz or Cabinda a caravan, with which he might safely venture to proceed up the country. Perhaps they may likewise have intimated to him that the interior of Angola, though concealed from Europe by the systematic bar-

barism of the Portuguese government, is far from being a *terra incognita* to the colonial merchants and slave dealers; that factories are established at least 700 miles inland, to which the beaten tracts of commerce are trodden with perfect security, and from which some intercourse, more or less constant, is carried on with the nations dwelling still further to the East.

His plans being thus definitively settled, our author commenced his preparations for carrying them into effect with becoming energy. In short, he engaged two secretaries, freighted two ships with the requisite merchandise, and setting sail from Rio Janeiro on the 15th of October, 1827, arrived at Benguela on the 18th of December following. Having completed his observations here, (observations to which we shall have occasion to advert hereafter,) he departed for Loanda, the capital of the Portuguese possessions on the western coast of Africa.

It may be naturally supposed that a foreigner, proposing to explore countries, with their sources of wealth, real or imaginary, which the Portuguese government has always so studiously concealed, and to pry into the state of colonies, which are ruled with the mistrustful tyranny of state prisons, could not expect to meet with much encouragement at Loanda. By what influence or arguments M. Douville contrived to lull the suspicions of the governor, he does not inform us. The preparations for his journey went forward with activity. Large parties of negroes, conducted by *pombeiros*, or travelling agents, were despatched with merchandise to the chief places in the line of his intended route. One hundred and sixty-four proceeded to Cassanji, about 600 or 700 miles due east from Loanda; one hundred and ten to Bibé, situated to the east of Benguela, about 300 miles from the sea; sixty more marched to Golungo Alto; and eighty remained with M. Douville himself, to carry the provisions, which were required at the commencement of the journey, as well as to bear his *tipoi*, or palanquin, and that of his lady: for the reader will be surprised to learn that the adventurous traveller was accompanied by his wife; respecting which curious circumstance, our author, as usual, withholds all explanation.

All things being now ready, we gladly turn our back on the seat of government, respecting which M. Douville relates much that is neither new nor interesting. On the 6th of February, 1828, he set sail for the mouth of the river Bengo or Zenza, a few leagues to the north of Loanda. From this point we hope to conduct him, with rapid strides, to the scene of his great discoveries; only premising, that within the limits of the Portuguese authority, which extends perhaps 200 miles inland on the northern bank of the Coanza, the natives are reduced into such a state of

organized servitude, that a European has nothing to fear from them but the inconveniences arising from their slothfulness and their unsought, officious homage.

It requires penetration and mature sense to examine and unfold the structure of human society, even as it exists among savages. But the face of nature, in a new country and within the torrid zone, would give eloquence, one might suppose, even to the dullest of travellers. Yet M. Douville rarely expatiates on this agreeable theme. He stepped aside, indeed, to examine the little lake Quilunda, near the left bank of the Zenza, which is so infested by crocodiles that it is dangerous to approach it. Our author, nevertheless, and Madame Douville, did not allow themselves to be deterred from making experiments on the temperature of its waters. As M. Douville approached the lake, he saw a large herd of hippopotami at some distance from it. He immediately took precautions to cut off their retreat, and, at the first shot he fired, one fell to the ground; the ball had pierced its skull. Now, perhaps our readers will recollect that the late Mr. Salt, whose veracity as a traveller was never questioned, states, that while roaming along the banks of the Tacazze, with a party of Abyssinians, they amused themselves with firing down at the hippopotami, which, though repeatedly struck on the head and elsewhere, yet sustained no injury from the balls. The Abyssinians, though prompt to engage the elephant or lion, are afraid to encounter the hippopotamus, whose impenetrable skin renders him a most dangerous adversary, when forced to act on the offensive. M. Douville, who promises to give the public a work on the natural history of Equinoctial Africa, informs us that the hippopotamus and crocodile are never known to frequent the same waters. This unfounded assertion is obviously at variance with his observations on the lake Quilunda. And here we must disclose to the reader, that in every page of the volumes before us, there is a constant jar of incongruities, which, however ingenuity may soften it, is extremely inconsistent with the pure harmony of truth.

It would fatigue the reader to detain him with the frivolous incidents of the journey, with the endless stratagems of negroes to obtain rum, and the dignity of the white man in refusing it; we shall neither enter into prolix accounts of savage rites and superstitions, nor relate improbable stories of wizards performing their secret incantations in the heart of the forest, and by special grace admitting our author, who had the luck to find them, within their magic circle; suffice it to say, that M. Douville, who was at Quilunda on the 14th of February, directed his course to Golungo Alto, distant from the former place at least fifteen days' journey,

examining the geological structure of the mountains, and studying the manners of the people as he passed, that he devoted six-and-thirty days to the survey of the province of the same name, and yet that he left Golungo Alto on the 28th of March. But let not the reader start at this stroke of magic, by which the events of ten weeks are compressed within a period of six; we shall take care, before we conclude, to reveal to him the secret of this very ingenious process.

From Golungo Alto, M. Douville turned northwards to the country of the Dembos, through which we shall hurry our reader in breathless haste, despite the impediments of narrow vallies, rugged hills, and entangled woods. In every village the native chiefs made the utmost exertions to do honour to their European visitors. Feasting, dancing, and burning of houses, testified the joy of the inhabitants on their arrival. At Gomé Amuquiana their reception was peculiarly splendid; two chairs were placed in the midst of the assembly for the author and Madame Douville; opposite to them squatted the chief, or Dembo, with his naked wives on one side, and his naked daughters on the other. The long-established rights of African hospitality were maintained to the letter. M. Douville was pressed to make choice of one of the chief's daughters; a refusal in such a case would be an insult, and so one of these sable nymphs accompanied him back to his tent. This anecdote has no importance, but as it helps to disclose the true circumstances of M. Douville's journey, and enables us to appreciate the common sense and moral sentiments of one, the fidelity of whose narrative we call in question. In all his pictures of negro manners, the same grossness, sensuality and debauchery are represented in flaring and perhaps somewhat true colours, and yet Mme. Douville, whom he mentions but incidentally, and who does not appear to have had the same passion for travelling as her husband, was always at his side. The politeness of the Dembo, in this instance, was repaid by a present of wine, rum, cloth, beads, &c. equal in value to 600 francs, or 25 pounds sterling. It is not surprising that the natives should have always regarded M. Douville as a mighty prince travelling in disguise; a similar display of munificence would in Europe cause the same impression.

The province of the Dembos here described is situated between fifty and eighty miles to the north of the Coanza, on the continuation of the chain of hills, which, crossing that river about 130 miles above the sea, runs northward or north-eastward to an indefinite extent. These hills seem indeed to form the margin of an elevated terrace or table-land towards the east, and the mountainous character of the province of the Dembos is owing,

probably, not so much to an increase in the absolute elevation of the heights, as to the rapid sinking of the vallies, which towards the west gradually spread out till they are commingled with the plain. From the luxuriant vegetation and extreme narrowness of these vallies, the province is extremely unhealthy. These aristocratic cantons, ruled by their *Dembos* or hereditary chiefs, still preserve some sense of liberty, under all the debasement of the Portuguese yoke. The title of Dembo, it must be observed, appears to prevail throughout the elevated country on the eastern side of Congo, to which kingdom the Portuguese province formerly belonged; all the old writers agree in placing the *country of the Dembos* to the east and south-east of Bamba. We cannot agree, therefore, with the eminent French geographers, who have sanctioned with their approval M. Douville's work, that he made any discovery, or corrected any error, when he thought fit to confine the *country of the Dembos* to the limit of the Portuguese province. He subsequently gives the title of Dembo to the chief of Hialala, 200 miles farther to the north, and nearly due east of St. Salvador, by which he at once restores the credit of the ancient writers.

On his return from the Dembos, M. Douville proceeded to examine the famous rocks of Maopongo, respecting which he says he had heard at Loanda enough to excite his curiosity. These rocks are described by Montecuculi, the most sensible of the missionaries, as two leagues distant from Cabasa, the ancient capital of Matamba, on the edge of a great plain, which extends to the Coanza. They rise like a fortress above the surrounding country, to the height of about 400 feet; look at a distance like the work of art; are about twenty-seven miles in circuit, and are well inhabited; the villages on the summit, thirty-two in number, being approached by narrow fissures and steep paths, wholly inaccessible to strangers. This description, which immediately recalls to mind the romantic district of Hohnstein, in Saxony, the sandstone ruins near the Cape of Good Hope, and still more forcibly the *Ambas* or rocky fortresses of Abyssinia, bears on its face the stamp and authority of truth. Now let us hear M. Douville:

"I had heard much at Loanda of the famous rocks of Pungo Andongo; my curiosity was of course excited, and I wished to examine them. They form a circuit, the interior circumference of which is about half a league, and consist of eight principal masses or immense blocks of coarse granite, cut quite perpendicular, so that it is quite impossible to arrive at the summit, which is flat. I discovered everywhere the gigantic remains of a mountain which had been mutilated by some grand convulsion of nature. Numerous fragments of volcanic

substances proved that a volcano had once existed here, &c."—vol. i. p. 320.

But let us hasten from a spot where we are threatened with an eruption of geologic jargon. It is pretty evident that our author, if he sought, certainly did not find the rocks described by Montecuculi, with whom he does not agree in any particular wherever his practised vagueness admits of a comparison. He had not read that lucid writer (nor perhaps any other) at the time when he visited Angola, and ran over the country in a fit of scientific vertigo. But we shrewdly suspect that M. Douville's description of these rocks, of the granites bearing marks of fire, and of sundry strange conglomerates, has no foundation in nature, but was expressly composed to satisfy the inquiries of the Parisian *savans* respecting the famous rocks of Maopongo. This opinion may at first appear harsh, but our reader will acknowledge its justice before we shall have concluded.

The remarks of M. Douville on the country through which he passed, are in general of too meagre or too frivolous a description to deserve attention. Black cattle are extremely rare on the northern bank of the Coanza; indeed we believe throughout the whole extent of country between the Coanza and the Zaire. M. Douville ascribes this circumstance to the poisonous nature of the herbage, but why does he not inform us whether antelopes, or other wild herbivorous animals, do not frequent those countries? We will not dwell on his discovery of gold mines, which had been discovered before, but hasten to conduct him beyond the limits of the Portuguese dominions.

On the 16th of June, 1828, he crossed the Coanza, at Port Hunga, which he places in long. $18^{\circ} 6' 15''$ east, and here, for the first time, we catch a distinct view of his retinue. He was attended by no less than 278 porters. He now marched southward, along the banks of the Gango, a rapid river, descending in a rocky and tortuous channel from the mountains which rise to the east of Benguela. The early part of this journey presents nothing remarkable, but Megna Candouri, where he arrived on the 8th of July, was destined to receive the ashes of one, "who," as our author observes, "through affection for him, accompanied him through barbarous countries, and, while sharing his toils, perished in the flower of her age." Mme. Douville, after recovering from eleven attacks of fever, and travelling about 850 miles in a remarkably noxious climate, during the last 150 miles in an expiring state, here breathed her last. Among the causes which hastened her dissolution may probably be enumerated the outraged feelings and tortured delicacy of a European gentlewoman. Not even her death-bed was blessed with repose; crowds of won-

dering savages pressed into her tent, screaming with joy at the novel spectacle presented to their eyes. A general shout marked the moment of her dissolution, and rum and gunpowder for the celebration of the funeral festivities were demanded, and of course immediately distributed among them.

It would be a waste of time to dwell on the details, almost always trivial and improbable, of our author's narrative; or to relate what quantities of rum were exacted from him; how he struck a soba or chief, and immediately paid the fine inflicted for such an offence; and how he paid for a female slave a sum equivalent to 1600 francs (65*l.*), or ten times the ordinary price, merely to vex a negro chief. We shall, therefore, merely inform our reader that M. Douville, ascending the Gango to its sources, arrived at Bailundo, the chief town of an industrious and warlike negro tribe, whose country, elevated at least 6000 feet above the sea, abounds in sheep and cattle, and produces, along with the usual objects of negro husbandry, wheat, which is cultivated in small quantities, and tobacco. Iron ores, of uncommon richness, lie on the surface of the ground, and furnish the natives, who are tolerably expert smiths, with a principal article of their trade.

From Bailundo our author travelled westward to Quissange, where he left his caravan and proceeded alone to Benguela, where he remained two days, and then, rejoining his party, pursued his march to Bihé, which he places about 320 geographical miles to the east, and one degree to the south of Benguela. Bihé is the greatest slave market in this part of Africa. Its inhabitants, like those of Bailundo, are a warlike and industrious race, much superior in physical endowments to the negroes of the low countries near the coast. M. Douville, who found here a large stock of merchandise which had been forwarded on his account some months before, was obliged in consequence to increase the number of his porters. He, therefore, engaged in his service some of these martial mountaineers, whose bold carriage and hair trimmed so as to resemble a helmet, recall to mind the Makooas, near Mosambique; and directing his course northward, he left a country which apparently merits to be described by an abler observer.

Our limits will not allow us to recount all the adventures of M. Douville's journey from Bihé to Cunhinga, a distance of nearly 400 miles. He relates that at Cassondé all the people from the country round had assembled to feast upon his body: though bold as a lion at other times, our author's heart sinks within him, and his courage seems to ooze from his fingers' ends, at the mere thought of being eaten. He escaped this danger by bribing the priestesses, who, instead of commanding his sacrifice

as was expected, pronounced (simultaneously, we suppose,) a sentence in his favour. The next day, however, having left this place, he was as valorous as ever; being attacked by the natives, he completely defeated them, and took fifty-two prisoners, men, women and children. These wretches, tied together, were conducted to Cunhinga, where the chief condemned them to slavery, and highly approved our author's conduct in adopting the barbarous usages of African warfare.

Crossing the Coanza a few leagues from Cunhinga, M. Douville marched westward along the northern bank of that river, about 200 miles, till he arrived nearly opposite to the mouth of the Gango. Here he again passed to the southern side of the Coanza, and pursued a circuitous course westward, in order to visit the volcanic peak of Zambi. Lopez and other Portuguese writers, in their descriptions of Angola, have made vague mention of burning mountains; but M. Douville, whose indefatigable spirit cannot bear to learn anything at second-hand, was the first to ascend the volcano of Zambi, to examine its structure, measure its height, and ascertain its position: he, therefore, claims to be considered its discoverer. The disappearance of these volcanoes from the best maps and from the narratives of the best-informed writers, might be plausibly ascribed to their having become extinct. But a volcano without flames is not worth looking at, and, in consequence, M. Douville, who tells us, that, according to the traditions of the natives, Mount Zambi has not had an eruption for ages, "saw distinctly (from Quigné, distant 40 miles to the south) the flames and smoke which issue from the immense summit of Mount Zambi." We cannot conceal our surprise that these flames, which are so visible at Quigné, should be unknown at Massangano, which is at an equal distance from them on the west, or that the Portuguese at Cambambe should remain wholly ignorant of an active volcano, which, at the distance of only twenty miles to the south-east, towers to a height exceeding that of Mount Etna. However, we hope before we conclude to be able to contribute something towards the elucidation of these difficulties.

Returning to Port Hunga, M. Douville crossed the Coanza a fourth time, and continued his march westward along its northern bank. There is in the nature of rivers, in their majestic appearance, their obvious utility, the inevitable constancy of their flow, so closely symbolic of existence, something which rarely fails to impress the most dull and inconsiderate traveller. The volatile and unlettered Nathaniel Pearce, while looking on the fountains of the Tacazze, could not refrain from sinking into poetic reveries.—

But the rivers of South Africa have, from their somewhat anomalous character, a peculiar attraction for geographical inquirers. Flowing over a succession of terraces, they approximate in character to a chain of lakes. From the want of a uniform fall, the general velocity of the current is diminished, and rivers which wind in broad and copious streams through the table lands of the interior, become so shallow and contracted towards the sea, as to be scarcely navigable. These observations, which with a little modification may be applied to the Zaire, are strictly applicable to the Zambeze, the Orange River, and the Coanza. This last named river, though a mile wide at the mouth, cannot be entered by vessels exceeding 400 tons burden, and is navigable even by small craft a comparatively short distance from the sea. Of its size and character in the interior we have no account, but if we may judge by the maps, it acquires, at the distance of 200 miles inland, a great breadth, and for some hundred miles includes within its branches a multitude of islands.

Now M. Douville crossed the Coanza four times, and yet never makes any observation whatever on the breadth, depth, velocity, or other circumstances of this great river. He marched, as it has been observed, from Cunhinga to Port Hunga, 200 miles along the northern bank of the Coanza, yet never once adverts to the river, nor to the numerous islands with which it is studded, even in his own map. Perhaps he did not consider them worthy of attention, yet the Portuguese deemed the Quindonga islands of so much importance that they took possession of them in 1808: of this fact, no doubt, our author was wholly ignorant. But if we follow him in his course westward, we shall find fresh proofs of his ignorance and inadvertence. From Port Hunga he proceeds to Cambambe. "And here," says honest Andrew Battell, "is a great fall of water, that falleth right downe and maketh a mightie noyse that is heard thirtie miles." Yet M. Douville never heard it, nor, though he embarked here to descend the river, does he take the least notice of the cataracts which prevent its navigation upwards. Previous to his embarkation, however, he examined all the mountains in the neighbourhood, but never discovered that they were the famous *Sierras da Prata*, the acquisition of whose real or supposed silver mines constituted for a long time the chief motive of the Portuguese conquests. Having visited the salt mines on the southern side of the Coanza, our author crossed that river for the sixth time without making any remark upon it, and arrived at Loanda in the beginning of January, 1829, thus concluding a journey of nearly twelve months.

We do not mean to deny altogether the authenticity of this portion of M. Douville's narrative, but we feel convinced that there runs through the entire web a certain tissue of fabrication, which we shall hereafter endeavour to point out. His first journey, we admit, was really performed, but performed by a man whose total lack of any powers of observation, gross ignorance, and inordinate vanity, rendered him incapable of reaping any advantage from his fatigues, or conferring any benefit on science. Who but M. Douville could visit Bihé and not remark that a river flows through the town, and, like many other streams which he crossed on those heights, flows towards the south?—Why did he not make inquiries respecting the great river *Cunéné* (that is to say *afar*) which receives those minor streams, and is supposed to terminate in a great internal lake?—Why does he not offer some observations on the language of Benguela, of which there is little known?—On the physical characteristics of the different tribes of natives?—On the use of fire-arms gradually extending amongst them?—On the face of nature?—in short, on any thing which a man of mature understanding, and of the most moderate attainments, might deem worthy of notice. He ought to have known that the superstitions of barbarians, their indecent dances and dealings with their women, are not fit subjects wherewith to regale the public in an enlightened age; and that one who thinks fit to masquerade as a philosopher, with a barometer in one hand and a repeating circle in the other, ought not to display beneath the nakedness of a savage.

But we now hasten to follow M. Douville in his second journey, and to recount those splendid geographical discoveries, on which his pretensions to future fame, and even his reputation as a man of honour, must in a great measure, if not wholly, depend. A month's repose was necessary for him to recover from his fatigues, and the feverish habit occasioned by them. He then began and soon completed his preparations, respecting which he furnishes us with no particulars; but from the magnitude of the enterprise in which he was embarking, we may conclude that they were on an unusually grand scale. He had despatched more than a year before, as our readers will remember, (though M. Douville appears to have forgotten it,) 160 negroes laden with merchandise to Cassanji, to await his arrival there; and on his return from Bihé also in his first journey, he sent the greater part of his caravan eastward from Cunhinga to the same rendezvous, while he returned to Loanda with a moderate retinue. The governor of the colony was determined not to allow our author (respecting whose discretion he probably entertained some

doubts) to travel a second time in the interior; M. Douville, however, who never weighs difficulties, and never supposes that his readers can perceive them, embarked on board a vessel bound to the Brazils, but secretly destined to touch at Ambriz, leaving, we presume, those merchants who assisted him in his preparations, to atone for this insult to a vindictive and arbitrary government.

In order that we may not fatigue our readers by extracts from a meagre itinerary, we shall at once transport M. Douville from Mani, in 7.12 S. lat., where he appears to have disembarked about the 20th of March, 1829, to Matamba, 500 miles from the coast, where we find him on the 4th of May. Here he saw nothing worthy of attention. He had never heard of, and therefore never inquired after, Cabasa, the ancient capital of the kingdom of Matamba, (perhaps we might say of Angola,) which is so often mentioned by the missionaries. He endeavours indeed to palliate his ignorance, of which he has become sensible too late, by asserting that Cabasa is an epithet capriciously applied by the natives to any place for which they have conceived an attachment. Nevertheless, a city containing the graves of the kings and other memorials of an empire, which, until withered and disintegrated by the subtle poison of Portuguese intrigues, possessed what, among African nations, must be deemed great power and splendour; such a city, we say, no matter by what name it may be known, ought to have fallen within the range of inquiry of one acquainted with the language of the people; and M. Douville, it appears, had studied the N'bunda language. But we have little doubt that the city which our author calls Matamba, is the Cabasa of the Portuguese writers, and that it is still known by the latter name.

About 150 miles to the east of Matamba, where the route turns northward to Cassanji, our author passed through the villages of a tribe named *Ocuendessa*, or *the Actives*. The following day his journey led through the district of the *Cutucumuquissila* or *Threateners*. These are the only instances throughout M. Douville's volumes in which he offers an explanation of local names, and we confess that as soon as we encountered this unusual kind of information, we suspected it to be the omen of a good story. These formidable tribes, it appears, the *Actives* and the *Threateners*, made an attack on our author's train; the issue he shall relate himself.

" Keeping near me the men of Mani, whom I daily drilled in the manual exercise, I ordered fifty of my porters, who were armed with muskets, to fire. At the first discharge a score of the enemy were stretched on the ground, crying dreadfully; the remainder, exasperated,

then rushed upon my camp, with clubs and axes in their hands. I received them with my men of Bibé, and wounded a great number. My other negroes, armed with knives or axes, fell upon the rest with such fury that they obliged them to scamper off. My people, who had time to reload their muskets, made a second discharge upon the fugitives. Fifty-two prisoners remained with me, many of whom were wounded. As to the wounded of the enemy, I left them on the field of battle, and carried off thirty-seven women and children."—vol. ii. p. 341.

These wretches were sold by our author on his arrival at Cassanji. The great slave market here, in which the Portuguese dealers assemble to transact business, is a league in circuit. Slaves of all shades of colour, and from all parts of the interior are here exposed for sale; but our author did not avail himself of the facilities which such an assemblage must have presented, to acquire any geographical information. The natives of Cassanji, though quite black, have features nearly as regular as Europeans. In the construction of their houses and their towns, they bear a striking resemblance to the Bootsuana tribes. Of the extent of the kingdom of Cassanji, the industry of its inhabitants and the situation of the other *Féiras* or markets, which it contains, (for the Portuguese have more than one,) our author says not a word. But of strange and coarsely imagined stories, such as may be supposed to circulate freely among negro *pombeiros* and mulatto slave dealers, he has ample store.

Of all the topics on which he occasionally touches, cannibalism alone seems to kindle his eloquence; he is always prone to believe, and never satisfied with describing it. Lord Byron thought it impossible to look over a precipice without being sensible of an impulse to throw one's self from it; in like manner M. Douville cannot think of anthropophagi without feeling his flesh quiver with an unnatural desire to be eaten. But the prurient eloquence with which he dwells on these cruelties, when he relates them avowedly from hearsay, is nothing, compared with the description of what he witnessed at Cassanji. Attended by his guard (for the attempt to sacrifice him made at Cassondé had taught him experience,) he accompanied the Jaga, or prince, to the temple of Lianguli, the tutelar god of the nation.

"One of the priests, addressing his discourse to the Jaga, enjoined him to adhere strictly to the laws of the state, particularly as regarded the solemnities that were about to be celebrated. Immediately after, the procession moved on to the public place. I acknowledge that I would gladly have been excused from being present at this fête. The words of the priest of Lianguli rang continually in my ears. The sacrifice which was about to be made, and of which I longed in vain to know who was to be the victim, caused me much uneasiness; nevertheless I endeavoured to conceal my emotion.

" On the arrival of the prince, a young man ascended the stage; the Jaga sat on the right, with me by his side. The young negro then pronounced a discourse; while he was speaking, two men, who stood behind, struck him with a sabre, and almost cut off his head. His body was immediately cut into four. The first quarter was presented to the Jaga, for himself, his wives and friends; the second was given to the nobles, the third to the people, and the fourth to the priests, who collected the blood with great care, that they might offer it to the gods. The Jaga then proceeded to his palace, where the whole multitude was invited to a feast. The limbs of the victim were immediately roasted, and devoured, with a joy resembling that of intoxication; afterwards they drank and ate the flesh of various animals, and danced till midnight. Then the priests kindled a great fire in the midst of an open place, and threw on the red hot embers the blood of the human victim, along with a quantity of odoriferous gums. The wind drove the smoke towards the temple. The people shouted with joy at this happy augury, which promised the monarch a happy conclusion to his reign, and he himself appeared satisfied with it.

" The Jaga was extremely merry during the fête, particularly at the moment when the repast was served, at which I was compelled to seat myself. I was unable to taste any thing, notwithstanding my efforts to overcome the loathing which the sight of a human sacrifice had caused me. The Jaga cracked jokes with me as he swallowed morsels of human flesh, but nothing could subdue the repugnance which flesh of any kind occasioned me.

" I spare the reader the detailed account of this horrid banquet. Besides, how could I paint the joy of these cannibals, as they licked the blood of the victim at the moment of the sacrifice, and roasted his still palpitating members. The remembrance of the moment when the priests threw into their divining cauldron the heart of the wretched negro, still makes me quake with horror. The water was boiling, and the instant they threw in the heart, it jumped to the surface. The people shouted with delight, regarding this jump as a proof of the joy which the victim felt at having been selected for this solemnity."—vol. ii. p. 356, &c.

When our author returned home, he learned why he had not been able to obtain any information regarding the person who was to be sacrificed. It appears that the young man put to death on these occasions, though carried off from some of the neighbouring states for the purpose, is yet kept to the last in ignorance of his fate, which it is treason to reveal. This is a strange story, and evidently arranged expressly for the purpose of placing our author in an interesting situation; for he trembled in the expectation of being himself offered up to Lianguli, and eaten by the cannibals, when, happily for geographical science, he was rescued by the appearance of the mysterious victim. It cannot be denied that cannibalism exists in Africa, but it cer-

tainly does not prevail so extensively as the ignorant are prone to imagine. It has hitherto continually retired before the investigation of sober-minded enlightened men. Horrors, it must be remembered, have a charm for credulity; and statements of so revolting a nature ought not to be believed, unless attested by witnesses of unimpeachable veracity. That cannibalism is not known in Cassanji, may be fairly presumed, from the silence of the Portuguese respecting it. They have several factories in that country, which they occasionally visit; and M. da Costa, a respectable merchant, who resided there for many years in perfect harmony with the natives, never remarked the existence of such abominable rites. The missionaries, indeed, charge the inhabitants of Cassanji with anthropophagy, but, besides the habitual proneness of these holy men to calumniate human nature, we must consider, that in the middle of the 17th century, when their accounts were written, the barbarous usages of the Jagas, though rapidly declining, were not yet quite extinct in the countries where that people settled. But the account of the Capuchin Salesano is, in all particulars, so unlike that of M. Douville, as to lend it no confirmation. A lion, whose tail was first cut off to enrage it, was turned loose among the people; the furious animal destroyed a great number before it succumbed to the multitude of its assailants. The bodies of the slain served to feast those who survived the sport. Here we have no mystery, no pomp, no magic cauldrons, but rude, masculine, unsophisticated barbarism.

The Jaga of Cassanji, who, like all other demi-civilized rulers, is strongly attached to the principles of monopoly, does not allow strangers to pass through his dominions in order to carry on traffic in those of his neighbours. M. Douville, though he always disclaimed the character of a merchant, and preferred to figure as a prince, fell under the general embargo, and was not allowed to cross the Coango, where it flows a few leagues to the north of the city. But his lucky star always predominates; when utterly at a loss how to proceed, he was informed secretly by the Jaga's son, who being hated by his father, retaliated thus at the peril of his life, that by marching fourteen days to the east, he should arrive at Baka, where the river might be crossed. Our traveller, therefore, pretending that he wished only to explore the sources of the river, was allowed to continue his march eastward. But before he left Cassanji, in order to examine the further course of the great river which flows near that city, he adopted the measures which he here describes.

"I engaged a mulatto of my suite, with whose intelligence I had become acquainted, to follow the Coango as far as Holo-Ho, to

which country, I was told, it flowed lower down. It was to no purpose to tell me at Cassanji, that it was the same river which is known under the name of the Zaire : I doubted the accuracy of this assertion. I gave my mulatto a watch, a compass, pens, ink, paper, and fifteen negroes laden with provisions, to facilitate his enterprise, ordering him to follow the course of the river, by boats, or by land, according to circumstances. I desired him to mark upon paper the windings of the river, and to note what time it took him to go to each of the four points of the compass."—vol. ii. p. 372.

But before we conduct our author across the Coango, we must expose some of the strange shifts to which his ignorance has reduced him. All the writers who have travelled in, or described the kingdoms of Congo and Angola, agree as to the existence of a great lake in the interior, called Aquilunda, the situation of which, however, cannot be assigned with any certainty. A description of it, published a few years ago, from the pen of a certain Marquis D'Etourville, not very intelligible indeed, but fully as authentic as the volumes now before us, places it, in accordance with the general opinion, to the west of the Coango, in the country of the Dembos, and makes it extend several hundred miles from north to south, even as far as the 9th degree of south latitude. As the Marquis D'Etourville, though crazed with fanatical reveries, appeared to M. Bory de St. Vincent, who took charge of his papers, to be a person of good faith, and as he had actually resided some years in Congo, his account of the lake Aquilunda, though obviously erroneous in some respects, must have caused M. Douville some embarrassment, when placed in his hands by officious friends. However as our author had never read of lake Aquilunda, and never made inquiries, he attempts to get rid of the lake altogether, by a foolish etymology of its name ; yet he had already visited a lake *Quilunda*, and we have many reasons for suspecting that the word in question signifies actually a *sea*, or *lake*. But take another instance of his hardihood.

"On my return to Paris," he says, "every one whom I saw, *even among the most learned*, observed to me, that no doubt I had seen the Jagas. They spoke of them as of a warlike, cruel, and powerful nation. They must have been struck with my air of surprise and incredulity at all this. Remarking the astonishment to which my answers gave rise, I re-perused the histories of Congo. Nothing can be more interesting than the history of the Jagas, as it is related by the first travellers who visited that country ; nevertheless, I hesitate not to affirm, that if we are to estimate the veracity of Lopez, Battell, Merolla, Cavazzi, and others, by what they tell us of the Jagas, their narratives ought to be ranked among works of fiction."—vol. ii. p. 374.

What a daring assertion !—If M. Douville knew nothing of

the Jagas when he visited Angola, it follows that he had never read even an elementary volume on the geography of Africa. But the existence of the Jagas, as a nation, is as well ascertained as that of the Franks. If our limits permitted us to enlarge on the history of this very remarkable race of nomadic warriors, we might, perhaps, endeavour to trace the extent to which their movements have affected the ethnography of this quarter of the globe. We shall here only observe, that they evidently belonged to the elevated table land of Southern Africa; they scarred their faces from the mouth upwards, in the same manner as the Makooas do at present. Their custom of drawing the front teeth is still found among some tribes of the interior, and their language evidently differed little, if it differed at all, from the N'bunda language which is spoken in Angola.

The learned, perhaps, are not disposed to believe with Lopez and Battel, that the Jagas came from Sierra Leone: yet it is certain, that although the great swarms of that nation came from the table land of the interior, they first entered Congo from the north; and we feel compelled to admit, that one of their tribes had penetrated as far as Sierra Leone, at least as early as the beginning of the sixteenth century; and in their subsequent wanderings homeward, probably passed through Congo. This opinion is founded on a remarkable passage which we have met with in a very rare volume. Fernando de Enciso, who published in 1518 his *Suma de Geographia*, (the earliest geographical treatise in which America is mentioned,) tells us, that on the Rio Grande is situated the city of the Jagas, a great and numerous nation. *Esta en el la ciudad de Jaga, que es gran pueblo et de mucha gente.*

But M. Douville, who ventures to affirm that so many writers have conspired to deceive the world, informs us, that the word *Jaga* is not applied to a nation, but merely means a chief or general. Now this argument is by no means in his favour. The principal tribes of this race of Africans living in cantons, under a kind of aristocratic constitution, are distinguished from each other by the ordinary title of their chiefs; thus we have the country of the *Dembos*, and of the *Mulooa*; for this last name, whatever M. Douville may say to the contrary, is but the plural of *looa*, the title of the chiefs. The same remark applies to the *Meticas*, or *Metieka*, and perhaps even to the *Micoco* or *Mukookek*; the words *tieka* and *kookek* respectively meaning chiefs or heads of tribes. Besides, the authority of sensible writers, and the rules of the language, compel us to look upon the word *Jaga* (*gi-agga*) as plural; we cannot avoid concluding, therefore, that the country of the Jagas is still to be found; that it includes, in fact, the

country of Cassanji, (probably *Catianzi*, or *the middle*, from its situation between the two great rivers,) in which those warriors settled in greatest numbers, and where their title still subsists; and that M. Douville, who even as far westward as the banks of the Gango, met with the Jaga title of *Golambola*, or lieutenant, must have travelled through the midst of them in Cassanji, unconscious that they had ever figured in the page of history. What should we say to a traveller, who, having scampered through Palestine, and being questioned respecting the Jews, should declare that he had never heard of them before, and even venture to deny that they ever existed as a nation?

We shall now follow our traveller (or hero, as we might justly call him for the future,) to the northern side of the river Coango, which, like the ocean flood of the old Greek poets, seems to separate the real from the fabulous world; for the fabrication which pervades the preceding portion of his narrative, we believe (and will hereafter prove) to be subordinate to the unmingled fiction of that which follows.

On the 10th of July, M. Douville crossed the river at Quitumba, which he places in long. $23^{\circ} 20''$ east of Paris. His route northward lay through the country of Humé, inhabited by a fierce and warlike people, who broach their human victims entire, only taking out their entrails; but by setting fire to a village, and carrying off its chief a prisoner, he checked their insolence. At Cuzuila, situated on a river of the same name, 100 miles farther north, he left his caravan, and, attended by only fifty men, turned eastward to examine the great lake *Cooffooa*, or *Dead Sea*, which, as he learned from the natives, was situated in that direction. Proceeding upwards along the river, he found the country towards the lake to grow continually more barren and deserted. On the evening of the fifth day he encamped under a ridge of moderate height, which concealed the lake from his view. His respiration was sensibly affected by sulphureous exhalations, and his negroes, who had always thought that the lake could not be approached by mortals with impunity, declared their unwillingness to advance further. By a few sallies of wit, however, he got the better of their superstitions. The next morning he proceeded to the border of the lake, where nature seems to have arranged everything for the accommodation of a great discoverer, and upon a dry, level piece of ground his negroes built their huts—not with wood indeed, for none was to be found within miles of the lake—but with their baskets and bundles. Whether each man built his hut with his own bundle, or whether with fifty bundles they constructed a hut to contain fifty men, we leave to our readers to discover.

“I perceived in the horizon,” says M. Douville, “towards the east,

a whitish line. I judged that it was the mountains of the opposite shore. I ascribed the colour which they presented to the vapours which rose from their sides. The surface of the lake was still. Not a sound, not a cry disturbed the melancholy solitude which surrounded us; it was really the silence of nonentity. The moon shone at that time, but its light, which the waters of the lake covered with a thick crust could not reflect, added to the dismal character of all around."—vol. iii. p. 24.

It grieves us to be obliged to deprive M. Douville of his moonlight, but on the 25th of July, when he arrived at the banks of the lake, the moon set four hours earlier than the sun; and the waning crescent, which rose (under that meridian) at about three o'clock the next morning, could not have contributed much to the sublimity of the scene. But we need not trouble our sagacious reader with a detailed account of all the wonders of the scene—with the naphtha floating on the lake, the sulphureous steams from the hills, and other phenomena, of which our author makes a rather trite enumeration; he will have already perceived that this lake marks the site of an ancient volcano.

Our author, directing his steps southwards along the shores of the lake, crossed the river Cuzuila, which issues from it a shallow brook. The observation with which he closed his day's labour is of some importance.

"We lay," he says, "at the south-west angle (of the lake) on the summit of the hills, which here fell to about 30 toises (about 190 feet.) I descried in the south-east, at a distance of about ten leagues, a sheet of water, the direction of which was from south-east to north-west. They told me it was the Coango."—vol. iii. p. 26.

There is some difficulty in this passage; a river to the south-east, flowing as described above, must have flowed towards the observer. On looking at M. Douville's map, the difficulty is increased; for the Coango, where it approaches within ten leagues of Lake Cooffooa, is to the south-west, and not to the south-east. But when we turn to the report of the committee of the *Société de Géographie*, prefixed to M. Douville's volumes, all difficulties at once vanish; for the gentlemen who signed that report, and who received their information of course from M. Douville, tell us that he marks the point to which he could trace the river, which he saw in the south-east, at about long. 25° east from Paris, and in the sixth degree of south latitude. It is accordingly so marked in his map, at the distance not of thirty, but of one hundred miles from his position at the lake. This, it must be acknowledged, is a great distance to reconnoitre a river from a moderate elevation and across a hilly country.

But the otherwise noxious atmosphere of this lake seems to have had a most happy effect on M. Douville's vision, for when,

travelling northwards along its eastern shore, he arrived at the point opposite to that from which he had commenced his tour, he could discern across the lake (here about twelve miles wide) the site of his first encampment between the two marshes; while, it may be remembered, the mountains on the eastern shore had appeared from the same spot like a whitish line in the horizon. He seems, in the first instance, to have looked through the wrong end of his telescope, which was evidently one of no ordinary power. On the eastern side of the lake he crossed a broad but shallow river, flowing from it to the north-east. From the marshes on the western side issue at least seven rivers; the Riambigé being farthest north; the Bancora a quarter of a mile more to the south; the Cuzuila, the most southern of all, not being above eight miles from the preceding.

Hitherto it has been held as a principle of physical geography founded on experience, that several rivers cannot issue from the same lake, or at least cannot long flow from a single source in separate channels. Lake Cooffooa, however, offers a remarkable exception to this rule. Here we find the Cuzuila flowing from it to the west, and from nearly the same spot the Riambigé running to the north, the former river having a course of 150, the latter of 700 miles before they respectively join the Coango; between them are situated at least five other rivers. Thus we have seven river-basins or natural hollows diverging from one point, a disposition of surface not only uncommon, but, we may even venture to say, contrary to the known laws of nature. The difficulties attending the admission of this anomalous fact, are more serious than the reader may at first sight imagine. Lake Cooffooa, indeed, seems to realize the "great lake of Nilus" mentioned by Lopez, which gives birth to all the great rivers of Africa. Nothing can be more incredible, in short, than the description of lake Cooffooa, except, perhaps, the supposition that any man of sound mind could be extravagant enough to invent it.

But the glory of this splendid discovery was not one without toil and suffering. M. Douville and his attendants continued to breathe for three weeks a mephitical atmosphere, which had almost choked them, when they first approached it. They had bad covering at night, and we presume, no food at all, for neither animal or vegetable life was to be found near lake Cooffooa, and if the negroes could have carried with them from Cuzuila provisions for a month, which is highly improbable, yet, it must be remembered, they were obliged to build huts with their packages; and though we read in the *Æneid* of heroes condemned to eat their tables, it would be too bad to oblige them to devour the walls and roofs which gave them shelter.

Having rejoined his caravan, and recovered in some measure from his fatigues, our hero proceeded northwards to Mucangama, where he met with a cordial reception from the N'gana or prince. At his first arrival, indeed, a circumstance occurred which in the eyes of others would have worn a sinister aspect. Three of his attendants died, and a nobleman came to demand of him the value of six slaves, as the *kitouche*, or fine, payable when strangers die in the country: "immediately," says M. Douville, "I ordered him to be paid, and went asleep." Though Mucangama was inconsolable at the thought of his departure, and endeavoured to detain him, our hero, firm in his purpose, continued his march northwards to the country of the Mulooa, and speedily arrived at Tandi a Vua, the residence of the queen.

Our limits will not allow us to enter into the particulars of the kind reception he experienced from her majesty, a wise and beautiful lady, twelve years of age. We shall not describe the extent and splendour of her majesty's palace, nor the elegance of the house in which he himself was lodged; slaves without number were appointed to execute his commands, and two damsels of noble extraction waited on him daily to be the companions of his leisure hours. His first attempt, indeed, to take the plan of the city caused a serious uproar, which seemed to threaten his life, but his courage and magnanimity won the queen, and he was allowed to proceed. His guards were dressed in a handsome uniform of red, green and yellow, and altogether, by his imposing appearance, he seems to have made a great impression on her majesty. In fine, his long residence at her court having occasioned some suspicions, he deemed it prudent to depart for Yanvo, the residence of her husband, the king of the Mulooa.

Here then behold our author's ambition crowned. Behold him arrived in the great capital of the Mulooa, to which no European had penetrated before, in the very heart of Africa, in longitude 25° east from Paris, and but a few minutes from the equator. The great potentate whom he now visited, at first took umbrage at the violation of a law (a strange law in the heart of Africa) which forbids strangers to wear shoes in his dominions. M. Douville's magnificent presents, however, and his still more magnificent demeanour, quickly soothed the ruffled spirit of his majesty, and all causes of discontentment were forgotten. The king and queen of the Mulooa, it appears, reside in different capitals, at a considerable distance asunder, and visit each other but once in fifteen months. The queen's intimacy with M. Douville, however, had not passed unnoticed. Her majesty was a prisoner in Yanvo, when our author arrived there, and did not obtain her freedom till his presents arrived. His mind being

wholly bent on geographical discoveries, he makes but a brief allusion to this interesting affair.

"The Mulooa (says our author) are well made, tall and robust, and of a deep black colour, their eyes are lively, and they are very active. They work in copper the same articles which the people of Mucangama make of lead. They have much taste in carpentry, are remarkably patient workmen, &c. . . . They go nearly naked, yet they have much European cotton cloth which they use only to cover their shoulders and on festival days."—vol. iii. p. 65.

"The houses are neat, some of them built with bricks dried in the sun, others of bricks supported by stakes forming a sort of framework; the greater number of stakes filled up with mortar. . . . The buildings are remarkable for the elegance of their appearance—the houses are kept in good order, and are in better condition than those of our peasants. Before each there is a court surrounded by a paling sufficiently open to allow those within to see what passes without."—p. 63.

In these, and many other particulars which M. Douville relates respecting the industry of the Mulooa, and their progress in the arts, we recognise a strong resemblance between them and the Murutzi, to the westward of Da Lagoa bay. But why does he not describe their features and national peculiarities, whether they tattoo themselves, file their teeth, belong to the negro or the Caffer race? We need not believe that the windows of their palaces are glazed with plates of mica; such a refinement would be out of place in the torrid zone; but it appears certain that the streets of their cities are regularly watered. Like the Murutzi, they are distinguished for their neatness, industry and skill, particularly in making copper ornaments. Our author adds too, that they have copper guns, coarsely, but strongly made, which he has seen mounted on carriages.

He likewise insinuates that this people, otherwise so much civilized, are accustomed to offer human sacrifices, and that the poisoned ragout, which the priests administer in their ordeals, is made of human flesh. When M. Douville wrote the volumes before us, he was not aware that the Mulooa had been heard of before in Europe. Had he known that they had been accused by one of that class of men to whom we are confident he owes all his information, of sacrificing at each of their capitals from fifteen to twenty negroes daily, he could hardly have remained satisfied with relating such petty atrocities as those above.

M. Douville, from his own prowess and that of his body guard, who were much superior in the manual exercise to the Mulooa soldiers, soon acquired a complete ascendant over the King, or Muata Yanvo, as he is called. They travelled together to visit the Copper Mines; the Muata walked, our author was

borne in his *tipoi*. On their return they came to the foot of the mountain *Zambi*, that is, of *Spirits*. Though higher than Mount Blanc, our author does not appear to have seen it before, for though sharp-sighted on the tops of mountains, he sees nothing at the bottom. The king, though pressed to ascend it, was deterred by superstitious fears; but our author's zeal was not to be so easily discouraged, he climbed to the summit, whence he enjoyed a prospect which amply repaid his labour. He describes it as follows:—

“ I was on a central point (of the mountains) : I could distinguish the ramifications which extended towards all points of the compass : I saw rivers flowing, some to the east, some to the west. In the latter direction I observed a small desert, in the midst of which a river seemed to lose itself in the sand and to reappear again. I afterwards found that these were two rivers, which, having their sources near together, flow in opposite directions.”—vol. iii. p. 89.

The two brooks springing in the sandy desert are distant, according to M. Douville's map, 150 miles from Mount *Zambi* whence he descried them! But the ridge, which in the centre of Africa separates the waters flowing into the Indian ocean from those which run to the Atlantic, deserved a closer examination. Our author, therefore, who nearly ran to the top of *Zambi* in one day, easily concluded his observations, and ran to the bottom on the day following; he soon persuaded the docile monarch to march into the desert; in two days they reached the source of the *Rigi*, (or *Agattu*, for our author's text and map are here at variance;) in two days, we say, they marched 150 miles, and when M. Douville had satisfied himself that the other river (the *Hogiz*) flowed westward, they marched back again. It can hardly add to the brilliancy of these discoveries to state that M. Douville found, the very evening of his return, a rock containing gold in great abundance, (for he finds all his gold in rocks). In conclusion, he dined with the *Muata*, whose cook, having taken lessons from his own, dressed a tolerable repast. The great king of the *Mulooas* was all admiration at the amazing talents of his guest.

“ In his enthusiasm he cried, how happy should I be if I had a friend like you! Nothing could equal such a blessing, but nothing can give me hopes of obtaining it. You are destined to reign over another people. The offer of power cannot dazzle you, but your fellow white men will never show you the same honour which you might expect among us. To us you would be a God, among them you will be but a sovereign. Stay then, &c.”—vol. iii. p. 93.

This tide of African eloquence availed nothing; our author departed from *Yanvo*, and marched towards the north-west. He

arrived in the territories of Bomba, burned villages, carried off prisoners, punished those whose curiosity led them too close to his baggage by firing coarse salt at their legs, and performed other exploits, which, if true, would be grossly brutal. At length he arrived at the city of Muene Hai, situated two degrees north of the equator. Here he was treated with uncommon kindness, and was permitted to walk, for the benefit of his health, under lofty trees within the precincts of the harem. As he still languished, Muene Hai advised him to repair to Bomba, forty leagues to the north, a place celebrated for the salubrity of its air. This extremely liberal advice of the negro prince produced no benefit but that of allowing M. Douville to extend his discoveries on his map to the fourth degree of north latitude. He proceeded no farther than the banks of a river called Nourihé, from the brightness of its bed, and which from its course to the north-east and its position near the Mountains of the Moon (Riegi), we suspect to figure in the author's imagination as the Bahr el Abiad, or true Nile. His debility may be concluded from the following sentence:—

“The state of my health made me abandon my project of returning into Europe by Egypt. I felt that if I persisted in advancing to the north, I should sink under my fatigues.”—vol. iii. p. 129.

Spirit of Mendez Pinto! What a project! Did M. Douville intend to sell his faithful attendants, his men of Mani, and his men of Bihé, in the slave-market of Cairo? Did he intend to abandon his mulatto whom he had sent to survey the Coango? Or did he believe that by marching north-westwards from Yanvo he should arrive in Egypt? A return to Europe from that quarter would indeed have been too severe a proof of the authenticity of a narrative, which we shall presently prove to be a tissue of fabrications.

We rarely find in M. Douville's descriptions the colour or consistency of reality; we can sometimes follow him in the map, but there is no picture present to our imagination. But in this part of his narrative, or during his return to the Coango, a peculiar dreamy dimness envelopes his path; we feel as if we accompanied him in the dusk of twilight. We shall, therefore, conduct him at once to Cancobella, which the missionary Montesarchio describes as a great town extending three miles along the banks of the river, but on which our author seems not to have cast a glance; and thence to the village of Sali, on the opposite or southern bank of the Coango.

And will the reader believe that M. Douville twice crossed this great river, and yet offers not a single remark upon it; on its breadth, current, the description of boats which navigate it, whe-

ther built, or cut out of a single trunk? It is true, he says that he saw the river near Cassanji, where it resembles a lake.

“To give an idea of it,” he says, “it will be sufficient to observe, that the boats of the Jaga, though large, strong, and carrying sail, employ a day in crossing it. It is true, the current is so rapid that they stem it with much difficulty, which renders the passage very dangerous.”—vol. iii. p. 363.

This is not the language of an eye-witness; nothing, indeed, can be more vague. His observation on the breadth of the river near Cassanji is evidently introduced with a view to his foolish explanation of the word *Aquilunda*, and is but an interpolation forced into the original draught of his work, in order to meet the inquiries of the learned respecting the mysterious lake of that name. Why has not M. Douville informed us how broad the river is at Baka, or how many boats were required to carry over 500 men in a single day? Why has he not told us whether the Coango, after receiving several large rivers from lake Cooffooa be not broader or more rapid at Cancobella than at Cassanji? But no! The grandest objects in nature make no impression upon him; he attends to nothing which is an object of the senses; realities never force themselves upon his mind; his talent lies altogether in relating strange stories, and among these may certainly be classed the following narration.

As soon as he arrived at Sali, he sought some account of the mulatto whom he had sent from Cassanji to explore the Coango, but not even the offer of a large reward could procure him any intelligence. At last, during the celebration of some feast, a negro whispered to him in private, that his mulatto lay in a dying state, in a hut where he was guarded by order of the chief. Our traveller immediately sent a party who conveyed the mulatto to him. The tale proceeds as follows:—

“During the night his state became alarming, he was seized with delirium, I feared he was dying, but happily it was but a crisis; as soon as he came to himself he unrolled his cotton cloth, and took from it a paper on which he had traced his itinerary from Cassanji to the place where I found him.”—tom. iii. p. 185.

He then related how the negroes who were sent with him ran off with all the provisions. How he begged his way, still following the river, till after seventy-six days he arrived at Sali, where he imprudently exposed his watch and compass, (and he could hardly have concealed them while he begged his way); thence followed his persecution and imprisonment. He had hardly finished this melancholy tale when he was seized with

a violent fit of coughing, and died the same evening. The itinerary of the mulatto, we doubt not, was worthy of his master's. The remainder of the journey to the coast, where M. Douville arrived in May, 1830, contains only wonders of a secondary order.

Having devoted to the enumeration of M. Douville's stupendous discoveries much more space than they intrinsically merit, we shall now proceed to the grave task of bringing him to justice; for we solemnly accuse him of uttering three volumes of the grossest fabrications which have for many years insulted the judgment of an enlightened public; volumes disgraceful alike to the author, and to that learned society under whose patronage they issue to the world, and of which, for further distinction, the culprit has been elected a foreign secretary. It would be an endless task to collect together and compare all the absurdities and contradictions which crowd our author's pages, we shall therefore content ourselves with sifting the authenticity of his work in the following ten arguments, which, as we consider them incontrovertible, shall be treated as briefly as their nature admits.

But in order that our reader may comprehend more clearly the drift of our reasonings, we will observe that the accusation which we prefer against M. Douville may be divided into the three following counts :

1st. That the narrative of his second journey is in reality wholly composed, with little skill, of anecdotes, itineraries, and scraps of information collected with as little judgment from pombeiros and mulatto slave dealers; collected, we say, from a class of men not remarkable for honesty or intelligence, by one apparently not much their superior in either of these important qualifications.

2d. That M. Douville wrote with the deliberate intention of stretching his pretended discoveries to the equator and to the meridian of 25° east of Paris, which passes through the heart of Africa. The point of their intersection was to be the luminous point of his orbit.

3d. That in order to attain the abovementioned object, he has perverted and falsified whatever information he could glean; has strung together itineraries of countries widely remote from each other; introduced fabrications into his first journey in order to carry all his positions to the east, and has attempted to give a colour to his forgeries by pretending to make astronomical observations, of the nature of which he was wholly ignorant. We shall now proceed with our arguments :

I. To begin with what is of a more general nature, we may

remark, that the language of M. Douville is not that of one who has nature and reality before his eyes. If he hears of any remarkable objects, he pretends to examine them personally, but he leaves much unnoticed which could not possibly have escaped the attention of the most dull and ignorant person who really visited those countries. It may be ascribed to his ignorance alone that he should cross the head waters of the Cunéné without even mentioning its name; he might not have been aware that it was a great river, whose ulterior course was unknown to geographers; he might have been ignorant of the Jagas, whose name, perhaps, like that of the Scythians, exists only in history. But what are we to say to a man who, though passing close by the cataracts of the Coanza, yet neither sees nor hears them; who says not a word on the magnitude of that river, though, according to his narrative, he crossed it six times,—nor on the islands with which it is studded,—nor on the great river Coango or Zaire,—nor on the fetish mountains Kissala in Matamba?

But uniformly dull and conceited as M. Douville is throughout, there is a wide difference in tone and manner between the narratives of his first and second journeys. The narrative of his first journey, which was chiefly confined to the limits of the Portuguese possessions, occupies nearly two-thirds of the entire work, the remaining third being left to the description of travels extending nearly 2500 miles, through nations, not even the names of which, as the author imagined, were previously known to Europe. In his first journey he sometimes remarks the aspect of the country, and once breaks out in raptures on the magnificence of the forests. In every page we read of squabbles with drunken sobas, of rum and gunpowder, and of puerile adventures, which, M. Douville being the hero, have an air of truth. But in the second journey every thing wears a poetic character; there we find the author surrounded by a body-guard clad in uniform, vanquishing barbarians, compelling them to fight, intriguing with queens, frightening kings, drawing plans of cities seven leagues in compass, witnessing human sacrifices made in honour of him, and enjoying the supreme satisfaction of a narrow escape from being devoured himself. He walks under avenues of tufted trees, like those at Fontainebleau, and never tells us of what species they are; he dwells on the laws and customs of various nations, but never sees their tillage, or their cattle, or their looms. The nations to the east of Congo have been said to manufacture, from the bark of trees, brocades and damasks as beautiful as those of Italy: M. Douville takes no notice of them. Herds of antelopes never crossed his path. He appears, indeed, in his descriptions, whether physical or moral, of those strange re-

gions to flit in an elevated medium, through the *summa cacumina rerum*, without ever treading on the earth.

II. When a man publishes an account of his travels of 3500 miles through barbarous countries, the world has a right to expect from him such an explanation of his means and motives as will combat the inherent improbability of so arduous an undertaking. But M. Douville offers nothing of the kind. He was accompanied by Mme. Douville, and surely no man of sense or feeling could have thought of exposing his wife to the perils of a journey across Africa from Angola to Egypt. He was attended in his first journey, it appears, by 280 negroes, while as many more had been sent on his account to Cassanji and Bihé. During his second journey, his retinue amounted to 500 men, yet he never informs us on what terms they were engaged. Six francs per day he incidentally mentions as the daily hire of a porter, sometimes exacted from the pombeiros; but elsewhere he states 1 fr. 25 c. as a reasonable remuneration. If we calculate his expenses, then, according to this rate, the daily pay of his followers alone must have been from 15*l.* to 25*l.*, and during the five and twenty months of their engagement, amounted to more than 15,000*l.* But the other items of M. Douville's travelling expenses must have been all on the same grand scale; he always paid double of what was demanded, gave costly presents, including generals' and colonels' uniforms, swords, guns, cloth, *liqueur de rose*, wine, and rum without measure. If to all this we add the necessary charge of provisions for a little army, the amount will be so enormous, that we cannot lightly credit the expenditure of so large a sum by a private individual, merely to gratify the itch of travel.

III. All who have read the narratives of travellers in Africa, must be aware of the extreme difficulty of procuring provisions in an uncivilized country. The bounty of nature, while it exempts men from the necessity of labour, renders them improvident. Among the Boatsuanas, who are rich in herds, the lower class are famished, and the traveller finds it difficult to buy an ox. Mr. Salt fared ill even in Abyssinia, while on the road: Captain Tuckey and his companions perished in reality from want of nourishment. But M. Douville, though he alludes to the scantiness of food among the natives in equinoctial Africa, says nothing of the difficulties which he must have experienced in consequence. He is equally silent with respect to the arts by which he ruled his motley army, his mulattoes, his men of Mani and his men of Bihé; and by which he induced men, who habitually fear to venture beyond the limits of their own tribe or nation, lest they should be kidnapped and sold as slaves, to follow him many

thousand miles without a single murmur, an act of disobedience, or a breach of harmony. He appears like a necromancer among his mingled spirits.

IV. But we now come to allegations of a more precise nature, and which cannot be so easily eluded by shuffling evasions, vagueness, or prevarication. The dates in M. Douville's work are nearly all forged, and forged with the unique intention of concealing the lapse of time. This was rendered necessary by the ambitiousness of the author's plan, for nothing else would satisfy him than to travel, at a practicable rate, to the meridian of 25° east of Paris, enjoy an opportunity of observing at his leisure the various cities which he visited, and return to the coast within a given time; for he could not feign to be in the heart of Africa, when he was really in Paris. But this threefold object being really unattainable, from the length of the journey and the shortness of time allowed, he has made use of an expedient which no talent could have rendered successful, and nothing short of imbecility could have used with so little skill. A few specimens of this singular process may suffice. M. Douville, in the course of his first journey, left Bailundo on the 4th of August, 1828, to proceed to Benguela, a distance of 300 miles, according to his map. He states his daily marches: in five days he reached Quibul, where he halted three days; he then marched to Quissange, and remaining there two days or more, proceeded to Benguela, where he arrived in nine days from Quissange, thus completing a distance of 300 miles in fifteen days, exclusive of halts, which is nearly double the ordinary rate of negro travelling. Indeed, in his narrative, he appears to have performed the distance from Quibul to Quissange, about seventy miles, in one day. It is evident, however, that he arrived at Benguela on the 23d or 24th, and there he remained two days. But lo! as we read on, we find him, on the 24th, far in the interior, on the banks of the Caturabela; and, on the 28th, at Nano, 300 miles from the coast. Thus the distance from Bailundo to Benguela and back again to Nano, about 600 miles, exclusive of halts, was performed at a rate exceeding 40 miles per day. Here the author exposes, by a few details, the utter impossibility of that which would have been improbable without them; he allows us to trace him to Benguela, and then thinks to jump, unperceived, a distance of 250 miles. And here we may observe, that in that portion of M. Douville's narrative which is least liable to exception, namely, when in his first journey his course is from north to south, or conversely, his daily average rate of travelling is under nine miles.

But M. Douville has appended to his work tables of astronomical and meteorological observations, with their respective dates.

Now, when we turn to these tables we find from them that he made astronomical observations at Bailundo on the 4th, at Nano on the 28th, and at Benguela on the 16th of August. Yet, if his narrative be true, he could not have been in Benguela till the 23d. He has evidently chosen to date his observations in Benguela on the 16th, because that is half way between the dates affixed to those made in Bailundo and Nano, as these last-named places are equi-distant from the coast; so that if his map and tables were correct, he should have marched within twelve days (five of which he halted) a distance of 300 miles.

And here we may announce to our readers, that M. Douville's tables have manifestly been composed since the printing of his text; with which, nevertheless from dulness, precipitation, or a just fatality, they rarely agree. They may be aptly termed in geologic phrase, a "later formation" of falsehood. The dates attached to them are generally regulated on the principle, that they should correspond with the distances marked on the map, without any attention to the narrative, (for correspondence with that was hopeless,) so that when viewed separately from it, they excite no suspicion. The instance cited above is, we believe, the only one in which the dates of the observations are obviously at variance with the measured distances.

M. Douville in his narrative commences his first journey on the 6th of February, and is at lake Quilunda on the 14th, whereas in his tables he carries back these dates about a fortnight; all his movements, east and west, measuring largely on his map, and requiring much time. Though at Quilunda on the 14th, he yet contrives to march to Golungo Alto, a distance of 200 miles, (a journey of at least three weeks, including halts,) to remain there 36 days, and then to leave it on the 28th of March. Again, in his journey westward from Hola Bamba to Port Hunga, which includes his fabulous tour to the volcano Zambi, his narration gives thirty-eight days, which by his dates, occurring at long intervals, are reduced to twenty-six. Towards the conclusion of the journey, the table of astronomical observations places him at Muxima, on the 19th of November, being inadvertently left unchanged, while the other table is dated at the same place on the 4th of December, being thus *improved* by adding a fortnight to the duration of the journey. Altogether, the lapse of time involved in the narrative of M. Douville's first journey, exceeds that represented in his dates by at least ten weeks.

We shall now select a few specimens of the same kind of giddy falsehood, from our author's second and most important journey. Leaving lake Cooffooa on the 13th of August, he arrived on the 30th at Mucangama, where he was attacked by a

fever, brought on by his fatigues. He recovered, surveyed the country, visited the lead mines, taught the people to make moulds, constructed models of furnaces and bellows, staid long enough to see the native artisans improved by his instructions, and yet he left Mucangama on the 1st of September, that is to say, *on the second day after his arrival!* From Mucangama he reached Quicumba on the 6th, and remained there eight days; that is to say, he was at Quicumba on the 13th of September, a fact to which we call the reader's attention, as we shall have occasion to advert to it hereafter.

M. Douville informs us, that he arrived at Tandi a Vua on the 21st of September. On the day after his arrival he attempted to take a plan of the city, and was prevented. On the subsequent days, however, he succeeded in drawing minute plans of a city which he describes to be of great extent. The length of his stay at the queen's court, in Tandi a Vua, gave rise to suspicions in certain quarters, and he departed—*on the day after his arrival.* This is evident, for he employed six days in marching from Tandi a Vua to Yanvo, where he arrived on the 27th of September.

Again, on the day of his arrival in Samouene Hai, he slew a serpent which was considered the tutelary god of the place: the chief men advised him to surrender himself to justice; he submitted, was bound and thrown into a dungeon, where he remained ten days. A malady, brought on by fear and ill usage, threatened his life for eight days, his convalescence was slow, and when he was at length preparing for his departure, he was attacked by an epidemic disease, from which he tediously recovered; for he makes himself the hero of every adventure he can hear of, and takes a part in all the strange diseases of the country. Yet his dates, *corrected* to mislead, allow only three weeks (from December 14, to January 5,) for this string of occurrences.

From Cancobella he found it difficult to arrive at the coast within the necessary time, and besides gaining a week in forced marches, he is driven to the novel expedient of heading his paragraphs with false dates. Thus at page 199, (vol. iii.) a chapter begins with the date of the *29th of March*, but this ought to be the 3d of April, assuming the date of crossing the Coango, the 17th of March, to be correct. A similar example occurs in page 215, twelve days more being thus gained to enable the author to reach the coast on the 18th of May. The dates of the astronomical table, in the mean time, are adapted altogether to the distances on the map, as we before observed, with little attention to the narrative. Thus the sand of M. Douville's hour-glass seems to flow only when he is on the

march; he can crowd into ten months the events of fifteen, and like certain magicians of Arabian extraction, he can plunge his head into a medium, in which the stream of life runs contrary to the flux of time.

V. Sextants, chronometers, and other philosophical apparatus, are the instruments of truth and reason; they burn the fingers of the impious empirics, who have the audacity to touch them. M. Douville informs us, that when at Rio Janeiro, he regulated his chronometers by those of some ships of the British Navy lying there. We cannot pretend to say that we understand perfectly what M. Douville means by regulating his chronometers, but if he means to say, that he ascertained their rates of going, he certainly did it by a strange method. Assuredly, no commander of a British ship would think of fixing the rate of his chronometer, by comparing it with M. Douville's. Why did he not, by means of his sextant and artificial horizon, compare the movements of his chronometers with those of the celestial bodies, and thus ascertain their rates by an invariable standard? But he took this trouble, in order that he might learn, in crossing the Atlantic, the rates of instruments, which he was about to employ in a land journey, and every body knows that the rate of a chronometer at sea differs widely from that which it has on shore. Moreover, the chronometer, though an invaluable, is an extremely delicate instrument, and requires to be carefully guarded from shocks, sudden motions, and the vibrations of surrounding bodies; so that in the hands of M. Douville or of his negroes, who were probably not much wiser than their master, it must have been utterly useless. However, our author does not once mention his chronometers in the whole course of his narrative, the above cited information being found in his preface,

But M. Douville had a repeating circle also, and used an artificial horizon, which does not appear to have ever attracted the attention of the savages, who watched all his motions. He lost his sextant at the commencement of his journey, and with that he lost, in a great degree, as our readers must observe, the facility of making observations. However, it appears that he determined the longitudes of the chief places which he visited by lunar observations, and in his first journey we find three places so honoured, viz. Loanda, Benguela, and Bihé. But unluckily the observation at Benguela is dated the 16th of August, and we have already shown that if there be any truth in his narrative, he could not have been in Benguela on that day. Now observe this remarkable passage in his preface:—

“ At Benguela (on his first arrival) I took a mean between the results of my three chronometers. The observations which I made on

shore, assisted by three captains of slave ships, coincided exactly with the result obtained from the chronometers, which proved to me that I could reckon on their exactness. I took the custom house as the point of departure of my observations, and determined its position."—p. 7.

Why then has M. Douville suppressed an observation made with so much exactness in December, (on the 19th at the earliest), and substituted for it one made during a hurried visit (without his caravan and perhaps his instruments) in the following August? We think we can explain his reasons. The reader may remember that we have convicted M. Douville of antedating in his tables of observations the commencement of his journey. By this change he brought his observation at Loanda too near in time to that of Benguela, for a month at least must be supposed necessary for the survey of the latter colony. Thus the observation at Loanda falls under the suspicion of being quite as counterfeit as that at Benguela. We leave it to the reader to decide whether there be any truth at all where there is so much palpable fiction.

Having thus disposed of M. Douville's lunar observations at his point of departure on the coast, we shall now examine those made at the eastern extremity of his route, in the country of the Mulooa. Here, as the astronomic table informs us, he made a lunar observation at Tandi a Vua, on the 12th of September; but we have already shown that he was at Quicumba on that day, and did not arrive at Tandi a Vua, as expressly stated in his narrative, till the 21st. Here then is another fictitious observation.

Yes, (he will say, perhaps,) you have here detected me; my notes being mislaid, I have been in these instances driven to employ my faculty of invention, which is not of the first order. But at Yanvo, the great capital of the Mulooa,—at Yanvo, I say, situated in the heart of Africa, in long. 25° east of Paris, and nearly under the equator, I contrived to make a lunar observation on the 28th of September, though it might be supposed from my narrative that I devoted the whole day to parade and foolery before the king. I arrived there on the 27th, so that the date is unexceptionable.—Alas! unhappy man, the demon of mendacity, to whom you have sold yourself, betrays you. The 28th of September, 1829, was the day of new moon. At sunset on that day, in the meridian of 25° east of Paris, the moon's elongation, or angular distance from the sun, was but six degrees; so that the observation of the moon's limb must have been absolutely impracticable from the proximity of the sun, or, in plain terms, the moon was not visible.*

* Since the above was written we have received a number of the periodical entitled *La France Littéraire*, in which, as in the other French periodicals, M. Douville's travel

M. Douville's table of astronomical observations disagrees with his narrative, not only in dates, but also in the particulars of longitudes and latitudes; it is, in fact, compiled from the map, with which it always coincides, being, as we before observed, a subsequent device or finishing touch of impudent quackery. Now the map differs from our author's narrative, inasmuch as a skilful artist cannot condescend to copy minutely the delineations of an ignorant bungler; a certain order must be observed in the winding of the rivers and distribution of the mountains. Besides, M. Brué, who engraved the map, was a member of the committee appointed by the *Société de Géographie* to report on M. Douville's work. He was, therefore, privileged to exercise some license.

This discrepancy between our author's map and text is sometimes considerable, and in one instance amounts to $1^{\circ} 20'$ of longitude. From this fact alone we may determine how little either map or narrative is founded upon actual observations. But the variations in longitude seem to follow no order; the latitudes, on the other hand, according to the map and table, are, in the country of the Mulooa, uniformly to the south of those given in the text. Of this circumstance we suspect that we can guess the reason, for we love to hunt down imposture through all its windings. We think it extremely probable that M. Douville, whose discretion is equal to his love of truth, originally placed Yanvo, the culminating point of his discoveries, not only under the meridian of 25° east of Paris, but also under the equator. But that being deemed by his friends too suspicious a position, he was reluctantly compelled to remove it $13'$ to the south, and to expunge all mention of it whatever from the text. The positions of the neighbouring places were at the same time carried southward in the map, but left unaltered in the text, either from inadvertence, or the conscious impossibility of reconciling such a mass of falsehoods. Now, if truth be found neither in the western extremity nor in the remotest east of M. Douville's

are analyzed at great length, and praised with great extravagance. However, we collect from a note that there are persons in Paris who are sceptical enough to view the learned foreign secretary's travels much as we do ourselves, and the editor advises M. Douville, in order to stifle at once those unworthy insinuations, to publish his astronomical observations, and particularly those made at Bihé, Yanvo, and Matamba. We fear that this friendly advice is impracticable. The observation at Bihé was made within three days of the new moon, those at Yanvo and Matamba on the first and second days of new moon.

The arguments which we have employed above are quite sufficient to disprove the authenticity of M. Douville's lunar observations and may be easily comprehended. But it will amuse the scientific world to learn that these observations, if supposed to be made, not from the stars, but from the sun's limb (the general and most easy method) were all without exception impracticable.—The author has unluckily assumed the dates of his observations so near the times of new and full moon, that they all fall within those spaces which are not calculated in the *Connaissance des Temps*, Nautical Almanac, and similar works.

map, we humbly submit that no credit whatever is due to the intervening space.

VI. M. Douville informs us in his preface "that the elevation and configuration of the surface are of such importance in physical geography, that he has left nothing undone to describe them with exactness." The name of physical geography was learned by M. Douville since his return from his travels, and his efforts in its behalf have been crowned with the success which might have been expected from his talents and purity of purpose. He has discovered, in fact, by means of his barometer, much which is not only new, but which is absolutely contrary to the laws of nature. He speaks of rivers flowing *gently* with a fall of from six to seven toises per league, or from thirteen to fifteen feet per mile,—a fall which, even in rivers of the most moderate size, would occasion an irresistible velocity of current. The Po, where it has a fall of six inches in the mile, flows at the rate of three miles an hour. The fall in the Thames when at its maximum, that is, at high water, is not above ten feet from London Bridge to Sheerness. M. Douville informs us that the coast near Benguela has an insensible slope of sixteen toises (104 feet) per league. Now we can perceive the very scientific process by which he obtained this improbable result. He states the height of Bailundo, which is four degrees to the east of Benguela, to be 1166 toises, and dividing this number by seventy-two, which expresses the distance in Portuguese leagues, (of eighteen to a degree,) he finds sixteen to be the quotient. But Bailundo is separated from the low country near the coast by several mountain ridges, so here we have an illustration of the acute and scientific spirit which guided our author when he forged his measurements of height.

But one who is so flighty as to mock the discernment of the learned world, may be permitted to rebel against gravitation. It is no wonder that M. Douville should be able to check the impetuosity of minor streams, when he can actually compel great rivers to flow up hill. The absolute height of Port Hunga, on the banks of the Coanza, he states to be 472 toises; but the mouth of the Gango, a little higher up, and on the opposite side, we deduce from his statements to be only 334 toises above the level of the sea. Now if we ascend the Cobigé, the chief tributary of the Coanza, about 300 or 400 miles, we shall find on its head waters the villages Ocuendessa and Magnunen, respectively 231 and 219 toises above the sea,—that is to say, more than a hundred toises lower than Port Hunga. Again: Gusa, situated on a stream which flows into the Coango, is less elevated by ninety toises than Cancobella, which is 306 miles (we cannot say lower down, but) nearer to the mouth of that river.

The absolute elevation of the Coango or Zaire at Cancobella, which, according to M. Douville's map, is at least 700 miles from the sea, is not greater than that of the Coanza at Port Hunga. The latter river, therefore, falls from an equal height within half the distance. But we know that the Zaire falls to the sea by a long succession of cataracts; how much greater then must be the cataracts of the Coanza, which M. Douville passed by, and neither saw nor heard?

All this absurdity, and a great deal more, is engraved in M. Douville's map, which, nevertheless, betrays a very cautious mistrust of his text, from which both it and the *observations* compiled from it differ in almost every instance. The elevation of Bailundo, 1166 toises in the text, is reduced to 781 in the map; that of Cassanji is increased from 370 to 616. M. Douville states in his narrative that the absolute height of Lake Cooffooa is 910 toises; but that of the hill or eminence from which he discerned the Coango 150 miles off, he found to be only 900 toises. This incongruity being pointed out to him, he kindly consented to strike off fifty toises from the elevation of the lake, which, for the instruction of mankind, is now fixed in his map at 860 toises. Again: he informs us incidentally, or by what may be called a superfetation of deceit, that he ascended Mount Muria, near Massangano, and that he estimated its height to be 2500 toises above the sea. But he informed the committee of the *Société de Géographie*, as appears from their report, that Mount Zambi, in the country of the Mulooa, 2457 toises in height, was the loftiest mountain which he had climbed. Here was another contradiction, and this was remedied by taking 200 toises from Mount Muria, which is now diminished in the map to 2300 toises. From all this it is evident that M. Douville's details of barometrical measurements are the blundering forgeries of a very ignorant man.

VII. The scientific pretensions which M. Douville has introduced into his work were expected by him, no doubt, to operate as make-weights in the scale of its authenticity. But they expose so completely his want of sense and his want of modesty, that they cannot possibly fail to have the opposite effect. What are we to think of the man who gravely states, that the air on the sea side at Loanda contains one-fifth of oxygen and the remainder azote, while in the woods the proportion of oxygen is increased to one-third? Does not every schoolboy now-a-days know that atmospheric air is an invariable compound, bound together by the chemical law of definite proportions? and that air from the summit of the Andes, or to the greatest height to which a balloon has yet ascended, yields upon analysis precisely the same results

as that taken from the closest parts of crowded cities? Every distinguished chemist for the last fifty years has confirmed the law which M. Douville, through ignorance, would break. Will he inform the chemists and physicians of Paris, how many minutes he breathed the fatally irritating atmosphere of the woods? We shall not dwell on his untenable assertion, that he has dissected many negroes, and always found their fleshy fibres and integuments to differ very much in colour from those of Europeans; nor on his foolish attempts to prove a difference of blood heat between the black and white races, by experiments which involve not the question of blood heat, but those of circulation and inflammation. We shall leave the geologists to laugh at his parade of mineralogical terms, and at his singular felicity in finding at every step the rarest proofs of nature's most stupendous convulsions. We might justly apply to M. Douville what Cicero said of a far more illustrious profligate—*Omnino omnis eruditionis expertem atque ignarum esse*. But as it is our especial object to expose his impostures, we must produce some extracts from his statistical tables, from which it would appear that the African nations whom he visited in his travels had each completed a census just before his arrival.

	Males.	Females.	Slaves.	Total.	Deaths during three moons.	
					Males.	Females.
Cassanji	9,640	13,260	750	23,650	170	164
Baka	1,317	1,941	230	3,488	19	13
Casula	740	1,030	475	2,245	12	4
Muriatu	2,165	2,687	174	6,026	14	1
Mucangama	3,741	4,950	1,501	10,192	4	2
Angongo	1,917	2,840	1,015	5,772	3	7
Tandi a Vua	4,630	17,450		
Yanvo	10,870	42,630		

These are curious details to be brought from the heart of Africa, where no man cares to know even his own age. But M. Douville's profound ignorance again betrays him. His statistical imaginations are impossible, the relative mortality of the sexes in his tables being incompatible with their existing numbers. But behold the following sentences in his narrative.

"The number of houses (in Cassanji) may be estimated at 1500, and the inhabitants of each at four individuals, including women and slaves (making a total population of 6000.) The slaves form a fourth of the population."—tom. ii. p. 360.

"The population of Tandi a Vua may be estimated at 15,000 individuals, of whom two-thirds are women."—tom. iii. p. 63.

"The Muata told me that his capital (Yanvo) contained about 100,000 souls; yet, from his own data, the population could not have much exceeded 60,000. All this appeared to me inexact. I therefore made a calculation, founded on the approximate number of houses, and

the result gives a population of about 40,000, comprising slaves, who are a half of the whole."—tom. iii. p. 81.

The same person who wrote these sentences has the audacity to write also, that his statistical tables are founded upon data furnished to him by the negroes.

VIII. M. Douville pretends to have studied the N'bunda or Abunda language, and to speak it freely. But his vocabularies of that and its cognate tongues being replete with errors, and written, with the exception of a few familiar words, according to the Portuguese orthography, are evidently derived from the ignorant mulatto slave merchants. Thus the word which he writes *mouloundu* in his text, and *mulundu* in his vocabulary, is not singular, as he supposes, but the plural of *loundu*, a mountain. *Macota*, which he translates a noble, is the plural of *cota*, an elder. He says that *zambi* is a plural noun, whereas in reality *n'zambi*, a spirit, in the singular, makes *ginzambi* in the plural. In this, as in other matters, he does his utmost to signalize his want of sense. His etymologies are all contrary to reason and to the genius of the language which he deals with, yet he has the confidence to assert that he learned them from the natives. The name of the river Coango, he says, signifies *water of heaven*, from *coa*(?) heaven, and *ngo*(?) water. If this be true then, what are we to understand by the name of the Coanza, in which heaven and earth (*uza*) meet together?

But since M. Douville understands the N'bunda language, and is dexterous in etymologies, why has he not analyzed the name of his favourite city Yanvo? How has he failed to perceive that that word includes the article and possessive prefix? that the expression *muata* or *mouata yanvo* (which we will venture to write *muata ūa nvua*) signifies the sovereign of *nvua*? and that *tanda ya nvua* (which he ignorantly writes *tandi a vua*) means the market of *nvua*? Were he not as ignorant of the structure of languages in Africa, as he is of the value of truth in Europe, he would never have attempted to describe a city which obviously owes its existence only to the misinterpretation of a title.

His vocabularies of the dialects of the Bomba language in like manner betray in their orthography a Portuguese origin. And here it may be observed, that although M. Douville could find itineraries of the countries in which these tongues are spoken, he was unable to gather many anecdotes respecting them. His march through the countries of Bomba, Sala and Ho, seems to have been performed in the dead of night. He resided, it is true, and had adventures in the towns of Muene and Samouene Hai, and cast a wistful eye on the city of Bomba and its river Nourihè; yet it is remarkable that these names have no analogy whatever with the words in the vocabularies, or the names in the itineraries

of the countries in which they are placed. They look like flowers of a different clime planted here to enliven an otherwise barren prospect. We may rest assured, however, that M. Douville's efforts to arrange the information which he collected have been attended with his usual infelicity; and the river *Nourihè*, so named from the *brightness* of its bed, and which he describes as flowing to the north-east, may prove to be identical with the *Hogiz*, or *bright* river, which he represents as flowing in the opposite direction, and at a great distance from the former.

IX. We have already proved that M. Douville's astronomical observations are marked with the plain superscription of clumsy imposture. We shall now show that his map is widely at variance with incontestable authorities. Andrew Battel, who piloted a vessel down the Coanza, states the distance from Massangano to the sea to be 130 miles. Montecuculi, and five other missionaries, who ascended the river in canoes, confirm this account. D'Anville, who received his information from the Portuguese government, rather reduces that distance, which is however adhered to by the Portuguese engineer Pinheiro. It is agreed on all hands that Cambambe, where the navigation of the river terminates, is not quite 30 miles above Massangano. Captain Vidal, who lately surveyed that coast, learned that the navigation of the river ceases at the distance of 48 leagues, or 144 miles from the sea. But M. Douville, with blind presumption, has removed Massangano, an important place, within the limits of the Portuguese possessions; he has removed, we say, a place, the position of which has been tolerably well ascertained for three centuries, one degree and a half, or above 100 miles farther to the east. This fact alone would be sufficient to disprove the authenticity of his observations, and to evince that his map is by far the worst map of Angola and the neighbouring countries which has been published for many years. This extraordinary and pervading error in longitude expands continually towards the east in his map, so that Cassanji is three, and Cancobella four, degrees to the east of their probable positions; for Captain Tuckey's survey of the Zaire enables us to correct D'Anville's map by removing the latter place a degree further to the west.

It must be observed also, that M. Douville places Cassanji unquestionably far to the north of its true position, though he inadvertently acquaints us with the fact, that the town so named is distant but ten days' journey from the place where he crossed the Coanza at Cunhinga. Cancobella, on the other hand, he removes more than one degree to the south of its correct latitude. And what is the object of all this perversion? Is it not as evident as the sun at noon, that the whole scope of his forgeries and adulterations is to stretch his meagre itineraries to the point where

the meridian of 25° of Paris intersects the equator, to the great city of Yanvo, which the Mulooa never heard of, and which has certainly no existence but in his own imagination?

X. Finally, we must acquaint our readers with the fact, that M. Douville, though he pretends to have travelled 3,500 miles through countries of which little or nothing was previously known in Europe, has nevertheless not added a single particle to the geographical information already before the public. He has often adulterated, but in no instance increased, our stock of knowledge. The sum total of his information may be found comprised in about ten pages of a little volume published under the title of "Discoveries of the Portuguese in the Interior of Angola and Mozambique," by the late Mr. Bowdich, an honourable and able man, whose name we blush to write in the same page with that of M. Douville. Now it must not be supposed that the latter copied Mr. Bowdich's volume; far from it. Until he visited London in December last, and duped the Royal Geographical Society by his tales, he was ignorant of the existence of such a work, and was sorely amazed to find that he was not the first European who made known the nation of the Mulooa. This anecdote is the more remarkable, inasmuch as a translation of Mr. Bowdich's treatise appeared in the twenty-third volume of the *Annales des Voyages* in 1824.

The information published by Mr. Bowdich was wholly collected from Portuguese documents in Europe, and is of such a nature, that it must be quite familiar to every merchant in Angola, and even to the pombeiros, for it hardly extends beyond the ordinary limits to which they carry on their traffic in the interior. The greater part of M. Douville's intelligence was evidently gathered from his mulattoes and negro followers; the avidity of knowledge evinced by a man of weak intellect, and credulous of ill, was fed by men who have lost the scruples of simple barbarism without gaining civilization. It is this intelligence of mean extraction, vitiated moreover with systematic fraud, which M. Douville presents to the learned world as the virgin offspring of his toils.

But the scantiness of his geographical details is really quite amazing. It is hardly credible that a man should visit Ambacca, Baifundo, Bihé, (though we question whether M. Douville ever proceeded so far southward as the last named place,) or even Loanda, without learning something more of the interior of Angola than is known in Europe. Although, to be sure, we ought not to expect much from the inquiries of one who, being on the most intimate footing with the king of the Mulooa, and regarded by him as a god, yet never thought of asking his majesty who were his neighbours to the east. It would not be worth while to examine all his geogra-

phical details, in order to show, that whenever he speaks the truth, he has been anticipated. We shall confine our attention therefore to the information received by him at Yanvo, which he relates as follows.

"While I was at Yanvo there arrived several ambassadors from the chiefs and princes in the neighbourhood of the Muata, to renew their assurances of friendship and submission. I saw them all, for the renown of my name, which had spread round all the countries through which I passed, excited general curiosity. Besides, I never sent away a chief empty handed, in order that I might conciliate their good will, if occasion should require their services.

"Among those who came, were two chiefs, who accompanied the caravans which brought the tribute of salt, paid annually to the Muata by the Quilimané and the Cazembé. These people dwell near the eastern coast of Africa."—tom. iii. p. 104.

"I offered to accompany them when they returned to their country. But they would not consent to it, saying, that they should be mercilessly sacrificed for bringing me into their country, and that I myself should perish.

"As they spoke the Abunda language very imperfectly, and I was obliged to employ a Molooa interpreter who understood their idiom, I could not succeed in drawing from them information more positive than the Molooa thought proper to allow. Besides, the nobles who always attended me from the moment of my arrival, took the interpreter aside the moment he entered upon his office, and told him how he should act during my interview with the Cazembé. I often perceived from the gestures of these nobles, that they were threatening the interpreter for translating replies to me which it did not suit their purpose to let me know."—p. 106.

M. Douville is a second Merlin; though he can rule the hearts of kings, and set aside the laws of nature, he allows himself to be imprisoned in a thorn bush. But why does he not relate those answers which caused so much displeasure? Why has he not communicated the names of the other nations whose ambassadors he saw, instead of confining himself to two names already known in Europe? Was it, we demand, with the intention of trying how far his mockeries might be carried, or from the curse which follows all his fabrications, that he was led to single out those names of Quilimané and Cazembé? Quilimane is a word descriptive of locality, and appears to be applied only to the embouchures of rivers. We engage to explain its signification more accurately, if M. Douville, who understands the language, will tell us the meaning of the names Quilla, Quiloa, and Quilunda. At all events there is no nation named Quilimane, and the place whose name had reached his ears is included within the bounds of the Portuguese colony at Mosambique.

Again: the nation whom he calls the Cazembé, are situated,

not near the eastern coast, but about 700 or 800 miles from it, nearly in the parallel of 15° south lat. They are a warlike people, much superior to the African nations around them in regular industry and the organization of society, and do not pay, but receive tribute from their neighbours. But the mulatto who visited the Mulooa in 1807, reported (as we learn from Bowdich) that the latter people received tribute in salt from their neighbours on the south-east. M. Douville, obtaining the same piece of intelligence, has thought fit to improve it by giving the names of the tributary nations, and he could not have made a more infelicitous selection. But in reality we have no reason to believe that there is a nation called the Cazembé. This word has the form of a diminutive, and should probably be *Ca-xymbœ*, the *minor court*, or royal residence. The name of the place becomes the appendant title of the chief, and from inattention, or want of another name, is applied by writers to the people also.

The history of the prince called Cazembé seems to illustrate and confirm our conjecture, for his territory and city were conquered for him by his father the king of the Moropooa, a powerful nation of the interior. The name Cazembe, therefore, as explained above, might well apply to the city and prince, but by no means to its inhabitants, who are a colony of Moropooa. There can be no doubt, therefore, that the nations called Quilimane and Cazembé, which M. Douville affirms he met with at Yanvo, have really no existence.

But as we have broken the chain of M. Douville's ill connected itineraries, we shall now complete the dispersion of the links. We declare, therefore, our confident persuasion that the nation who call themselves Mulooa, and who are known by that name in the Portuguese colonies of Angola, are the identical nation called on the eastern coast by the descriptive name of Moropooa, and who are known to be situated at no great distance from the head waters of the Coanza, not farther north than lat. 12° south. Every particular of manners and character which we can learn respecting these nations tends to confirm this conclusion. The Mulooa carry on a constant trade with the Cassanji, to whom they send all their slaves, which must prove to all who are acquainted with Africa, that there is no nation (though there may be a long tract of uninhabited country) intervening between them. Traders could not burn towns, carry off hostages, and fight their way through interposed nations in the manner of M. Douville. Now it is only towards the south-east, along the course of the Coanza, and to the south, that we are ignorant of the nations which border on the Cassanji, and that we can place the Mulooa with probability. The mulatto despatched to the Mulooa, under the direction of M. da Costa, who was well acquainted with the

country, was sent from the southernmost fair in Cassanji, and reached his destination in two months, hunting, no doubt, and loitering on the road, for geographers ought not to estimate the regularity of a mulatto's rate of travelling by that of a stage coach. From this it is evident that the Mulooa are situated to the southwest, and not to the north of Cassanji: nor did the mulatto cross the Coango to reach them, for he is silent upon that head, and the chief rivers crossed are among the particulars which we find always reported in these itineraries. The Mulooa were found to possess abundance of European clothing procured from Mozambique. They manufactured a great deal of copper, received tribute in salt from their neighbours on the south-east, and described a country dependent on them, to which a Portuguese officer (Colonel Lacerda) had penetrated from the sea coast, and where he died.

On the other side, the country of the Moropooa abounds in copper. They procure European merchandize from Mozambique, through their colony of the Cazembé, and probably, like these too, receive tribute in salt from the Maravis on the south-east. They send their slaves to Angola through Cassanji. The country to which Colonel Lacerda directed his course was that of the Cazembé. Finally, the ambassador of the Cazembé, who visited the Portuguese settlement at Tete on the Zambese, and who was a native of Moropooa, stated that he had himself visited Angola, which was distant a three months' journey from his country; and it appears that his country had likewise been reached by white men (under which designation the negroes include mulattos,) from the western coast. The Moropooa and Mulooa are respectively described as being much superior in arms, arts, and civilization to the surrounding African nations. Now since the Moropooa are not known by this name in Angola, it is clear that they must be known by some other name. Or are we to believe with the constructors of our maps, that while the Portuguese of the western coast send emissaries more than half way across the African continent to the Mulooa, they remain in total ignorance of the Moropooa, a nation equally remarkable, only three months' journey distant from them, with whom they carry on a constant trade, and well known by the fame of their power and industry to the Portuguese at Mozambique.

These arguments, we doubt not, will be found on consideration to prove irresistibly, that the Moropooa, known to be situated near the head waters of the Coanza, are the same nation as the Mulooa. But as it would be disingenuous in us, when offering a new opinion, to conceal the full extent of our reasonings, we will offer a single observation on the former name. We have always believed that the prefix *moro* or *mura*, occurring fre-

quently in the names of this portion of the African continent, is identical (the *r* being a surd guttural) with the word written *Mochi* or *Mucha*, in the Congo dialect, and which signifies *original* or *indigenous*. Thus, the name Moropooa (or *Mura-n'vua*,) may be fairly conjectured to signify the *old* or *original* *n'vua*, a name naturally given to that people by their colony at Cazembé. So that the Moropooa, situated from six to seven hundred miles from the coast of Benguela, and in about lat. 12 south, are the very people whose great capital Yanvo was found by M. Douville, above 800 miles farther north, and more than 1000 miles from the sea.

It thus appears that M. Douville has strung together the separate and unconnected itineraries of the slave dealers and native merchants, who being prevented by the policy of barbarous nations from passing through the territories with which they traffic, cannot possibly make a circuitous tour like that described by our author. Their routes always diverge from the Portuguese possessions. He has forced, we say, the nation of the Anziko, (or Ngeco,) whom he has removed about ten or twelve degrees to the east of its true position, into contact with that of the Mulooa, whom he has transported an equal distance to the north, where they occupy the place of the tribe called Amulaca in Bowdich's map. He has joined together nations which are in reality 1000 miles asunder, and for all this tissue of palpable and blundering fraud, he has received the approbation of distinguished men, and had distinguished honours showered upon him by the Geographical Societies of Paris and of London.

We blush for those learned societies, (or coteries, we should rather say, for if they were as public as they ought to be, they could not be thus imposed upon,) which have been thus made the dupes of a flagrant imposture. The Royal Geographical Society of London, indeed, may be easily excused; for how can it be expected that honourable men, who habitually converse with none but persons of character, should be always upon their guard against such unparalleled effrontery? Can it be supposed that a gentleman will easily harbour suspicions of downright falsehood? But the *Société de Géographie* appears in some measure implicated in the fraud, for it examined, or professed to examine, by a committee, the merit of M. Douville's pretensions, and has sanctioned his fabrications by a laudatory report prefixed to the volumes which contain them. The Société owes to itself and the public some explanation of the means by which it was deceived. As to M. Douville himself, we doubt not that he will ere long see all his splendid discoveries reduced to one,—namely, that the literary world cannot be long deluded.

ART. IX.—*Den Danske Billedhugger BERTEL THORVALDSEN, og hans Værker.* Ved J. M. Thiele, Professor, Secretair ved det Kongelige Akademie for de skionne Kunster. Første Deel, med 81 Kobbertavle. Kiöbenhavn. (The Danish Sculptor Thorvaldsen,* and his Works. By J. M. Thiele, Professor, Secretary to the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts. Vol. I. with 81 Engravings. Copenhagen.) 8vo. 1832.

IT does not often fall to our lot to derive from a work sent for our notice, so much gratification as, under various points of view, we have received from this of Professor Thiele. In the first place we greet with pleasure every biographical notice of remarkable men; and in that chapter of the book of Fame which is dedicated to the fine arts, what living name can compete with Thorvaldsen's? Perhaps, we might exchange the epithet "living" for that of "modern"; for we believe none but Italians now even question the Danish artist's superiority to Canova himself: but we wish to waive for the moment all comparison of those two worthy successors of the great Hellenic masters, inasmuch as such discussion will find a more appropriate place when we shall have gone through the volume before us. To return to the cause of our gratification from the said volume, (or rather volumes, for there is one of letter-press and one of engravings,)—we are highly pleased with the talent displayed by Danish artists in the engravings, which present us with outlines of some of Thorvaldsen's best statues and *bas-reliefs*; we are delighted with such a proof, as the undertaking itself, and the list of subscribers to it, exhibit, of Danish enthusiasm for compatriot genius; and we rejoice that those lovers of the arts who are not free to roam over Europe in search of the widely dispersed productions of Thorvaldsen, should be afforded some means of estimating his merits and the character of those productions.

Our anticipations of biographical enjoyment, however, we must confess Professor Thiele has not fully realized. With the exception of the artist's genealogy and a few anecdotes of his boyish days, the life consists of little more than an account of his works, and the order in which they were undertaken and executed. We learn nothing of his manners, of his domestic and daily habits, and almost the only *trait* of character occurs in the preface, when the author explains how he came to write his book. We will not however waste our pages with complaints of what we think wanting in the Professor's volume,—a deficiency which, by the way, the second volume may perhaps supply,—but proceed to give our readers a brief abstract of what it does contain.

* The Germans and French write Thorwaldsen; we prefer to follow the Danish orthography.

Professor Thiele, as he tells us in his preface, was a constant frequenter of Thorvaldsen's *studio* during a visit to Rome. At length he was about to return home, and says :—

“ One of my last days at Rome I passed in the little garden which is surrounded by Thorvaldsen's three lesser *studios*, in order to enrich my book of recollections with the image of a place so dear to me. Unexpectedly the artist stood behind me, and of his own accord led the conversation to the object then nearest my heart. ‘ I regret,’ said Thorvaldsen, ‘ that no one has yet thought of my biography.’ And at these words I was seized with the idea, which, for the six following years, pursued me amidst my dearest labours. I declared that I would gladly devote the requisite time, and such abilities as were given me, to the fulfilling in some measure of his and my own wish, upon condition, however, of his frank communication and assistance to my work. But here difficulties already met me. He averred that he knew but little, the occupations of his later life having year by year drawn the veil closer over the unimportant occurrences of his quiet youth; neither could his now engaged thoughts busy themselves with such matters; but I might apply to the friends of his youth.”

From that source, the archives of the Copenhagen Academy, and what could be in any way extorted from Thorvaldsen himself, Professor Thiele has concocted the short account, of which we are about to extract the pith and marrow.

From an annexed genealogical table, it appears that Thorvaldsen descends by females from the royal blood of Scandinavia. His family had long been settled in Iceland, and in that *Ultima Thule* his ancestors had gradually sunk lower and lower in circumstances, until his father, Gotskalk Thorvaldsen, emigrated or immigrated to Copenhagen, where he earned his livelihood by carving in wood, and that not in the highest style. He appears to have been chiefly employed by shipwrights; and not to have ventured to attempt the figures that usually ornament a vessel's head, until his son was able to assist him by correcting his blunders. But despite this his lowly condition, Gotskalk married the daughter of a clergyman, who, on the 19th of November, 1770, bore him a son christened Bertel, the Scandinavian form of Albert.

The boy early discovered a turn for sketching and modelling, in consequence of which he was admitted as a student into the Copenhagen Royal Academy of Fine Arts. His progress through the different schools was rapid. His father, as we have said, rose in his occupation by his son's aid; and in the year 1787 Bertel won the lowest prize of the academy, the small silver medal. At this period he was preparing for the church ceremony of confirmation, and, engrossed by his professional pursuits, had perhaps not devoted much time or thought to religious duties.

“ According to his own account, he sat low down amongst the poorer boys, and did not particularly distinguish himself by his knowledge. But, as it happened, the examining clergyman was brother to the Secretary of the Academy. Upon hearing the boy's name, he became attentive, asked, ‘ Are you a brother of him who won the silver medal ? ’—and when Thorvaldsen replied, ‘ That was myself ! ’ the clergyman was so surprised at the answer, that he placed him above the other boys, and thenceforward called him Monsieur Thorvaldsen.”

In 1789 our young student won the larger silver medal, and in 1791 the small gold medal, upon which occasion we have a striking instance of his innate modesty. Notwithstanding his previous success, the idea of the contest for this gold medal, given for the best historical *bas-relief*, so alarmed Thorvaldsen, that not only did it require the utmost importunity of his friends and companions to induce him to present himself amongst the competitors, but even after the subject was given out, and the candidates were separately locked up to prepare their sketches, he attempted to make his escape, and was only prevented by accidentally meeting one of his masters. In 1793 he similarly, but without compulsion, won the larger gold medal, in a contest of the same kind. The three prize *bas-reliefs*, which are still preserved at Copenhagen, are given amongst the engravings, and even in these early efforts we may perceive the germ of future excellence. The subjects are boldly conceived, and the stories well told.

The successful candidate for these prizes was further entitled to be sent for three years to Rome at the academy's expense. But for this invaluable boon our young artist had to wait until the student, then enjoying the allowance, should have completed his term; and in the interval he continued to study hard, whilst he earned his livelihood by teaching drawing and taking likenesses.

Thorvaldsen had proposed to visit Dresden and Vienna in his way, as if to prepare himself gradually for the miracles of art awaiting him at Rome. But the disturbed state of the continent in 1796, when he was to set forth, together with his own delicate health, induced his friends to recommend a sea voyage in preference. He embarked in a Danish frigate, and after a (to him) tedious cruise, landed at Naples, without having set foot in Germany. A fact which we notice merely to correct a mistake made by Madame de Staël in her *Allemagne*, where she enriches wealthy Germany at the expense of humbler Denmark. These are her expressions, and we insert the whole passage to remind our readers of the high estimate formed of Thorvaldsen by so able a judge :

"A Dane, Thorvaldsen, educated in Germany, now rivals Canova at Rome; and his Jason resembles him whom Pindar describes as the handsomest of men; a fleece (why not *the* fleece?) is on his left arm, he holds a spear in his hand, and repose and force characterize the hero."

Thorvaldsen reached the Eternal City on the 8th of March, 1797, and ever afterwards, when asked for his birthday, named that day as the epoch of his real entrance into existence. As such it was accepted by his friends, and has been frequently honoured with birthday celebration, instead of the common-place 19th of November.

We need only recollect the state of Europe during Thorvaldsen's three years at Rome, beginning with 1797, to perceive that they were little likely to afford a young artist much encouragement. The continent was distracted, was desolated with war, and English wealth was sedulously excluded. Accordingly Thorvaldsen studied with unwearying diligence, copied antiques, and sent the Academy proofs of his industry and improvement, which last is strikingly manifest in the very first of his Roman compositions; but he earned nothing, hardly even reputation, we believe. In consequence of the unfavourable circumstances of his allotted term, he solicited and obtained two additional years. But these likewise elapsed without pecuniary advantage, although in the course of them he produced the model of the Jason, eulogized by Madame de Staël, and which seems first to have established his fame. This model gained the approbation of the most critical *connoisseurs*, and won from Canova, then at the height of unrivalled celebrity, the acknowledgment, "this work of that young Dane is executed in a new and grand style." But Thorvaldsen, though crowned with praise, found his purse empty, and a second model of Jason was in danger of sharing the fate of a former, which he had broken in despair. The first assistance he received was from a countrywoman of his own, an admired poetess, Madame Brun, then at Rome. This lady supplied him with means to take a plaster of Paris cast of Jason, but more she could not do for him; and he was about to abandon Rome in despair for Copenhagen, when, the peace of Amiens having temporarily opened the Continent to British travellers, the late Mr.* Thomas Hope entered Thorvaldsen's *studio*.

Mr. Hope, the possessor of a magnificent statue gallery, was too familiar with the exquisite remains of Hellenic sculpture, not

* The Danish Professor, like most foreigners, unable to comprehend our English system of names and titles, calls him Sir Thomas Hope.

to be struck with the lofty excellence of the Jason, and he inquired what would be the price of the statue in marble. The artist, who at that moment had scarcely an object in life beyond the power of thus executing his splendid conception, answered 600 sequins. The generous and just appreciator of genius objected that the sum was too small for such a production, offered 800, and immediately supplied Thorvaldsen with the means of going to work. War broke out again before the Jason was completed, and, from apprehension of danger in working for a Briton, he was neglected. When the pacification of the world upon Napoleon's downfall removed these difficulties, Thorvaldsen felt himself so much improved that he wished to have substituted for Jason some later production; but as Mr. Hope preferred his original purchase, he proceeded to finish it. When, in 1828, Jason was at length despatched to England, he was accompanied, in token of the artist's gratitude, by two beautiful *bas-reliefs*—a *genio lumen*, and an Anacreon and Cupid—together with busts of Mrs. Hope and her daughters.

Well might Thorvaldsen feel gratitude to his British patron, for Mr. Hope's visit was the crisis of his fortune. From that moment, abundant employment and ample remuneration were his. His fame soared high and wide; he was the acknowledged rival of Canova; every academy was eager to enrol him amongst its members; honours of every kind poured in upon him, and his society was courted by the high-born, the wealthy, and the talented. We shall not follow our author through his detail of the works of the next ten years, which fills the remainder of his volume, but pass to Thorvaldsen's grand *bas-relief*; perforce, however, pausing on our way to mention his first order from his northern home. This was a font, with which Countess Schimmellmann and her brother Baron Schubarth wished to present the church of Brahe-Trolleborg in Fyen, or Funen, as the name of the island is usually written in English. This font, adorned with four beautiful *bas-reliefs*, viz., the baptism of our Saviour, a Holy Family, Christ blessing the little children, and three hovering angels, was exhibited and duly valued at Copenhagen, and then sent to its appointed destination. A copy, wrought with equal care, was designed by the artist as his offering to the deserted land of his fathers, a gift to Myklabye church, in distant Iceland. We learn from a note, nevertheless, that this font did not, like its predecessor, reach its destination, having been purchased by a northern merchant, whereupon the artist immediately began another copy in Carrara marble to supply its place. We know not whether this third edition of the font actually adorns

Myklabye church, or is, perchance, the one with which Lord Caledon has enriched the British empire.

We are now to speak of the magnificent frieze, upon which rests Thorvaldsen's acknowledged supremacy in the *bas-relief* branch of statuary. Late in the autumn of 1811, Napoleon ordered a papal palace upon the Quirinal hill to be prepared for his reception against the month of May following. Great exertions were made by the Roman artists to complete the requisite decorations, but it was not until the beginning of March that a proposal was made to Thorvaldsen to contribute his share to the embellishments of the intended imperial residence. Three months only could be allowed him to complete his task. Short as was the period, he gladly undertook a frieze for one of the spacious saloons, and selected for its subject the triumphal entry of Alexander into Babylon. This is no place for a detailed description; but we may briefly state that the subject is divided into three sections, or series of groups; the first series representing the Babylonians in expectation of the conqueror's triumphant approach; the second, the *magi* and great men going forth in procession with their offerings to meet and propitiate him; the third, Alexander attended by his army; and that the spirit, boldness, and freedom of the various groups, so far surpass all modern competition, that should we seek a comparison, we could only refer to the Elgin marbles, with which no modern artist aspires to rivalry. This frieze procured Thorvaldsen, from the Italians themselves, the title of Patriarch of *Bas-Reliefs*.

Thorvaldsen anxiously desired that his native land should possess a marble copy of this his master-piece, and Denmark cherished a corresponding wish. Financial difficulties delayed its gratification; but they were at length overcome, and in the course of the years 1829, 30, and 31, the frieze, with some additions, required by the greater size of the hall for which this copy was intended, was completed in marble, and it is now, we believe, the glory of the Knights' Hall in the castle of Christiansborg. Another marble copy is in the *Palazzo* of Count Sommariva, upon the Lago di Como; and in this last Thorvaldsen has introduced a group, representing himself delivering the work to the Count. The head of this small figure bears a much stronger resemblance to the artist, than do the other busts and portraits amongst the engravings, but none of them give an idea of the commanding genius that lives in his eye, or of the sweetness and simplicity that characterize his rough features.

We have gone through Professor Thiele's first volume, the only one that has reached us, or we believe yet seen the light,

and should now proceed to speak of the opinions entertained by less partial and perhaps more adequate judges than our author, of the relative merits of Thorvaldsen and Canova; but the remarks and statements into which we have been already led leave us little to add. By way of peroration, however, and for the especial advantage of such unfortunate wights, if any such there be in these travelling times, as have had no opportunity of comparing the mighty masters of the north and of the south, we may as well put those scattered opinions into form. The Dane then is generally esteemed a truer imitator of nature, and far chaster in his taste than the Italian, who had some little taint of Gallic affectation, while Thorvaldsen is pure and simple, with a sense of the beautiful that is even pathetic. On the other hand, Thorvaldsen is held inferior to Canova in what is technically termed the manipulation of the marble; his flesh is not as perfect flesh; and, indeed, if the deceased pride of Italy had a rival in this respect, we suspect it is our own admired and admirable countryman Chantry. *Bas-relief* has been usually considered as Thorvaldsen's peculiar *forte*; but Mr. Baring possesses a Mercury from his chisel, which may well dispute the prize with the renowned frieze itself, and render it doubtful in which branch of the plastic art he most transcends. This Mercury, for grace of attitude, truth of drawing, beauty of form and face, and indeed every other excellence that can belong to a statue, is allowed, we believe, by the unanimous verdict of artists and *connoisseurs*, to be the very finest production of modern genius. There are several other statues of Thorvaldsen's in England, which, with this, will probably be celebrated by Thiele in a subsequent volume, and perhaps we ought to apologize for thus forestalling our author; but we confess we could not bring ourselves to conclude our observations relative to this great artist, without telling our readers that his master-piece adorns the dwelling of an English private gentleman.

ART. X.—*Considerations on the Currency and Banking System of the United States.* By Albert Gallatin. Philadelphia. 1831. 8vo.

OUR impression as to the peculiar qualifications of Mr. Gallatin for the task which he has here undertaken was formed long before his pamphlet came under our notice; and we therefore gave it welcome, with more than the ordinary measure of interest and curiosity which belongs even to a new work on an important subject;—of interest, because we were prepared to derive instruction from any reasoning and opinions, proceeding from that quarter and upon such questions; and of curiosity, for we felt a strong anticipation that much accurate and valuable fact, hitherto neglected or unknown, would be presented in its pages, for the illustration of one of the most complicated branches of political science. In aid of such expectations came also the conviction that, though in this country understood by few, the history of the circulating medium of the United States offers to research and study some rare materials from the stores of actual experience; and we have little hesitation in expressing our belief that, within the span of its independent existence, the North American Republic has exhibited and suffered a more remarkable series of changes and combinations in its monetary system than any other modern state. That the science of circulating media has of late years gained great and sure advances, by the demonstration of facts, we need not remark to those of our readers, whose attention has dwelt at all upon such matters. In Great Britain alone, the last forty years have done more to disclose the true principles upon which its results are based, than whole previous ages. But the United States of America have now existed, as a constituent member in the community of civilized nations, for somewhere about half a century; and in that period, with the exception of a legal debasement of the standard, from which they are protected by the letter of their written constitution, there is scarcely another form of contingency affecting the currency, which has not marked their annals. Government paper, in their infancy, current at a depreciation of eight thousand per cent.;—convertible notes, issued and supported by private and separate banks, at first without, and then in co-existence with, a corresponding national establishment;—the expiration of the charter, without renewal, of this last mentioned institution;—consequent irregular excesses among the private paper issuers;—a singular suspension of their specie payments, without legal sanction;—the result, a common redundancy and depreciation of

the currency;—then a revival of the National Bank Charter; thereby a recovery and control of the standard circulation; not to mention circumstances incident to their peculiar political organization, such as the bank notes of one state at par,—of the next at 50 or 100 per cent. discount;—cautious regulations in this quarter, unrestricted license in that;—here notes of the higher denominations only, there of the very lowest;—individual and joint stock banks in immediate co-existence;—all have occurred within the limits of their national experience, and form a course of facts, more varied and more valuable than could be gleaned from the same space of history in any other society of the globe.

With expectations however thus awakened, so far are we from having to announce disappointment, as to be bound to acknowledge that we consider this one of the most remarkable pamphlets with which it has ever been our fortune to meet. It has the advantage of proceeding upon the contents of several public documents, and among them “particularly,” as it informs us, of a Report presented by Mr. M'Duffie, from the Committee of Ways and Means, to the House of Representatives. This report bears date so far back as the 13th of April, 1830, but it is an able and instructive paper, drawn up on so much of the President's message as related to the Bank of the United States;—for all these productions are the offspring of the same occasion, namely, the approaching term of the existing United States Bank Charter, and the suggestion thereupon, of certain proposals to Congress for its transfer or renewal. At a moment when the same practical problem is to be solved in our own case, and is in fact now in the very course of solution, we have thought that this coincidence of circumstances would not weaken the recommendation which we have already offered, of the merits of the work before us, and we therefore propose, if it were but for the object of rendering it more duly known, to give to our readers a short notice of its contents, with, at the same time, strong counsel to those who wish to look deeper into such subjects than the surface, that they should read, or rather study, (for it well deserves the graver term,) the original itself.

The name of Mr. Gallatin will need no commentary, for any one who has attended to the History of the United States,—who has visited their territories,—or who has been at all connected personally either with their political or commercial concerns. But there must be many of our readers to whom no such circumstances have made it known, and for them therefore we would just remark, that he is one of their most distinguished politicians, and has, among other offices, himself held that of Secretary to the Treasury, or Finance minister; that subsequently, in the

years 1826 and 1827, he was in this country as envoy, and in that capacity conducted with Mr. Canning, (or rather with Mr. Huskisson, who we believe was his actual antagonist, though in the name of the Foreign Secretary,) a well-known correspondence on the West Indian trade and navigation,—one of the ablest, we will venture to assert, in the records of commercial diplomacy. Although Switzerland was the country of his birth,* Pennsylvania has long been that of his adoption; and notwithstanding his having been a short time since a candidate for the vice-presidency of the United States, and his mission to the British court, we believe he has of late years passed much of his time on a possession which he owns in the western district of that state, in partial, but, as it seems, not unemployed retirement.

In the work before us, originally, as it announces in its title-page, written for the *American Quarterly Review*, and afterwards extended for separate publication, “the importance of preserving a permanent standard of value is,” to use his own words, (p. 62,) “the leading principle which he has tried to enforce.” To secure this end, he avows his persuasion that there are no means so effectual as the maintenance of a sound metallic circulation. The United States’ Bank has, however, he admits, contributed much to give steadiness to the existing system.

“Although,” he therefore remarks, “we have freely expressed our opinion, that, taking into consideration all the circumstances which belong to the subject, it might have been preferable in the United States to have had nothing but a metallic currency, we are quite aware that this is not at this time the question. We are only to inquire, whether any other or better security can be found, than that which is afforded by the Bank of the United States, against either the partial failure of banks, the want of an uniform currency, or a general suspension of specie payments. The great difficulty arises from the concurrent, and perhaps debateable jurisdiction of the general and state governments: and we are to examine, not only what are the provisions necessary to attain the object intended, but also by what authority the remedy must be administered.”—p. 55.

The object intended then, in the first branch of this inquiry, is in fact the “enlargement of the circulating metallic currency;” of effecting which, “he perceives,” as he says, “but two means; 1st. The suppression of small notes; 2d. The measures necessary to bring again gold into circulation,” (p. 56,) from whence it is found, in that country, to have been continually withdrawn. For the latter of these purposes, and the most simple, he discusses, and proposes to amend the existing regulations of the mint; while in his investigation of the former, he exhibits, by

* As has been already incidentally noticed in this journal, in the sketch of M. Dumont, which appeared in No. IX.

most valuable accounts, the general condition and history of the banking system of the republic; and proving the amount of loss which such a change would probably entail, argues at the same time upon the sums of the various currencies of the civilized world, and upon the nature of the demand which is henceforth to be supplied by the sources of the precious metals.

Having thus given our readers a concise summary of the structure of the work, proceeding analytically, in order more clearly to point out its objects, from the opinions and conclusions of the author, to his facts and arguments, we will now advance with him, according to the synthetical order which he has taken, to explain the outline of the reasoning by which he establishes their connection.

It is manifest that money, being in its sound state "not merely the sign or representative of wealth," (p. 23,) but having "an intrinsic value," and being therefore "wealth itself," it is a point of first importance in all questions touching currency, in whatever form, to ascertain the real nature of that value, and of the changes which may affect it, derived as it is from the qualities of those materials which have been, for well known reasons, adopted for such purpose, by the universal assent and usage of mankind. But in this instance there is moreover a special inducement to that inquiry, since the object of the author being to establish a more extensive use of metallic money in the country for which he writes, the change recommended must necessarily be accompanied by a fresh demand to the amount required, and must therefore have direct and immediate relations with the state of the market upon which it is to act. He accordingly at the outset applies himself to an examination of the circumstances affecting the supply of the precious metals, and we cannot say that the result is such as to remove from our minds the impression that each such successive attempt to attain accuracy in this most obscure branch of statistical inquiry, only serves to show more certainly how unattainable, we might almost say how unapproachable it really is. So conscious indeed does Mr. Gallatin seem to be of this truth, that he does not dwell upon the topic sufficiently even to give us the grounds of his several calculations; and one page alone, (p. 9,) contains the comprehensive abstract of the results to which they have conducted him, yet at which he does not seem to have carelessly arrived. As far as the year 1803 inclusive, he follows Humboldt, (the only authority on the subject now worth consulting for the period which his inquiries embrace,) in assuming the whole amount of gold and silver drawn from the American mines at about 5,600 millions of dollars. From this period to 1830 he estimates the produce,

for reasons to which he does not allude, at 750 millions, and adding 550 for the additions from other sources, with 300 for the amount in existence before the discovery of the New World, concludes that a total of 7,200 millions of dollars is not far from the true quantity which has been available to the uses of mankind during that period. In the total absence of all information as to the data whereon this estimate has been founded, from the point at which the aid of Humboldt fails us, we should however be inclined to think that it has been raised too high for the interval from that time to the present. That illustrious traveller and philosopher has stated the annual produce of America, in the years of his researches, or the first two or three of this century, at about 43,500,000 dollars, and in adding 6,500,000, or taking a total of 50,000,000 for that of the six subsequent years to 1809 inclusive, we cannot but believe that we are rather over than under-rating the increase which is known to have then taken place. This would give us an addition, for that period, of 300 millions; and if for the years from 1810 to 1830, which exhibit a supply very much reduced in consequence of the political confusion of those countries, we adopt the sum of about 385 millions, which is the result at which Mr. Jacob's investigations fix it after much research, we shall obtain a total contribution of no more than 685 millions of dollars for the whole interval, and we should in fact doubt whether it has amounted to more than 650 millions, that is, 100 below the quantity assumed by Mr. Gallatin.

This view of the subject seems, indeed, to be supported by his own calculations in a subsequent passage (p. 17), where he supposes the whole annual supply from America, Asia, and Europe, to have been only fifty millions between 1803 and 1810; (though he gives twenty-seven for that of the last twenty years, which would present an entire total of 840 millions for the period in question;) and it appears to us to be still further confirmed by a very curious return, lately laid before the House of Commons, from the British diplomatic and consular agents in the mining countries of America and Russia, which, so far as it goes, is valuable as an auxiliary document on this subject, but which at the same time shows the hopeless futility of all inquiry into such facts in the former regions; and, as one of the officers in question expresses it, the "impracticability of collecting any thing to be depended upon respecting the working or produce of the mines," except, indeed, it were by the personal labours, and minute knowledge, combined and employed by a Humboldt. Vague and uncertain, however, as are all such accounts, they are certainty itself, compared with those which can be obtained for the next question, namely, the quantities or proportions in which

these metals are distributed for the several and various uses to which they are applied. Without explaining even what he means by "the imperfect data within our reach," Mr. Gallatin estimates the quantity of gold and silver remaining in Europe and America, after allowing for the various sources of loss and channels of exportation, at about 4,500 millions of dollars, and the portion used for currency at one-third or two-fifths; a statement upon which we can pronounce no opinion without a further knowledge of his data; and we will only stop to observe upon it as remarkable, that through a series of vague assumptions, and even of positive errors in calculation, (as we think we could show, if this were the opportunity,) Mr. Jacob arrives at the sum of about 312 millions sterling, as that remaining in coin in 1830, which at the rate of fifty pence per dollar gives about 1,497 millions of that coin, an amount not very far removed from 1,650 millions, which is the mean between the two fractions of the 4,500 millions suggested by Mr. Gallatin, and is almost identical with the lowest, namely, 1,500 millions, or one-third of the said sum; and this obviously upon a widely different assumption of the proportions in question. In the midst of all this confusion, however, the main objects of the inquiry may be sufficiently discerned for practical conclusions. The actual amount of money either existing or to be supplied, is only of great consequence as affording the proportions between the two, for it is the *change* of quantity, and not its *positive sum*, which is of importance to the transactions of mankind. We know at least that the supplies of precious metal have been formerly much more than sufficient to counterbalance their consumption; whatever defalcation may have latterly occurred, is in a great measure owing to broils which must have an end, and to poverty which will cease with them; and while we may, we think, for these reasons look forward to the ultimate abundance of production from the western mines, to animate the intercourse of nations, we may conclude with our author, that we need anticipate "only such slow and gradual changes, as cannot substantially affect the great mass of ordinary contracts."

But however, be this as it may be, there is no doubt that it would prove of the highest importance to this point, if, in addition to our ascertaining the amount of supply, we could also establish the peculiar circumstances which regulate the corresponding demand. The passage wherein the writer endeavours to do this, is one of the few with which we feel disposed to find fault with his course of reasoning.

"Mines," says the pamphlet, "being, like tillable land, private property, and of different fertility, the rent of either, as well as the intrinsic

value of their respective produce, are regulated by analogous laws. But there is an essential difference between the demand for corn and that for the precious metals. That for corn, or the ordinary article of food, is for an amount in quantity, without much regard to value. That for gold and silver is for an amount in value and not in quantity."—pp. 10, 11.

Now if a "demand for quantity" means anything, it can only mean such a demand as must be supplied with a given amount, at whatsoever cost; and, in like manner, the demand for value must be construed to signify that which requires a certain *value in exchange*, whatever may be the quantity, great or small, which is necessary to convey it; for we must here remark, that *value* is restricted by the terms of this proposition to the latter sense alone. The article of which the quantity is required, like corn, must have a great "*value in use*," as Adam Smith has called it, while the value demanded, without reference to quantity, can only be that which is indicated by the measure of exchange. Now there may be no regard to value where the supply of quantity, like that of water in ordinary circumstances, is universal and unlimited. There is, perhaps, none either where the quantity is indispensable to the first wants of life, and where the means of exchange exist. But if these means are insufficient, the demand becomes at once involved in that for value, and must so universally follow the same course, as to justify the stricture upon Adam Smith's distinction—that it implies no practical difference, because value in exchange can be the only real value with which political economy has ultimately to deal.

This, then, we conceive, leads us to one, at least, of the elements of error, which, in spite of the qualifications to that effect, by which it is followed, prevail in the passage now before us. The demand mentioned by Mr. Gallatin must be, not a mere *want*, but an *effective demand*. If this were not commonly true of the term, as used in the general science, it must be so, at all events, in this place, because his argument relates to its connection with the cost and amount of production; and as this can act through the market only, it must do so of course by such a demand as can offer what the market may require. Now in the sense of want, there is, no doubt, an abstract distinction between the demand for two articles, such as corn, representing food, and the precious metals. A given population must clearly require a certain quantity of food to sustain life. If corn were the only or the cheapest attainable article of food, and the wealth of the community were shared in fully sufficient portions by every individual, there can be no doubt that each man would give whatever cost might be necessary, rather than want the corn and starve; and there would then be always a demand for this certain quan-

ity, no matter what the value. But this hypothesis assumes what can never be admitted in reality. In the first place, the distinction, as stated by Mr. Gallatin, is between corn and the precious metals; and, therefore, corn is taken to be the single, indefeasible, requisite of food: and secondly, it is supposed that the want of each individual is an effective demand upon the market, by the abundance of his means. But how is it with human societies in fact? Corn has, by the habits of man in general, been, to be sure, constituted the most universal article of sustenance, but if its cost be greatly raised, it is well known that substitutes are constantly introduced, partly of permanently lower value, partly from those substances which have become so by the rise in the value of corn: and on the other hand, the real distribution of wealth being, even in the most level societies, very far from equal, the truth is, that multitudes have perished, and must perish, in famine, before many have parted with their luxuries. The *demand* therefore never can in such cases correspond with the *wants* of the community, at the lowest point of subsistence; whereas above that point there can be no question that any essential decrease in the *value* of corn, or augmentation of the general wealth, will be accompanied with a consumption, or waste, far beyond the proportions indicated by population. The amount of wheat commonly required in the United Kingdom may be taken, for instance, at about one million of quarters in a month. If the value were doubled by scarcity, there can be no doubt that this quantity would be most seriously reduced. If it were trebled, it would be still further lessened, and it would be impossible to fix a point at which, after the total abandonment of its use by the poor, its more and more scanty consumption by the rich might not be still narrowed by augmented value. While if that value were indefinitely lowered, or the wealth of every individual indefinitely raised, there can be as little question, that the monthly million would be much expanded; and it would seem to us as absurd to affirm the contrary, as to contend that a given number of the natives of Africa, or New South Wales, demand a supply of the common article of food, approaching to that necessary for the usual sustenance of as many individuals taken indiscriminately from our countrymen in England.

To say then that there will always be found and felt a *demand* for a determinate quantity of corn, from a given amount of population, without regard to the value of the commodity, appears to us, however just under certain theoretical conditions, so wide of the truth in practice, as to lead to no useful conclusion. Let us now turn to the precious metals. The purposes of the demand for these substances are of two separate descriptions; either for the

ornamental arts, or for a measure of exchange. In the first case, there can be obviously no limits assigned to the quantity required, either in restriction or extension. It is only a portion of what may be termed the superfluous stock of a nation which will be invested in such objects. The demand, therefore, will here certainly be regulated entirely by value, without regard to quantity; but by value, we apprehend, less in relation to the aggregate amount of wealth, as the author supposes, than to the distribution of that wealth; for we can conceive that the means possessed by certain classes might be doubled, and the expenditure for these purposes be thereby largely increased, and yet that the same amount, if universally and equally diffused throughout the community, would add scarcely any thing to this branch of consumption. We know that in Ancient Rome the accumulation of wealth among the great citizens of the capital, rendered comparatively enormous the use of gold and silver for the purposes of pomp and luxury; yet if these same sums had been added to the possession of every person in the empire, or even in Italy, it may be much doubted whether the demand for such uses would have been thereby much extended. But the distinction between a mere want and "an effective demand, including both the wish to possess, and the means to pay," (which is thus recognized in the language of the pamphlet with respect to the precious metals,) although in the cases just mentioned it is scarcely to be discerned, becomes more definite when we consider their use as the material of money. If we can conceive a country about to assign a commodity to this purpose for the first time, it would signify little, indeed, what its quantity might be, provided it were such as to allow of an adequate division, or even what its value, provided it were generally admitted. But where these substances have been long established in that capacity, and subjected to the interference of positive artificial regulation, value is not the only attribute required, for it is quantity alone which can be fixed by law, and not value, which is beyond its control. At any given moment, and abstractedly considered, it is manifestly of no importance what may be the quantity contained in the circulation of two countries, provided that in the one a single ounce will go as far in exchange as its multiple in the other; although even in this sense the quantity might become of consequence beyond certain limits, for the ounce might be, in theory, of so high a value as to be deficient in the other qualities of practical convenience requisite for money. But under the actual circumstances of metallic currency, and at separate periods, the quantity is far from a matter of indifference. Supposing the currency of the United States, taken by Mr. Gallatin at about seventy-three millions of dollars,

to be entirely metallic, and silver, as it is, in fact, the legal standard, if instead of using the term dollar, an engagement were made to pay $\frac{73,000,000}{100,000,000}$ part of the whole amount of silver so employed, it would, indeed, signify nothing to the parties what the quantity paid might be (as long as that fraction were not so small as to be practically indivisible,) for the value in relation to the other elements of wealth would remain the same, whether the whole amount were 73, or 100, or 50 millions of ounces. But the law says, not that a *proportionate*, but that a *positive* quantity must be paid; if, therefore, either the cost of production of silver were raised, the quantity to be obtained remaining undiminished, or the quantity supplied were to fall off, without any alteration in its cost, or if both contingencies were to occur, it is evident that the fixed quantity, or dollar, being rendered of greater relative value, every man who had that quantity to pay, must obtain it at some greater sacrifice than usual; and in like manner must the aggregate of individuals or nations. The necessary sacrifice, in order to obtain the only legal instrument of payment, would then contribute to increase the effective demand for *quantity*, beyond its equivalent in the augmented value; whereas the *want* for it would be increased from the first moment of the change, and must gain in intensity to that extreme point, before supposed, where what may be called a famine in these commodities must lead to universal ruin, and when recourse must be had either to substitutes or to simple barter. If the value of the metals were on the contrary diminished, it would not be difficult to trace the reverse of these consequences; but we will here only add, that in the present artificial systems of promissory currency, and particularly in the United States, where it is so largely adopted, there is at all times a great standing engagement, which, if suddenly enforced, must be satisfied, and therefore must raise a demand, entirely in quantity, whatever may be its representative in value.

When, therefore, Mr. Gallatin speaks of a *demand* for quantity without much regard for value, and for value independently of quantity, we must venture to consider it rather a subtle than a sound distinction, not very intelligibly expressed, and, however just in principle, applicable to existing circumstances only in a very limited degree. The *demand* for these commodities, like that for all others, must be regulated ultimately by value. We might conceive, indeed, though we could not determine, a point, at which the demand for food would be so satiated, as to be incapable of increase from the same numbers, while the precious metals would be sought without any limitation as they declined in value; but on the other hand we must think with Mr. Malthus, that, though this be true at a given moment, the amount of

population, in a continued period, is alternately the consequence, as well as the cause, of the value of food, inasmuch as its progress is arrested or excited by the difficulties or facilities of subsistence; while effects, in a great degree analogous, are produced on the general wealth, by the comparative dearth or abundance of the supply of the precious metals. To the corollary deduced by Mr. Gallatin, therefore, that the demand for corn is regulated immediately by population, and that for gold and silver by the amount of wealth, we cannot, for the reasons given, assent, in any form simple enough to afford a practical criterion; and when, in following up his inferences, he assumes that the value of currency will always bear a "certain proportion" (p. 12) to the value of the aggregate exchanges, in the course of some pages of very able and just reasoning, which prove it to be affected by various circumstances, such as the course of trade, the habits and methods of commercial interchange, and others, whereof neither he nor any inquirer can ever arrive at the definition, he makes use of a term, which in that place and sense we must fairly confess ourselves totally at a loss to comprehend.

It cannot be denied, however, that setting aside such abstract investigation, and whichever way the balance be struck, upon the advantages of paper currency, its adoption by the great mass of civilized nations has largely extended the basis which we are enabled to assume for our computations upon the actual distribution of circulating media. The facility with which metallic money is transported in its own form, for its intrinsic value, without recurrence to the source of issue, generally without regulations to record its being permitted, and often under restrictions which compel a secret traffic, but above all the extreme facility and security of its conversion into bullion, render it impossible to depend upon the apparent data to be found under such circumstances, beyond very vague conjecture. But the ascertained amount of bank engagements, and the necessity of recurring to their fulfilment in order to obtain that which may afford real value, where those engagements are not acknowledged, marks at once a distinction between the currency required for mere circulation and for its marketable value, which, in most cases, will furnish a tolerably near approximation to the results in question. If the exchanges of a country were wholly conducted in bank paper, we should have a detailed account in the bank books, of the sum and proportions of the circulation. Where there mingles a portion of metal, we are still liable to less error in our estimate of its quantities, according as its relative amount is small, and because we have more numerous facts to guide us. In this

manner Mr. Gallatin, in the first place, estimates the proportion between bank notes and silver, in a country where the paper is convertible at will, and notes of a very low denomination excluded, and which sustains a circulation of 70 millions of dollars. This he fixes at about 60 millions of the former and 10 millions of the latter. But we have here again to regret some want of information as to the precise steps of his calculation. In Great Britain, assuming as he does, that 8 millions of silver in *pounds sterling* are found with 22 of gold and 28 of notes, the proportion of the inferior metal for small payments is nearly one seventh, as he states it, and would be more correctly so, if we were to rate higher the amount of notes, which, we believe, would bring it nearer to the truth. But the case which he supposes seems to be fitted specially to the United States, where the circulation, amounting to about 70 millions of *dollars*, in fact, consists only of the two materials mentioned. We must suppose, therefore, that it is upon this case that he founds his conclusion, and we are, consequently, somewhat at a loss to reconcile it with his subsequent statements; for, although he represents the actual proportion to be that of 62 millions and a half to 10, which is very nearly the same, the exclusion of the small notes, which is necessary in order to answer the case supposed, would, by his own demonstration, substitute coin for one fifth of the paper currency, and render the proportions about 50 to 22, or lower the amount of paper from six-sevenths to less than five-sevenths of the whole circulation of the country.

The data are more simple and more certain by which we may measure the advantage actually obtained from a convertible paper currency, in a country where the affairs of the banks are capable of inspection. It corresponds, of course, as is here explained, with the difference between the sum of paper issued and that of specie reserved for its support; and he supposes this in the United States to be about two-thirds of the paper currency, of 40 millions of dollars, yielding at 5 per cent. an annual profit of two millions. We cannot, for reasons which we shall presently give, assent to the arguments which incline him to raise this to near five millions by the addition of the deposits; but it is clear that it should be augmented by the saving at least of wear upon the coins which are withdrawn. What this sum might be, it would require far more extensive and minute research than would be repaid by the object here in view to conjecture; and, indeed, we are not aware that there are any means in the United States by which it could be determined. Our author briefly remarks in a note, that British writers have greatly overrated this source of loss, and suggests that at most it would not exceed 70,000*l.* on

40 millions, which is .175, that is one-tenth and three quarters, per cent., or 1 part in 571. It is in vain to argue from facts of this description in one country to those in another. They are so greatly affected by the proportions of the metals, by those of the denominations of coin, by the habits of circulation, and other such varieties, that they can be attained by careful experiment and experience alone. Perhaps the only really valuable part of Mr. Jacob's work is the account of the several experiments conducted at the Mint for this purpose; and that is indeed exceedingly curious. It is there proved how much greater is the wear on the silver than on the gold, and on the small than on the larger coinage. Now if we take the silver alone, it appears that in Great Britain the shillings form the great bulk of that part of the currency, and comprehend nearly one half its value, and although, for reasons which we will not here detail, we think Mr. Jacob is justly liable to the above remark, in his estimate of such loss at 1 part in 200, still we conceive that, from the results of those experiments, the whole loss is probably not less than 1 in 300, and cannot fall short of about 1 in 400; that upon the shillings being perhaps about 1 in 250. But we believe that if we take the coinage of the United States for a considerable period, we shall not be far wrong in estimating the half dollars as the most abundant coin, and as constituting at least four-fifths in value of the whole silver circulation. Taking, then, the wear of the half crowns from the same quarter, as the coins most nearly of the same description, it will be found that the loss assignable to them is probably not far from 1 in 500 parts. Combining, therefore, these two considerations, and assuming that the half dollars in such proportions of the currency must be exposed to much more general and frequent use, we cannot help thinking, that in taking $\frac{1}{4}$, Mr. Gallatin has underrated the saving which may be ascribed, under this head, to the 40 millions of paper replacing metal, in the United States.

It is against the whole profit, however, obtained by these differences, (whether amounting in the case supposed to 2,070,000*l.* or 2,100,000*l.* matters little) that on the other side of the account are to be set the risks and inconveniencies which accompany a paper circulation. We shall not think it worth while here to share the combat against those undaunted disciples of their far greater predecessor and master, Law, who contend that paper promises have their own intrinsic value, and prescribe an exhibition of bank notes as a specific in all monetary ills. The arguments and facts by which Mr. Gallatin shows how impossible it is that such a currency should maintain its value, except through a confidence in its convertibility, are, in our opinion, as unau-

swerable as ever must be truth and common sense. Doubtless there are still some in both countries who scorn to abate these doctrines by one jot or tittle, but we cannot think that they are such in numbers and in station as should give us much apprehension of their carrying them into effect. Our concern is, therefore, more with the other two descriptions of paper mentioned by the author, namely, either "convertible at will, or redeemable at some future time;" (p. 20) or rather "with paper originally convertible on demand in specie, and which may degenerate into a paper, the redemption of which is indefinitely postponed." And it is to the danger here supposed that Great Britain has been and is, as well as the United States, practically exposed.

When such a change of character has actually taken place, it is sufficient to refer, with Mr. Gallatin, to the facts which mark the history of the paper issued by the United States Congress, from the year 1776 to 1780, and that of the Bank restrictions in Great Britain, to demonstrate "that a paper currency, liable to fluctuations like those, and originating in causes that baffle all calculation, never can, by any skill whatever, be made a stable standard of value." (p. 27). But the paper circulation of the United States, like ours, consists, in the common acceptation of the term, of strictly convertible bank notes. Before, however, we can proceed to any reasoning upon this state of things, a question here arises, whether that acceptation is correct, and whether there should not be included in the term currency, certain other representatives of money and of credit. Those here enumerated are private notes, bank drafts, bills of exchange, and bank deposits; and as it appears to us that this point is involved in some confusion from the different meanings attached to the word currency, it will be well, in the first place, to consider for a moment what is its true signification.

"Currency," if we revert to the original derivation of the word, must mean that which is "current," or which *runs* by common admission from one party to another. The first definition given by Dr. Johnson to the noun, as expressing the abstract quality or attribute, is "the power of passing from hand to hand." In applying the term to money, therefore, every thing which has this power must be strictly currency. In this view it is quite clear that the established and acknowledged measure or value in any country, whether it be coins, cowrie shells, or bars of iron, and in modern civilized societies the permanent legal tender, or that material the offer of which, in any ordinary contract, is adopted as a sufficient discharge of payment at a fixed denomination of value, must fall at once within its limits. In like manner, also, must all substitutes in the form of representatives, of whatever

description, actually identified with such measure by direct and optional convertibility. Even although they should not be convertible at will, but are believed to be so at some future period, like the bank of England notes under the restriction, or should they even, as during the American suspension, be only probably convertible, still they will be currency, at a value, the proportion of which to that of the material represented, will be regulated according as that probability is strong or slight, immediate or remote. Thus far then there can be no dispute, and as these, we believe, embrace all the received forms of currency, we should say that, in its ordinary sense, it may be defined to be that which passes as the common measure of exchangeable value, or as any of its representatives, directly convertible.

Let us now step beyond this boundary, and examine some of those instruments of exchange which are not quite so simple and undisputed. If a bank note be presented for the fulfilment of its promise, it must be paid at once in the measure of value which it represents, at its fixed denomination; and is therefore, as we have already said, in nature immediately identified with such value. But we will now suppose that a bank, possessing branch establishments, should issue, instead of promissory notes, a draft payable to the bearer, upon one of those, for any given sum. It is passed in payment by the person who receives it, and circulates from hand to hand upon the credit of the bank. When it reaches its destination, it differs in an obvious point from a bank note, for it need not be paid in the original measure of value, but would obtain the notes of the bank itself. The bearer, to be sure, might object to anything but the legal tender, or he might immediately demand metal for the notes at the parent bank; but he might do either, also, in case of payment by any other individual. In all other respects it performs precisely the functions of a bank note, and Mr. Gallatin admits that such a draft must equally constitute a portion of the currency, when we are considering the entire circulation. In this admission is included also, of course, the like issue of an order upon a separate bank,—which can make no real alteration in the case,—and those too which are payable only after a fixed period, yet pass with equal readiness, as bank notes themselves have done, under the same conditions. If it be made payable to the order of the holder, but is still not less efficient in circulation, he must likewise include it, in the same manner as post bills, which have been always reckoned. Now let us suppose, with these admissions, that a private individual fills the place of a chartered bank. There is one solitary instance of such a case in the United States, where Mr. Girard established a bank at Philadelphia by his own single

means, and has for a long time carried on all the business of a regular banking company. Mr. Gallatin here again acknowledges that he can see no difference between his notes and any others. There can therefore be no reason why any should attach to his drafts. We have then here private bank notes and bank drafts admitted; and we have consequently, by the terms of the admission, a private individual issuing an order upon another party, payable to the order of the holder, at a specified time;* and we would ask wherein this really differs from a bill of exchange drawn by any one. Mr. Gallatin seems to make a distinction between private individuals and persons "authorised to issue bank notes which make part of the currency." But there can be none in fact. Mr. Girard has, we believe, no authority by charter or license; and it is obvious that any individual might, if the law allowed him, issue promissory notes, the circulation of which must depend on the credit which he could obtain for them, and which would be absolutely undistinguishable in their nature from any others. His drafts must stand on the same footing; and if they were drawn between two individuals who should cease, or never have attempted, to issue promissory notes, they could be only different so far as the difficulty of their obtaining confidence might be greater, since the means of the issuers would not be professedly confined to the supply of circulation.

To object with Mr. Gallatin, that a note is a discharge of debt, while a bill leaves recourse to be had against all the indorsers and the drawer, is to found a distinction merely on a legal form. The law itself has been said in this country to "consider a promissory note in the light of a bill drawn by a man upon himself, and accepted at the time of drawing."† It is intended that the remedy should be had, in each case, ultimately against the issuer, who is in one the banker, and in the other the drawer of the bill; and the claim against the indorsers is evidently interposed upon the latter, simply because a bill being liable to circulation beyond the sphere of the drawer's credit, it would be an embarrassment to trade to make the security of the holder rest upon the issuer alone. We might as well say that a bank-note is not currency, because before payment a creditor may refuse to take it for legal money, as make this distinction after payment. That which Mr. Gallatin calls "essential," namely, that bills are only promises to pay in currency, and that the failure of all the parties concerned has no effect upon the currency itself, does not seem to us to be more

* Vide *McCulloch's Dictionary*, Art. *Exchange*, p. 520, where, however, this condition is omitted.

† *Blackstone*, ii. 470.

sound. The failure of a bank does not affect the *legal standard*, but it affects the value of all property represented by its notes; and so likewise does the failure of the parties connected with a bill of exchange impair all those transactions into which it has entered. If the bills in any one such case were equally extensive with the circulation of a bank, the loss must be as great.

Let us now turn to consider the practical employment of a bill, and we shall be led to the same conclusion. A man, in making a purchase, engages to pay a certain nominal sum in the legal measure of exchange. In this country, for instance, it is clear that if his promise or his order on another for 100*l.* were not sufficient, he must pay it in gold sovereigns, or in bank notes admitted to be directly convertible, which are therefore, in this transaction, entirely supplanted by his written order, and thereby released from their functions in effecting that exchange. The bill therefore must be so far currency, to all intents and purposes. If the drawer and the other parties were sufficiently known, it would continue to perform several other payments in the same way, and with the same effect. What we here suppose, actually takes place in Lancashire,* which is a curious case in illustration of this point, and where private bills have long been the medium of all exchanges, even in sums so low as 10*l.*; and is it not absurd to deny that they are part of the practical currency of that district?

It appears to us then, that bills of exchange might not be rightly included in the ordinary, and perhaps more correct, meaning of the term currency; but that where they intervene, they must *pro tanto* answer all its uses; and that it is therefore a mere dispute of words to reject them, when we are considering the whole circulation necessary for "the aggregate value of the annual payments made in currency, which regulates the value of the currency wanted." (p. 14.)

There is one other species of paper upon which a question may here arise,—we mean exchequer bills. Mr. Gallatin assumes (p. 35,) that there could be no increase of currency when our government advanced exchequer bills in 1793; because they are only "a promise to pay in currency." Now here we think he begs the question, and upon a fallacious distinction. We see no reason, beyond their customary large sums, why exchequer bills, if they were simply bills of credit, issued by government upon itself, payable to the holder upon notice from the issuer, should not pass as readily as any other paper, in moderate amount, and as government paper has often passed where its stability and credit are unimpaired. They would then represent a determinate sum,

* Vide Reports on Cash Payments, 1819, and on Scotch and Irish Notes, 1826.

which might be at all times exchanged against the same fixed amount in the common measure of value. But for currency, this sum must be determinate. The precious metals have been chosen for such use because their value is more fixed than any other, and no material or its representative can, except from paramount necessity, be taken for this purpose, of which the value is subject to constant and uncertain variations. Now it must be recollected that an exchequer bill bears current interest to the holder, and here, therefore, is introduced a new element, subject to continual and various fluctuations,—namely, the rate of profit upon the use of money; and it is this which, in our opinion, makes an exchequer bill merely an easily transferable and marketable debt, and entirely unfits it for the purposes of currency.

But while Mr. Gallatin rejects a bill of exchange in his construction of currency, he somewhat inconsistently, as it seems to us, contends for the admission of deposits; to which, in the sense and to the extent of his argument, we cannot assent. It appears, indeed, a solecism in terms to talk of a *deposit in circulation*. A deposit here means a certain value, placed in the safe keeping of a bank, and for the custody of which the bank is repaid by employing it in some other direction, so long as it remains in its hands. Inasmuch, therefore, as the bank invests the amount, or a part of it, somewhere in profitable and active use, it contributes to the circulation; but it will then appear in the sum of paper issues, or of coin current, probably of the notes of the bank itself. On the other hand, the depositor may undoubtedly convert his credit, founded upon this value, into currency, by transferring it to others; that is, by passing his drafts or cheques, which is the only way in which it can be made circulation in addition to the amount of issues of notes and of coin; for it is obvious that if these deposits are actually withdrawn, they are no longer deposits, and the issues necessary for their payment the bank must balance, by recalling those which have been made in investments for profit upon them as we have explained above: and yet Mr. Gallatin rejects bills of exchange payable in notes, which are almost exactly of the same nature as those drafts. To include the whole of these deposits, even where drafts are not current upon their credit, as circulation, because they may be at any moment made so, seems to us to be pretty much the same as applying the term to bullion with an open mint, which may certainly be turned to coin at any time, yet which surely cannot be called circulation. Now we apprehend that there must always be a certain amount not covered by any drafts drawn upon the banks, which they depend upon not having to pay, and upon the continuance of which in the banker's hands depends a

great part of his profit in the account with the depositors. This sum, which remains at all times as a mere credit on his books, without being represented by any corresponding engagements founded upon it by the depositor, is, we should say, of a totally different character from the rest. It performs none of the functions of currency,—it affords no returns, except those which are derived from its employment by the banker. But it may be objected that this is also the case with all notes, or even coin, which are kept for the time in the owner's hands, and which may be then inactive; and that these deposits, payable on demand, are upon precisely the same footing as if the depositor locked them up in his own keeping, instead of sending them to his banker. This would be true if they were actually in any form of currency, or could be passed from hand to hand without putting them into the shape of drafts, and if they might be made available at any moment, without a corresponding restraint upon some other portion of the circulation. A man who has 100*l.* of notes or coin in his box, may produce and pay it when he pleases, and it will form its own separate portion of the currency; but the deposits which are not exposed to withdrawal by actual transactions, and which therefore the banker does not provide himself with means to meet, although payable on demand to each individual, are not so to all, without a recall of that circulation which has been issued upon a confidence of their retention by the banker. But again it may be answered, that this is true also of promissory notes, and that, upon the same reasoning, they might be as well excluded from the circulation. But here there is a manifest distinction which must not be overlooked. Bank notes are actually in a current form, and may be themselves the subject of deposit, since they represent *intrinsic value*, whereas the deposits represent only *credit*. This may be illustrated by considering what would be the consequence if it were not true. It is quite clear that if all these deposits are as free and as effective as any other currency, it can matter little whether the bank gives simply a credit entry upon its books, transferable at the order of the depositor, or delivers to him a written acknowledgment of his credit, which he may deal with in the same manner. But if this were done, it would be in fact an issue of paper currency; and although the proportion of the deposits exposed to drafts are paid on demand in the bank notes, who can doubt that such a further issue would not require, like the rest, the support of an additional intrinsic value? We shall, perhaps, explain these distinctions more clearly, if we take those instances upon which Mr. Gallatin seems chiefly to rely, namely, *Hamburgh* and *Amsterdam*. In *Hamburgh*, a large portion of the exchanges is effected by the trans-

fer of credits upon deposits of standard bullion in the bank books ; and he justly remarks that this treasure would not be left there if it did not answer all the purposes of currency. It is not in fact the bullion itself which can be called currency, but the entries which represent it, like any other acknowledgment of responsibility by the bank. Now the great difference between such deposits and those in question is, that the Hamburgh bank entries are not really *credits*, as the *value* is actually there, and the whole amount might be withdrawn for circulation in the shape of coin or otherwise, without altering the sum of the medium of exchange. Undoubtedly, however, the bank of Hamburgh might do that which was done at Amsterdam, by withdrawing for its own profit that quantity of the bullion deposits which it has found to be always left in its keeping. We will not object, in answer, the failure of this latter upon the exposure in 1790, since it was probably rather the consequence of a distrust of its fraudulent management, and of its *changed*, more than of its *actual* circumstances. But supposing the credits current on its books had been transformed, for convenience sake, into portable acknowledgments ; in delivering these for a deposit of bullion, it would place itself precisely in the same situation as any bank purchasing that article with its own notes ; and in retaining only such a portion of the treasure as might be determined by experience to be necessary, it would differ in no essential point from a bank of issue with a reserve of specie. But now, supposing it to stand thus at any given time, let it be conceived to accept further deposits of the same description, and to provide for the portion which it may be required to pay, not by any further reserve of bullion or of specie, but by its own credits or acknowledgments ; it is clear that this must be done, either by an extension of their amount, or by a transfer from some other quarter. In the first case the extended sum would clearly not be properly supported, and therefore could not be maintained ; in the second, it could form no addition to the currency. Now to compare this with the banks of which we have to speak, we shall find that the amount of specie, or real value, reserved, is only what is required for the actual paper issues ; and that the credits upon deposit, payable in that paper, are like any other transferable debt, and can only be considered as an addition to the circulation, so far as they are separately represented by the drafts of the depositor.

For these reasons, we are inclined to think that Mr. Gallatin is mistaken in adding the whole of the deposits to the currency, and that we ought to reckon only the part above described. The amount excepted would be, we apprehend, somewhat increased, if the banks of the United States required, as we believe those in

London do, that a certain proportion should be left upon each account, in credit; for it must of course be a restriction upon that part of the deposits which might otherwise be withdrawn, or it would mean nothing. This is, however, probably not the case with those establishments; and, according to our view, we might therefore assume the amount above defined, together with the bills of exchange, as supplying the place of currency in addition to the bank notes and coin. There is reason to suppose that it bears some fixed proportion to these latter issues, and the bills have been supposed, by well informed authority, to be of ten times the value of the ordinary currency.* If this be true, it is not of so much importance to estimate their actual amount, as their fluctuations, which are the chief objects of consideration, will be indicated by those of the better ascertained parts of the circulation. If they be not, we are indeed without any such guide; but all attempt in that case to estimate their extent, and to define the limits of their variations, must be so hopelessly vague, that we should be disposed, after all, rather to follow the usual method, and to content ourselves with the examination of the more immediate and more accessible forms of currency—coins and promissory notes.

It is not less certain, however, (notwithstanding these differences in our view of such points,) that in a country circumstanced as the United States, or even as Great Britain, the currency mainly rests on credit, and that consequently a want of credit is frequently mistaken for a want of money. Mr. Gallatin illustrates this position by the fact, that from 1821 to 1830, the exchange was generally at two and three fifths per cent. in favour of England above the true par, (which he here fixes at 4.75 for the pound sterling) and never below the point at which gold is there underrated; and yet that no scarcity of specie was to be observed. We, on the contrary, have seen our exchanges at a point which must encourage continual importations of specie, while the cry of a want of money was universal. But the passage in which he points out the inference from these premises, is one which we think so clear, and in which we so entirely agree, that we must give it to the reader.

“The causes of the fluctuations of exchange between distant places in an extensive country, or between different countries, are of the same nature, and may occasion a similar transportation of the precious metals from one place to another. We will hereafter examine how that from

* Vide Mr. Loyd's evidence in Reports on Cash Payments, 1812, Lords and Commons.

one part of the United States to another has been affected by the Bank of the United States. But there is this difference between a commercial distress and a presumed scarcity of currency due to internal causes, whilst the foreign exchanges remain favourable, and a similar distress arising from large foreign debts, and accompanied by an unfavourable rate of exchange, that, in the last case, there is an exportation of the coins of the country which cannot take place in the first. If the same effects, in other respects, are nevertheless the same in both cases; if in both, the same, and sometimes general distress equally prevails; if the same difficulty occurs in the payment of debts; if the same complaint is made of want of money, whether specie is exported or not, it is obvious that there must be another cause, besides an actual scarcity of currency, for the real distress which is felt; and that what is called 'want of money,' is not 'want of currency.' It will be found that this cause is universally overtrading, and that the want of money, as it is called, is the want of exchangeable or saleable property or commodities, and the want of credit. The man who says that he wants money, could at all times obtain it, if he had either credit or saleable commodities.

"Overtrading consists in undertakings or speculations of every possible description, which fail altogether, or of which the returns are slower than, under sanguine expectations, had been calculated, or the proceeds of which, (too many, tempted by temporary high prices of profits, having embarked in the same branch of business,) greatly exceed the demand and glut the market. A great loss may be experienced by those who have entered into any such undertakings with their own resources. But when resting principally on credit, and pursued at the same time by a great portion of the dealers or men of enterprise, a general impossibility of fulfilling previous engagements takes place, which affects even those who are ultimately solvent. When that mutual confidence, which is the sole foundation of credit; is once shaken, the capitals that are usually loaned can no longer be obtained, the usual amount of bills of exchange, discounted notes, or other commercial papers founded on credit, is lessened, and specie or currency itself becomes comparatively scarce, partly because some is hoarded, principally because a portion of its substitutes is withdrawn from circulation. Yet specie, under those circumstances, acts but a subordinate part, its scarcity being the effect, and not the cause of the evil, and the remedy to this consisting in restoring credit and confidence, which will always procure a sufficient amount of currency, and not in an attempt to increase the quantity of currency, which can produce no substantial benefit until confidence is restored. When it consists of paper founded on credit, any increase is inefficient for remedying the evil, unless it be issued by an institution, the credit of which has, in the general wreck, remained unaffected and unimpaired."—pp. 34, 35.

To such occasions as these it cannot be denied that any imprudent management of banking institutions must inevitably and seriously contribute, and it is then that the inherent dangers of a paper or credit currency take effect in proportion to its extent. It is of no great use to speculate, as our author admits, upon the

comparative merits of a pure metallic system in countries where it would be so impossible to revert to it as in England and the United States; but we are sorry that he is precluded by a special inapplicability,—forming a curious instance of the inconvenience of their written constitution,—from discussing another of its forms, namely, Mr. Ricardo's plan for bullion payments. The difficulty is that it excludes coins, which are, by that instrument alone, a legal tender; he therefore omits it without further notice than to inform us that it obtains from him the approbation which it has received from every one who really and rightly understands its operation.

Since, however, it is to practicable modifications of the established system that Mr. Gallatin directs his attention as the objects of his inquiry, it becomes of first importance to ascertain the characteristics and composition of that system, and the extent to which it may be susceptible of improvements; and it is in this branch of the work that his minute and extensive knowledge presents us with materials richer and more perfect than, we will venture to say, were ever before furnished upon this part of the economy of a nation.

The banks of the United States are all incorporated companies, with the single exception of that which belongs to Mr. Girard at Philadelphia. But the general synopsis given in the work before us, of their nature and constitution, is so comprehensive and yet so clear, that we must lay before our readers one more extract from its contents.

“The business of all these banks consists in receiving money on deposit, in issuing bank notes, and in discounting notes of hand or bills of exchange. A portion of the capital is sometimes vested in public stocks: but this is not obligatory; and in this they differ essentially from the Bank of England. The capital of this institution, being loaned to government, and not depending on the solidity of the paper discounted, affords a stable guarantee to the holders of notes and to the depositors. The bank can loan to individuals, or advance to government (beyond its capital as above mentioned) nothing but the difference between the aggregate of its notes in circulation, and of the credits in account current on its books, and the amount of specie in its vaults. But the American banks lend to individuals, not only that difference, but also the whole amount of their capital, with the exception only of such portion as they may find it convenient, but are not obliged, to vest in public stocks. It follows that the security of the holders of notes, and of the depositors generally, rests exclusively on the solidity of the paper they have discounted. It might seem, on the other hand, that as the Bank of England cannot apply its original capital to any immediate use, whilst the American banks may, by curtailing their discounts, call in their capital

on any emergency, they might without risk put in circulation a greater proportionate amount of notes. But such curtailment can never be made to any considerable extent, without causing much distress; and, in point of fact, a large portion of their loans consists of what the merchants consider as permanent accommodation, and, in the country, often rests on real security. This departure from what has been generally deemed the true banking principle, must, it is believed, be ascribed to the original disposition of the capital.

“Whenever, therefore, an American bank is in full operation, its debts generally consist, 1st, to the stockholders of the capital; 2d, to the community, of the notes in circulation and of the credits in account current, commonly called deposits; and its credits, 1st, of discounted notes or bills of exchange and occasionally of public stocks; 2d, of the specie in its vaults and of the notes of, and balances due by, other banks; 3d, of its real estate, either used for banking purposes or taken in payment of debts. Some other incidental items may sometimes be introduced; a part of the capital is occasionally invested in road, canal, and bridge stocks, and the debts, secured on judgments, or bonds and mortgages, are generally distinguished in the official returns of the banks. In order to give a clear view of the subject, we annex an abstract of the situation of the thirty-one chartered banks of Pennsylvania, in November, 1829.

	Dollars.
Capital	12,032,000
Notes in circulation	7,270,000
Deposits	8,758,000
Surplus funds	1,142,000
	<hr/> 29,202,000
Bills discounted	17,526,000
Public stocks	
Road, canal, and bridge stocks	
Debts secured on mortgages, &c.	
Real estate	1,310,000
Notes of other banks	
And due by other banks	
Specie	2,408,000
	<hr/> 29,202,000

“It will be easily perceived, 1st, that what is called the surplus, and sometimes the reserved or contingent fund, is nothing more than that which balances the account, or the difference between the debits and credits of the banks; and that in order to be enabled to repay, at the expiration of the charter, to the stockholders, the full amount of their stock, that fund or difference ought, in every sound bank, to be sufficient to cover all the bad debts and all the losses which may be incurred on the sale of the various stocks held by it, and of its real estate: 2dly, that

the deposits may at any time be converted into bank notes, and that both ought, in correct language, to be included under the denomination of circulation ; * 3dly, that the notes of other banks on hand form no part of the circulation, and ought, when considering the banking system as a whole, to be deducted from the amount of the notes in circulation ; and that, for the same reason, inasmuch as the balances due to other banks by the several banks are included in the deposits, the balances due by such other banks ought also to be deducted from that item, which would reduce the aggregate of those two items in the preceding statement, from 16,028,000 to 12,690,000 dollars : 4thly, that the capital is the only item in the account apparently invariable, though it may occasionally be increased by legislative permission, and lessened by purchases of their own stock by the banks ; and that all the other items are variable, and do vary according to the operations of the banks : 5thly, that supposing the second and third items of credits to remain the same, the circulation, or aggregate of deposits and notes in circulation, cannot be either increased or decreased without a corresponding decrease or increase, either of the bills discounted or of the specie, or of both : 6thly, that by limiting by law the amount of the debts due to the banks, as included in the two first items of the credits, to a sum bearing a certain ratio to the capital, and by likewise limiting, in a similar manner, the gross amount of the notes in circulation, both which limitations are always under the control of the banks, excessive issues may be prevented : 7thly, that if the situation of the banks of Pennsylvania in the aggregate be taken as a proper basis for those limitations, the whole amount of debts due to a bank ought not to exceed twice, nor the gross amount of its notes in circulation, two-thirds of the amount of its capital. But it must not be forgotten, that although these limitations would be useful in checking the amount of loans and issues, the ultimate solvency of a bank always depends on the solidity of the paper it discounts." —pp. 40—42.

We have already once alluded to the first paper issued by authority of the independent government of North America during the war of the revolution. Towards the close of that contest, its value had sunk to almost nothing, and the difficulties which Congress had to encounter, for some time after, were such as might be expected from its condition at that period. In 1791, a bank of the United States was chartered for twenty years, when there were but few others, or state banks, in existence. For reasons, curiously explained by Mr. M'Duffie, in the report mentioned at the commencement of this article, as having caused it to be discussed "as a party question," the renewal of this charter was refused in 1811, in spite of Mr. Gallatin, who was then the finance minister ; and it was in 1814, two years after the declaration of war against Great Britain, that all the banks "south and west of New England suspended their specie payments."

* Our reasons for doubting this we have already given.

This singular event occurred without any legislative restriction or protection, and yet the subsequent depreciation seems to have been the effect, in a great degree, of the increase in amount, rather than of a distrust of the soundness of the currency. Its immediate causes are of course involved in some uncertainty, but Mr. Gallatin assigns five, which seem to be more than sufficient to account for the results. First, there are those two which were advanced in 1813 by themselves, namely—the blockade against exports, after great importation, in the eastern states, and the trade in government bills from Canada; which appear to be proved. He adds—3. The contribution of above seven-eighths of the loans from the middle states, where the war was most popular. 4. The repayment of above seven millions of foreign capital in bank stock, at the dissolution of the last United States Bank; and, 5. The disproportionate increase of issues from the banks which filled its vacancy, whereby the total was raised by no less than one-fourth, while they were immediately followed by the panic of invasion.

The consequences are undoubted and instructive. Mr. Gallatin gives his settled opinion, that if there had been the superintendence of a central bank, occupying its proper space, as previously, the crisis might have been avoided. But there was now a free and unbridled competition. It began with the excess just noticed. When responsibility was removed, this was of course not likely to be corrected; the issues of paper money were again increased by one third, and it fell to various rates of depreciation, according to its origin. Such a state of things offered no great inducements to the issuers to subject it again to the test of specie payment; accordingly few such proposals were made, and no consent obtained, until at length, after four years of ruinous derangement, it was found indispensable to make the effort by legislative interference, and in 1816 the existing Bank of the United States was chartered for twenty years. The precise steps by which the recovery was effected, as well as the account of the increase and failure of the state banks, particularly in Pennsylvania, where the law for their incorporation, passed by two-thirds of the legislature "pledged to their constituents," was now pronounced, by a report of the senate, to have "inflicted an evil of a more disastrous nature than had ever been experienced by its citizens," (p. 50,) are details for which we must refer our readers to the work itself. Suffice it to say, that by able management, in the midst of such difficulties, and at a considerable loss to the community and to government, this institution succeeded in gradually restoring the natural amount and value of the circulation, which it has since maintained with steadiness and uniformity.

Now let us just survey the summary of facts before us, supplied principally by authentic returns, and, where they fail, by computations founded upon analogy and a comparison of secondary evidence. We will first take the banking capital of the nation.

In 1791, there was invested in private banks about 2,000,000 dollars, and in that of the United States, then just established, 10,000,000 more, making, in all 12,000,000

On January 1, 1811, or when this latter institution had reached its term, the private capital had increased to above 42,000,000, in 88 state banks, and the whole to 52,600,000

But the United States Bank was now dissolved, and in January, 1815, the state banks were 208, with a capital of 82,000,000

Cash payments had already been suspended in the end of 1814, and before January, 1816, or within 15 months, the numbers were raised in the first case to 246, and in the second to 89,800,000

Towards the close of 1817, the second Bank of the United States was chartered for 20 years, with 35,000,000 dollars, and in January, 1820, the whole capital was, with 307 state banks 137,000,000

But the circulation was now in course of gradual restoration, and in the end of 1829, when this had been accomplished, the number of state banks was 329, and the whole sum of capital 145,200,000

Now bearing in mind the circumstances above noticed at these several periods, let us make a like comparison of the differences of issue and of specie.

On the 1st of January, 1811, which is the earliest point at which these are furnished, we find the sums of each to be	Notes.	Specie.
	28,100,000	15,400,000
those portions belonging to the United States Bank, being respectively 5,400,000, and 5,800,000.		

At the same period, in 1815, the circulation had risen to	45,500,000	
the specie only to		17,000,000
on January 1, 1816, the former had increased to	68,000,000.	
(or by one half in one year!)		
the latter only to		19,000,000
(or not quite by one-eighth.)		

January 1, 1820, the notes were reduced to	44,800,000
(or below their account in 1815;)	
the specie had increased to	19,820,000
the United States Bank owning of these sums, 4,200,000, and 3,150,000.	
And in November, 1829, while those of the Central Bank had become 13,000,000, and 7,100,000, the totals had increased to	61,300,000
and	22,100,000

or the paper was near one-ninth less, and the metal near one-eighth more, than it was in the year 1816.

By some small adjustments, Mr. Gallatin raises this gross amount of notes to sixty-two millions and a half, and adds ten millions for the silver coins, by the analogy of England. In this we do not think that he is quite supported; for assuming his data in numbers to be correct, it seems scarcely possible to reason from a case where the silver is a mere subsidiary and token currency, and circulates in concurrence with a quantity of gold, to one where it is the only metal and freely coined; especially as he himself supposes that it is in England current in excess. (p. 64.) However the larger proportion which it would at any rate necessarily bear to the gold in circulation, than to a paper currency founded on the same value, may be counterbalanced by the larger proportion required where it is the legal standard, and we shall therefore, perhaps, be not far in error, if we admit it to be one-seventh of the whole; while we shall neglect the fifty-five millions and a half of deposits, from which we conceive that, judging by what is known of the Bank of Amsterdam, we must deduct at least one-third, even if we were to reckon them, for reasons which we have already explained.

It is needless to occupy space by commenting on the pregnant lesson presented by the summary above recorded. It speaks in unequivocal and striking language upon the price and perils of a paper currency, which seems to us not less intelligible in England than in the United States; and more than sufficient to warrant the counsel which is offered by the high authority before us, that the proportion of that material in the latter country should be reduced. To this end, the first measure which he recommends is moderate, and less than we ourselves have already effected. The small notes descend everywhere to five, and in many states so low as to three and two dollars, or even to a single dollar; and these, which he justly terms "a public nuisance," he would, with all below five dollars, or about 2*l.*, prohibit; and thereby substitute

metal for that which he computes at a deduction of one-fifth from the paper circulation.

The other measure is of a different character, but equally obvious, and more easily accomplished; namely, the protection of gold in circulation. The laws of the United States, in 1790, fixed the Mint proportions of gold and silver at fifteen to one, which must have been, even then, somewhat below the true ratio, if that fixed by the French Mint, in 1785, can be taken as any index to the correct numbers. But the relative values have, since that time, greatly altered. They are here supposed, by reasoning founded principally upon the steadiness of the market price of gold and of the agio upon the coins in France, with a free coinage and tender of both metals, to be at present about 15.7 to one. We shall have presently to show why we think that even this must underrate the gold; but it is evident that were its true value only what is thus expressed, none could remain where it is rated at no more than fifteen to one, unless indeed at a course of exchange unusually favourable, or under the regulations of a limited coinage and tender which should neutralize the intrinsic proportions. The difficulty might be met in two ways. They might, in the first place, according to this last exception, adopt the course which has been taken in England, by keeping the coinage of that metal which is not the standard in the hands of government, and by restricting the measure of its legal tender, so as to render it a mere token currency of convenience. In this case it will be in fact made independent of the market rates, and it is not a little curious and amusing to look back at the very positive conclusions and predictions of certain sagacious prophets in the year 1819, upon the effects of such an attempt in England, who have immortalized their frequent asseverations, that the underrated metal could never even thus remain current at the Mint proportions. The result has been, that the said metal, gold, has been ever since in full abundance, and that in consequence of the uncertainty, as Mr. Gallatin remarks, of the market for the overrated silver, the latter has, in the trade with France, where both are free, been preferred for exportation, and the former for importation to this country. Nothing could, in fact, have been more successful than this attempt, in our experience. But the case of the United States is not precisely parallel. It would be there necessary to make gold a limited legal tender, (which we believe it never has been to any amount whatever); for we apprehend that if the coin thus overrated were not so supported, it would command no more than its intrinsic value, and that of the assurance given by the stamp; and it would therefore be exchanged in currency at a corresponding discount, which, since there could be little or no necessary demand for it as coin, could not be counteracted by

any limitation of supply. But where silver is the legal tender, it would seem absurd, and almost nugatory, to restrict the more precious metal to sums which would be more conveniently and more frequently paid in the smaller coins; and to extend its legal use upon such terms to larger, would be virtually a fraudulent alteration of the standard of value, while it must at the same time transfer to silver the effects which it is the object to avert from gold. Mr. Gallatin supposes that the silver currency of England is actually in excess, and that retail traders have compensated themselves by an addition to their prices. We see no good ground for this opinion. Retail prices have, like others, in our ordinary markets, fallen much since the new regulations were enacted; and we think it probable that if the excess had gone far enough to produce such an effect, it would have at length shown itself in something of the more direct form of depreciation. On the other hand we believe there has been little, if any, illegal coinage; and though it no doubt requires some care duly to adjust the necessary quantities, the presumption is rather that the Mint has succeeded in keeping them within those limits at which their disproportions are not practically sensible.

The course here described Mr. Gallatin omits to notice, probably in consequence of the objections which we have explained. But, in the second place, the disappearance of the gold coin from the United States might be remedied, by raising the Mint valuation, and it is this which he recommends for enactment, with the suggestion at the same time of a double standard. The question then arises at what point this valuation should be fixed? The rate of gold to silver coins is always something more in favour of the latter than that of mere bullion, since its coinage is more expensive in proportion to its value. In France this difference is perhaps correctly assumed to be about $\frac{1}{8}$ ths per cent. (Note A.) In England, the coins themselves, as we have seen, cannot be compared. We must therefore look to the market price of standard bullion, as indicated in those of gold, which are the established measure of value. If these be taken to average *£*l. 17*s.* 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ *d.* and 4*s.* 11*d.* respectively, the proportion is near 15.78 to 1, and we should be inclined to think the price assumed for silver makes this rather above than below the true average market rate. With the allowance therefore of $\frac{1}{8}$ ths per cent. before explained, we conceive that the ratio of the coins may be safely taken at 15.68 to 1 by this computation; and if that actually found in France is about 15.6, their real proportions will not probably be far from these points elsewhere. Now it is evident that if the Mint fixed its prices for standard gold and silver exactly at the rate here sought, the inducements to withdraw

either from circulation would be exactly equal, whenever the course of exchange rendered the exportation of the metals profitable, so far as the United States regulations are concerned, and it would vary according to the advantages they might each offer for payment in foreign countries. But silver being, in the case before us, the single standard, it is of importance that it should be less exposed to variations of value by the consequences of such operations; and since the cost of transport in both cases may be taken at about 1 per cent., it is clear that by leaving an inducement in the rating of gold, not exceeding the same amount, there is found a point at which it would always bear a premium upon exportation to that extent, as compared with silver, and yet would not disappear until the exchange had sunk below the intrinsic par. It is between these points, therefore, and near the latter, that it is proposed to fix the future rate; but in taking those which he has suggested, it appears to us that the author has fallen into an error which would in a great measure defeat his object. It will be observed that the rates determined from the Mint prices of France, and the market prices of England, of 15.7 and 15.78 to 1 for bullion, as well as those deduced for the corresponding coin, of 15.6 and 15.68, denote the proportions between the *metals of standard fineness* only. But the Mint prices of France and England, of 15.5 and 15.2 to 1 nearly, quoted by Mr. Gallatin as the basis of these computations, are those of the *pure metal* contained in the coins by legal regulation. That of 15 to 1 in the United States, for which the new rate is to be substituted, has the same meaning; and it is obvious that among the various standards of different nations, it is this proportion alone that can afford an accurate comparison for exchanges of value. Now in consequence of the greater mixture of alloy generally in the gold than in the silver, the proportions of the pure metals are not identical with those of the Mint standards; and we believe it will be found that, assuming the latter as they are here stated, the former will be in England not less than about 15.93, and in France about 15.81* to 1, and with the allowance of $\frac{1}{4}$ ths per cent., the coins would then stand according to their contents in pure metal, as about 15.84 and 15.71 to 1. Now if we are correct in this, it is clear that the numbers proposed by Mr. Gallatin, namely, 15.6 or 15.62 to 1, would still leave the gold underrated even at the highest point, by about $\frac{1}{4}$ ths per cent. In order therefore to effect his object

* We do not quite understand whether, when Mr. Gallatin states the French Mint allowance for a kilogramme of *standard* gold or silver, he speaks of the French standard, or uses the term in its ordinary sense. We apprehend from his numbers that he must mean the former. But if we were to take our *standard*, this rate would become 15.836 to 1.

of protecting the gold currency, he must raise its valuation to a point at least above the lowest of these rates, and we should conceive that he must take that of about 15.73 or 15.74 to 1, before he would probably obtain one which should offer no inducements, under ordinary circumstances, to transport the gold coinage to a better market for its intrinsic value. If a seignorage were properly taken upon both the metals, their position would remain the same; but if his other proposal of a double standard were adopted, (the objections to which we agree in thinking have been much exaggerated, and are here reduced to their true value,) the case would be essentially altered, and would be inconsistent with his other recommendations, since either metal might be then equally withdrawn, without a derangement of the currency; and the adjustment of the real value by an agio, which must then take place, would frustrate the artificial distinctions of the Mint.

We apprehend that there can be scarcely a difference of opinion upon the propriety of the above reform of the coinage; and that it can hardly require the additional plea of claims in favour of a native production, advanced upon the discovery of a bed of gold, extending "from the central parts of Virginia, in a south-west direction, to the State of Alabama," which produced in 1830 near 500,000 dollars, and is here asserted to be one of the richest known.* But even supposing that these two measures were taken which we have already examined, to improve the materials of the currency, there still remains an important question, whether more might not be done, by regulation, to amend that part of it which would still consist of paper? With us, the question stands actually in this position. We have provided for the difficulties hitherto discussed, and it has been interesting to observe the steps recommended by an able authority, towards the same objects, in another community. But we now tread upon different ground. There is no part of the subject in which the legislature of this country has been so remiss as in the controul of the private banks. With all due allowance for an exaggeration of calumny and obloquy, which was heaped upon the honourable, as well as others, of that body, in 1826, there was enough at least then exposed to show the very slender securities which we held for their proceedings; and if there is one point which, more than others, should occupy the anxious attention of those who have to deal with the question in England at this moment, it is a proper revision and regulation of this part of the system. There is no part of the world whence so much information may be

* Mr. Jacob terms this "a kind of mania."—*Hist. Inquiry*, vol. ii. p. 266. But see the chapter upon this subject in Mr. Ouseley's work upon the United States, lately published.

drawn in illustration of it, as the United States. Their federal organization gives the advantage of examples and experiments in almost every variety of contrivance. We shall enumerate the most remarkable, which are here recited. 1. In Massachusetts and Louisiana the loans and stocks of every description held by a bank are forbidden to amount to above twice its capital, which appears to us, as to Mr. Gallatin, more than a sufficient latitude for a well-conducted bank. He advises the extension of this provision, and suggests that it should be coupled with a like restriction upon the issue of notes, to $\frac{2}{3}$ ds of the capital. We must own that we are generally averse to positive, fixed, artificial regulations of this kind, in such matters. If they are determined upon average circumstances, they may prove very ill adapted and inconvenient in emergencies; if they are placed beyond the reach of these, they are a dead letter. The curious fact which he exhibits of the great proportional excess of notes and deposits in the country banks over those of the cities, as 7 to 4, and 3 to 2, in separate instances, tends to show the difficulties arising from difference of necessities. We would on all occasions rather attain the same ends by checks, if possible, more indirect and less inflexible. We cannot but attach great weight to advice founded on the observation and abilities of the authority now before us; but the state of things which he describes in a country like America is evidently not one which can furnish us with quite a parallel conclusion; and at any rate we must acquire much more extensive and precise knowledge of the mysteries of our system to place ourselves upon the same footing for a decision, whether the application of such rules would be here even equally expedient. 2. In New York are provisions for the *bonâ fide* payment upon stock subscribed; and 3. As well as in Maryland, and some other states, one also for the forfeiture of the charter in case of failure to pay on demand in specie, which can apply only to incorporated banks. 4. In the same quarter has been lately established a safety fund of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all bank capital, to provide for payment in case of partial stoppage. The objections to this scheme in such a form are well pointed out, and are unanswerable. But might it not be applied with some advantage, if levied upon the issues or deposits, that is, upon the source of profit? 5. A regulation exists in the United States' Bank Charter, and has been enacted in Louisiana, for the payment of interest at the rate of 12 per cent., and in Massachusetts at that of 24, upon all notes or deposits not paid on demand in specie. We are somewhat surprised to see that Mr. Gallatin commends this rule as a "most efficient security." It appears to us to apply only to the rare occurrence of a suspension like that of the United States in 1814. In cases of

consequent bankruptcy,—where the parties are insolvent, it must be clearly frustrated; and where they are not, it must frequently be a harsh aggravation of misfortunes which were free from blame. At the same time we must conclude that it has been found to be in some degree a check. But we have reserved for the 6th and last, that regulation without which we conceive that all the preceding are futile and imperfect. In all New England, in Pennsylvania, Virginia, Georgia, &c., and in the United States' Bank, *annual statements are required and published* of the operations and situation of the banks. Without *publicity*, all such devices as the above must fail in effecting their true purpose. They may be made corrective, but they can never become preventive measures. For not only does the absence of publicity affect the present action of all such provisions, it leaves us without the means which should qualify us to judge of them or of their prospective adoption. In this country it has been thought necessary hitherto to veil the subject and all its details in positive and impenetrable darkness; and witness the result—that in the most critical emergencies, such as 1819 and 1826, we are compelled to resort to wandering calculations,—to few and scattered facts, to “practical” opinions, or to documents, no better than an account of notes stamped, or of licenses for issue.* We would conjure, therefore, those who are employed in revising our banking system, to give at least their best attention to this important point, and to provide us in future with some more steady light for the path which we may have to travel. It is really preposterous that institutions, of which the very life-breath is the confidence not only of those who have personal facilities for estimating their claims to it, as in other branches of commerce, but of the community at large, should expect to receive it, without furnishing one element of their pretensions to the public. In America, such publicity has led to any thing but inconvenience, and has afforded the means of giving to the world a work like that now before us, which in Great Britain would be absolutely impossible; and although perhaps the obstacles to the change might be somewhat greater, there is nothing that we can see which gives us here any reason to distrust or doubt those consequences which have there been ascertained, and the value of which we cannot too urgently press upon the managers of the present inquiry.

Finally, we are led to that coincident question in the two countries which is the occasion of the corresponding discussions, namely, the continuance of a central superior and controlling

* Vide Reports and Appendix, in 1819 and 1820, particularly Appendix F. Lords' Rep. Cash Payments, 1819.

establishment. But we have; we fear, already appropriated a space to this article which must prevent our treating it as fully as its extent and importance would demand. The great and striking benefits to which we have before alluded, in the United States, persuade Mr. Gallatin without hesitation to decide it in the affirmative. He is accompanied in his opinion by the Committee of Ways and Means, in the Report to which we have more than once referred; and, with us, Mr. McCulloch has supported the same view, in a pamphlet entitled an "Historical Sketch of the Bank of England," acknowledged by him in his recent "Dictionary," and which is well worth the attention of our readers. But they concur also in a subsequent very important, though we cannot think very complex question—the comparative merits of an independent chartered, or of a government bank. Though the President of the United States has recommended the latter form to Congress, we have met with but few of what we should be disposed to call sound arguments in its favour. The case, as far as America is concerned, is ably treated in the above mentioned Report to Congress. In England, where the full amount of the bank capital is already invested in loan to government, we should not even gain the advantage of a security upon the national credit; and the expectation of, at least, any material saving in expense, over an amended arrangement with the Bank of England for its financial services, appears to us to be utterly visionary. Not less so, in spite of the high authority which has upheld it, must we consider that of the possibility of rendering such an establishment really independent of the government, or nearly so much so as that which now exists. The American Reporter determines it to be totally impracticable in that country; and we see no grounds for believing that it would be much more so in our own. The great and paramount value of a private company like the Bank of England, over an instrument in the hands of the executive, is that its interest must be, if rightly understood, generally subservient to the public protection,—a guarantee with which no other can be put in competition; certainly no force of personal honour, of patriotism, or of political wisdom. On the other hand, in knowledge of their business, its practical details, and its various connections; in the opportunity and habits of close attention to its many fluctuations, there can be maintained no comparison between any conceivable officers of government and men like our bank directors. If it is objected, that they have sometimes mistaken the principles of their conduct, we would ask how many public politicians, in the several great crises of the Bank, saw them more clearly at the time? We are convinced that they have at all periods acted with

an honourable regard to what they believed to be the interests of the country; and although we cannot quite go the length, with Mr. M'Culloch, of affirming "that while they are obliged to pay their notes on demand, *nothing* is to be apprehended from their proceedings," we doubt whether much more is required than that government should take care never again to place them in that anomalous and unfair situation, in which they have stood when the national interests were at variance with those of the establishment, to give us as effectual a security against such dangers as is to be found in any other arrangement.

We should not, if we had more room, think it worth while to enter upon the American constitutional questions which occupy the conclusion of Mr. Gallatin's work. They generally concern the powers of congress, and are, therefore, foreign to the interest of our readers. But they have one feature peculiar to the federal form of the United States, which deserves to be noticed, as curiously illustrative of the history of currency. It is argued that the consequences of the past system which have occurred were not only disastrous, but positively unconstitutional. One of the fundamental provisions of the constitution directs, that all imposts shall be uniform throughout the nation; and that they shall be levied on the population of each state by the rule therein prescribed. Now, owing to the separate independence of the several states, the depreciation of their different currencies was at all points of variation during the suspension. In New England that crisis never took place,—in the middle states it was universal. The consequence of this must have been, of course, that the fixed payments to the government were, at Baltimore, as much as the discount, or 25 per cent., less than in Massachusetts, where they were at par; and there was an unquestionable violation, in spirit, of this condition of the constitution in favour of the former, so long as it continued.

In conclusion, we shall only hope that we have done enough to recommend this pamphlet, and the great value of its contents, to the notice and attention of English readers; but we cannot leave it without once more repeating our opinion, that at this moment it bears a peculiar interest for all who have any concern in the great questions relating to the subject of which it treats, now practically at issue in this country (and we know not whom we could except from such a designation), since it offers no ordinary measure of sound and authentic information, in a department of knowledge where errors are so serious and yet so rife, and where, therefore, it is doubly desirable that every man who is induced to think, should also be induced to seek and prize it.

CRITICAL SKETCHES.

ART. XI.—*Morgenländische Dichtungen.* Von A. Oehlenschläger.
 1. *Die Fischerstochter.* 2. *Die Drillingsbrüder von Damask.* (Oriental
 Dramas. By A. Oehlenschläger. 1. The Fisher's Daughter. 2. The
 Three Twin Brothers of Damascus.) 2 Bände. Leipzig, Brockhaus,
 1831.

OEHLENSCHLÄGER's earliest inspiration was derived from the East. He used to sit and pore over its wonders in the deserted royal apartments at Friedrichsberg, forgetting the cold and loneliness of a Danish winter in the country, amidst the sunny scenery of the Arabian Nights, and peopling the empty halls about him with an airy crowd of caliphs, cadis, princes, porters, slaves, magicians, genii and spirits, "white, black and grey, with all their trumpery," with all the splendours, and spells, and visions of the gorgeous East. His *Aladdin*, written with the first enthusiasm of youth, was the earliest effort from which his future fame might be predicted; and now, though past the meridian of life, he again revisits, apparently with the same delight, the haunts of his childhood, and once more places before us, on the same stage, the *dramatis personæ* of our youth, Haroun Alraschid, Giafar, Mesrour, the Old Man of the Sea, the Genie in the Casket—all those creatures so associated with the remembrance of our school days.

"The tide of time flows *back* for him,
 The forward-flowing tide of time,
 And many a sheeny summer morn
 Adown the Tigris he is borne,
 By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
 High-walled gardens, green and old:—
 True Mussulman is he, and sworn!"

Oehlenschläger certainly adapts himself with great tact, and with a very respectable command of eastern expression and allusion, to the manner of the Arabian Nights. It is, however, a disadvantage inseparable from the attempt to dramatize these remarkable fictions, that the moment they are divested of the *naïveté* of mere narrative, and reduced to action and dialogue, much of the peculiar charm which they possess evaporates. When a story begins in plain prose, in the old conventional way—"There was a king and a queen"—we are prepared for anything; we surrender ourselves quietly up to the laws of fairy land, and are prepared to swallow a Rok's egg without wincing, and see a genius of some fifty cubits high crammed quietly into an iron cannister of eighteen inches by twelve. But all this, which in the old legendary form passes by without much notice, softened as it is by the hazy atmosphere of fairy land, looks startling enough when brought prominently forward in the glare of the stage lamps, and discussed in sober dialogue in blank verse. Then we begin to "think it not honesty to have it so set down:" the

contrast between the levity and absurdity of the incidents, and the gravity and artificial character of the medium through which they are conveyed, becomes ludicrous, and, except as a mere vehicle for scenery and decoration, the piece ceases to interest any but mere children.

Little, therefore, we think, is in general to be gained by dramatising an eastern story. In the hands of one who, like Wieland, knows how to preserve the simplicity of the original, while he interweaves with it the graces of versification, it may possibly be improved rather than injured by a poetical *bearbeitung*; but in *action*, we suspect, all its peculiarities must evaporate. The only way in which a dramatic version of such a tale can be rendered interesting, is by employing it as a framework setting for scattered gems of poetry; or by selecting from the rich field which the evervarying incidents and scenery of oriental fiction afford, and giving way to the full flow of inspiration in a lyrical form. Such was the case in *Aladdin*, which, though sufficiently oriental in its character, owed its fame almost entirely to the brilliant and touching poetry scattered over its scenes, which reflected far more the feelings of the dramatist than that of the characters. In these later productions, we think Oehlenschläger has been less successful, precisely because he has too studiously excluded from his pages those lyrical bursts which so often captivated or moved the reader in *Aladdin*, and has laboured too much to give a rapid dramatic march and regular progression to incidents whose very essence it is to set all regularity at defiance. In both of these new pieces the plot advances more continuously; there is even more studious observation of eastern manners and usages than in his former work: but we must be allowed to think far less of poetry, far less of that enthusiasm, without which such a subject falls cold and lifeless upon the reader.

The first, *The Fisher's Daughter*, is a kind of gallery of recollections from the Arabian Nights. It embodies ingeniously enough, and works up into one tale, many of their leading scenes and actors. The main plot, if plot it can be called, is the story of the fisherman's (Sandib) daughter Amine, who is sold by her father (seduced by wine and a purse of sequins) to a slave merchant, and becomes the bride of the young sultan Agib, who had gained her affections in the disguise of a gardener's assistant. The happiness of the young pair is, however, soon disturbed by the machinations of the fairy Floristane, herself in love with Agib, who by her magic arts disturbs the reason of Amine, persuades her that her beloved Agib is a monster, and induces her, like Titania, to mistake a loathsome Moorish fanatic for the object of her affection. Agib, worked up to frenzy by her insane attachment, sacrifices the Moor to his wrath, but is forthwith changed by Amine (who with this very view had been endowed with supernatural powers by the revengeful fairy) into a being half man, half marble—in fact, our old acquaintance, the King of the Black Islands. Then follow, as in the Arabian tale, the scenes of the fisherman (the father of Amine) with the silly Genie of the Casket; the magic fishes, blue, green, red and yellow, uplifting their "sweet voices" from the frying-pan; the journey of the sultan to the mountain lake from which the mysterious fishes had been taken; and the final

loosing of the spell which bound the unfortunate sultan and his subjects. With this too are interwoven the adventure with the infernal old man of the sea, whose legs we think we still feel clinging round our throats; the decapitation of the physician Douban; and the death of the tyrant by whose orders he is executed, in consequence of turning over the poisoned leaves of the physician's magic volume. This last incident, it must be confessed, has no very direct bearing upon the plot. Neither do we much admire the introduction of a self-conceited pompous European traveller, who is present amidst these strange scenes, but persists in thinking that the terrible adventure of the talking fishes, and such like, are mere feats of jugglery, played off by the polite sultan for his amusement. This breaks unpleasantly the Asiatic character of the piece; while the satire, which seems to be insinuated under the character of the European, has nothing in itself so pointed as to recommend it. We have already said that we regretted in these dramas the absence of lyrical passages; the more so, as the few that are introduced are among the most interesting in these volumes. With difficulty we have been able to pitch on one or two, to show that Oehlenschläger retains his old flow and tenderness as well as homeliness of style. In the first act, when Sandib, restored to his senses, recollects that he has sold his daughter, he rushes to the shore of the Red Sea, on the brink of which his cottage stands, and in the first movement of despair, throws the accursed sequins, which he looks upon as the price of blood, into the sea. Meantime his starving children in the cottage awaken, and cry for food. The Fairy of the Sea rises from the waters, and sings—

“ O fair lies the fisher's cottage,
Close by the ruddy sea—
The grass, the palm, the fountain,
They make it fair to see.
The stranger gazes on it
Wistfully o'er the foam,
And thinks that here for ages
Sweet peace must have made her home.

“ But could he look within it,
And want and sorrow see—
The father's grief and mourning—
Where would its beauty be?
Hark to the children weeping—
Each rears his little head,
From short and uneasy sleeping,
And wails, but in vain, for bread.

“ But soft, through the open lattice,
I'll drop this melon nigh,
And here on the rock beside me,
This coin of gold shall lie.
This shall the little Lolo
Find when he seeks for shells;
God leaves not the house forsaken
Where guiltless childhood dwells.

" Another still shall greet thee,
 Sure as the month shall end ;
 The fairy will not fail thee,
 She is the infant's friend :
 I love my little Lolo,
 Who plays upon my strand ;
 A foretaste of my bounties
 I lay within his hand."

Our next extract shall be from Amine's soliloquy in the second act, when she begins to feel, but scarcely dares to acknowledge to herself, her affection for Agib, the prince who had gained her love in the disguise of the gardener.

" *A wood beyond the garden.*—AMINE (*alone*).

" O, lovely art thou, Nature, in thy works:
 On every stem the diadem of spring;
 In every bud a little angel lurks—
 Each leaf is fluttering like an elfin-wing!
 How strange, how wonderful, my present mood:
 Now first, methinks, the charms of spring I see;
 Till now I only knew and loved the good—
 The beautiful was all a blank to me. (*Pauses.*)
 " Yet no—the children!—those were fairer flowers
 Than these that open to the fresh'ning morn:
 How gaily by their side slid by the hours—
 They withered not!—they bore no treacherous thorn. (*Sighs.*)
 Ah me!—All that I loved and lost before
 Seems here anew to live and bloom once more.
 " But late, and in my bosom passion slept,
 Unfelt as in the egg the embryo bird:
 Forth from his shell the wanton now has crept,
 And my poor heart with joy and pain is stirred.
 I ask for Agib: when he comes, the blood
 Comes flushing to my face with tell-tale flow:
 I know not yet if he be true and good;
 That he is fair, alas!—too well I know.
 " I feel entranced; these overshadowing trees
 The balmy murmurs of the zephyrs shake.
 Here let me lay me down, and dream at ease
 Of him I dare not think of while awake.
 The earliest bed was still the grassy ground;
 The earliest chamber was the forest hoar;
 And the brook lulls me with the self-same sound
 It sang to Eve in Paradise of yore."

The groundwork of the second of these dramas, the "Three Twin Brothers of Damascus," is the well known *Fabliau* of *Les Trois Bossus*—a tale which in one shape or other has been imitated in the literature of most European nations. In Oehlenschläger's edition, however, the three brothers are not hunchbacks, though their resemblance to each other externally is so great as to render it impossible to distinguish them. Of this piece we have only time to say, that though it has little claims to poetry, it possesses very considerable humour; that the incidents are natural and well imagined, and the characters well discrimi-

nated. But it affords no materials for extract, unless our quotations were extended to a far greater length than our limits warrant. On the whole, we would say of the present publication, that it can add no laurels to Oehlenschläger's fame, but will not, we think, tarnish those he has already obtained.

ART. XII.—*Mémoires de Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, ou Souvenirs historiques sur Napoleon, la Revolution, le Directoire, le Consulat, l'Empire, et la Restauration.* Tom. I.—VI. 8vo. Paris, 1832.

WE have to apologize for our delay in noticing a work so pre-eminently distinguished amidst the swarm of pretended Memoirs, of pseudo-Autobiographies, that the Parisian press has of late years littered. Our excuse is, that we wished to review as a whole memoirs embracing so important an epoch as that announced in the Duchess's title page; but when, upon closing the 6th octavo volume, we found ourselves no further advanced than the offer of the consulship for life, we felt compelled to abandon our wish as hopeless, and to make up our mind to emit our opinion of this interesting publication—a work it has no pretension to be called—piece-meal.

We have termed these volumes distinguished, because they bear internal evidence of authenticity, and interesting, because all authentic information touching Napoleon must be so; but in one respect the book has, we confess, disappointed us. We looked for the simple (we do not mean uncoloured, that were indeed idle,) downright gossiping about an illustrious individual, that charms us in many old memoirs, male to say truth as well as female. But, alas for this march of intellect! where shall we now-a-days find anything of the kind? Despite the total disregard of time and place, which frank and pleasant gossiping only can justify, the Duchess of Abrantes chooses to instruct us in politics, metaphysics, the fine arts, and what not, imperatively requiring us to accept her *ipse dixit*, amongst other matters, for Mr. Pitt's having instigated not only every attempt upon Bonaparte's life, but also the murder of the Emperor Paul, and, we believe, of every soul assassinated during his ministry. Mr. Fox's denial of some of the atrocities imputed to his political rival, which she admiringly records, she seems to admire merely as a patriotic falsehood.

We are indebted for these Memoirs, it should seem, to those of Bourrienne, which incensed the Duchess, both as the widow of Junot, and as, in her own proper person, an especial pet of Napoleon. For our own part we must say, that as far as we can see, in essentials at least, these two pictures of the aspiring young Corsican adventurer, the triumphant General, and the First Consul, do not seem materially to disagree, inasmuch as the lady, even when she contradicts the gentleman, appears to us only to state the same fact with different feelings, consequently putting it in a different light. Nevertheless, he who would form to himself a correct image of Bonaparte, would do well to study him both in the pages of his discarded secretary, and

in those of the widow of his once favourite aide-de-camp. If jealousy of a schoolfellow immeasurably exalted, if resentment at the withdrawal of that exalted schoolfellow's long confidence in the companion of his boyhood—a withdrawal by no means satisfactorily accounted for—darken Bourrienne's pictures of the coldly calculating selfishness which unhesitatingly sacrificed the lives and affections of all individuals to every immediate personal interest, who so well calculated to relieve those sombre hues with the orient tints of morn, to record every symptom of kindness and sensibility, every trait of goodnature and playfulness, as Madame Junot? And here we must bring back to the reader's recollection the circumstances explanatory of the lady's bias. Not only was Madame Junot's mother, Madame Permon, (the daughter of a branch of the Imperial Comneni settled in Corsica,) an early friend of *Madame Mère*, as Napoleon's mother was whimsically entitled, but the connection was near being drawn yet closer, even to the substituting of the Permon to the Beauharnais family. After a hint or two, that looked to us somewhat suspicious (of course unintentionally) touching the regard that subsisted between Madame Permon and her friend's son, the Duchess tells us, that Bonaparte one day proposed to that lady, then in widow's weeds, to marry her son Albert Permon to his sister Pauline, her daughter Laure, (our authoress in proper person,) then a child, to one of his brothers, and to begin by bestowing her fair though matron hand, upon himself. Considerations of age, fortune, and other sundries, induced the widow to decline all these matrimonial schemes; and in a marvellously short time afterwards, we know not exactly how short—inasmuch as our Duchess despises chronology—the rejected lover married Madame Beauharnais.

Madame Permon, a true Frenchwoman, presently quarrelled with Bonaparte himself about a commission which he neglected to procure for some cousin of hers on the appointed day. The intimacy between the families nevertheless still continued; and when Junot, whose impassioned devotion to Napoleon could not but command some return of affection, married Laure Permon, all the First Consul's kindness for the daughter of his lost love seems to have revived, if indeed it were not succeeded by warmer feelings. We would not be censorious, else the Duchess tells us some things that might awaken a suspicion that she does not tell all, especially as we remember Madame de Genlis's warning to memoir writers against such silly indiscretion. We, however, who had rather be deemed credulous than censorious, are willing to believe that the First Consul visited the young bride's solitary bedchamber at Malmaison, at early dawn, only to read his despatches there, litter her bed with the covers, and pinch her feet through the bed clothes; as also that she designedly cured him of so awkward a habit, by one night irresistibly detaining Junot to share her couch, where Bonaparte found him next morning, when, as commandant of Paris, he ought to have returned to his post after supper. A little quarrel followed between the First Consul and the lady, but it soon blew over, and she appears to have remained a favourite. She

herself professes to share her husband's enthusiasm for the hero; whilst she speaks of the usually beloved Josephine, even when praising her, in a tone that sounds very like the bitterness of rivalry, either personal or filial, and of Marie Louise with absolute detestation.

We do not propose giving much space to a book that either is, or will shortly be, in every body's hands; and having generally enounced our opinion of the character of the work, and of the authoress's peculiar fitness for writing it, we shall merely add an extract or two. And now we truly regret our delay; for those extracts we must needs take from the newest, and therefore least known volumes, which offer us nothing so impressive or entertaining as some of the earlier scenes of that well named period, the Reign of Terror, (of the frightful influence of which upon the obscurest individuals, we, in our tranquil country, can hardly form an idea,) and others from Bonaparte's youth. We have, however, selected a couple of passages totally unconnected with politics, a subject we have no desire to discuss with the fair Duchess, and which exhibit the First Consul in his most amiable character, even whilst betraying something of the cloven foot.

One day a gentlemanly looking youth was observed lingering about the gates of Malmaison, and entreating to see the First Consul, as a matter upon which his very existence depended. Upon being closely interrogated by the aides-de-camp, it appeared that he was a candidate for admission to the Polytechnic School, but excluded even from the preliminary examination of the competitors, because he had received his instruction solely from his father, not from any public professor.

"'But,' said Duroc, with his accustomed mildness and civility, 'what would you have the First Consul do in the affair? This is a rule invariably observed with regard to all candidates.—What would you have of the First Consul?'

"'I would have him examine me,' answered the youth, with a delightful *naïveté*. 'I am certain that when he shall have questioned me, he will judge me worthy to share the labours of those youths of whom he desires to make officers fitted to execute his great conceptions.'

"The three comrades looked at one another. Duroc and Junot, as well as Lacuée, thought that this youth, with his burning words and glance of fire, could not but please the First Consul. Duroc repaired to his apartment. Napoleon smiled with that sweet, that luminous smile, which he had when pleased.

"'And this young hair-brain wants me to examine him?' said he to Duroc. 'But how should such a fancy occur to him? It is so strange.' And still smiling, he rubbed his chin. 'How old is he?' asked the First Consul, after walking about for some time without speaking, but in a gracious silence.

"'Perhaps about seventeen, General.'

"'Fetch him.'

The youth's appearance pleased as had been anticipated.

"'Well, young man,' said the First Consul, approaching the youthful enthusiast with a gracious smile, 'so you would be examined by me?'

"The poor boy, trembling with delight, could not answer. Napoleon liked neither insolent hardihood, nor timid bashfulness; but what he now beheld was a silence caused by the soul's speaking too loud—and he understood it.

"'Compose yourself, my boy. At this moment you are not sufficiently collected to answer me. I will occupy myself with other business, and then we will attend to yours.'

“ ‘The First Consul then led Junot to a window, where he said to him, ‘Do you note that youth? Had I a thousand like him, the conquest of the world would be but a pleasant ride.’ ”

The examination went off happily, and the youth, at the very summit of human felicity, was dismissed with a note in Bonaparte's own hand, to order his immediate admission into the Polytechnic School; where the Duchess, though she has forgotten his name, recollects that he distinguished himself. We readily believe it.

One other scene and we have done. Two packets of MS. pamphlets, or satires against Bonaparte, had been mysteriously delivered to Madame Junot and Madame Permon, the latter had promptly thrown her packet into the fire. Bonaparte was strongly persuaded of Madame Permon's ill-will towards himself, and Junot was hesitating how to act, when an express arrived from Albert Permon, then in office at Marseilles, with a similar packet sent to him in his mother's name. This reiteration decided Junot. He hastened to the Tuileries at 11 o'clock at night, and presented his brother-in-law's letter to Bonaparte, who was just going to bed. After walking about for some time, rubbing his forehead, he stood still before Junot.

“ ‘Do you give me your word of honour that your mother-in-law has no concern in all this?’

“ ‘My mother-in-law!’ exclaimed Junot—‘my mother-in-law!’ and he told the story of the burnt papers. As he spoke, Napoleon assumed an attentive air. Suddenly he began to walk rapidly about his cabinet, and his brow grew menacing. Junot stood perplexed.

Bonaparte now poured forth a *tirade* upon Madame Permon's intercourse with his enemies, which ended with,

“ ‘And you, too, great simpleton as you are, you too make friends of my enemies.’

“ ‘Junot gazed with an air of stupefaction upon his general. He fancied himself in a dream, and at length asked, ‘Who can you mean, General?’

“ ‘Who?—Why that M. d'Orsay.—Him whom they call the handsome d'Orsay. Was not he well nigh shot as a Clichy conspirator? Has not he been in the Temple? Fouché was telling me the other day that he was a dangerous man.’ ”

This speech produced an explosion of Junot's wrath against Fouché, to whom he gave the lie direct, and of his zeal in justification of his friend d'Orsay. His brow reeked with perspiration, his voice grew husky. Napoleon approached him, took his hand, and said—

“ ‘Come, come, you are a mere child!—Hold your tongue!—What the devil!—I am not speaking of you, my most faithful friend. Did not you prove your attachment when I was in chains? Would you not have followed me to prison?’

“ ‘I would have followed you to the scaffold!’ exclaimed Junot, striking the table with his clenched fist, so as to make every thing upon it bound off. Napoleon laughed.

“ ‘Well, then! you see it is impossible I should say a single word that can

wound your heart, Monsieur Junot.' As he spoke he pulled his ear, his nose, his hair (his usual marks of kindness.) Junot shrank.

"'Ah, I hurt you!' said Napoleon, drawing still nearer to him; and laying his small white hand upon Junot's fair locks, he caressed him, as though he would have appeased a child. 'Junot,' he resumed, looking at him with unutterable sweetness, 'do you remember one day in the Serbelloni palace at Milan? You had been wounded there, just there,' and the small hand tenderly patted the large deep scar. 'I pulled your hair, and took away my hand, full of your blood.'

"The First Consul turned pale at the bare recollection; and repressing a shudder, he went on:—'Yes, I own it, I then felt that there is a weakness inherent in our human nature, which in women is more developed, more exquisite. I then understood that one might faint. I do not forget that epoch, friend; and from that time the name of Junot cannot unite in my mind with even a show of perfidy. Your head is hot—too hot—but you are an honest, excellent fellow. You—Lannes—Marmont—Duroc—Berthier—Bessière.'—At every name Napoleon took a pinch of snuff, and walked about, occasionally pausing and smiling at the name that reminded him of a faithful servant.

"'My son Eugene.—Yes, those are hearts that love me—upon them I may rely.—Lemarrais—there is another of the faithful.—And that poor Rapp; he has not been long about me, and yet he loves me enough to be rude.—Do you know he scolds me sometimes?'"

Every shadow of dissatisfaction with Junot had now vanished, but not with Madame Permon. Another burst of anger at her enmity to himself and preference of his brothers was only appeased by information that she was probably on her death-bed. At these words Bonaparte came close to Junot, seized his arm, and exclaimed:

"'Corvisart must see her!'

"He rang.—'Let citizen Corvisart be told I wish to speak with him.' And he continued to walk about in agitation. 'How! That woman, so handsome, so blooming not fifteen months since!' (He had attended a ball she gave upon her daughter's marriage.) 'Poor Madame Permon!—Poor Madame Permon!'

"He sank into his arm-chair, covered his eyes with his hands, and remained some time silent. Then rising, he again walked about with the rapidity always observed in his movements when any thing affected him. 'Deagenettes too must see her—and Ivan.—It is impossible but what the faculty must have some means of curing a person as healthful and blooming as a rose.'"

With a little more to the same purpose the scene ends, Junot is dismissed for the night, and, for aught we are told, the strange story of the MS. satires may never have been thought of again.

And now, having exhibited Bonaparte in a somewhat more kindly light than he usually appears in, except to revolutionary eyes, which ours are not, we take our leave of Madame la Duchesse d'Abrantes, until she shall favour us with a few more volumes.

ART. XIII.—*Les Polonais et les Polonaises de la Revolution du 29 Novembre, 1830 : ou Portraits des Personnes qui ont figuré dans la dernière Guerre de l'Independance Polonoise, avec les Facsimile de leurs signatures, lithographiés sur dessins originaux, par les artistes les plus distingués, MM. Grévedon, Maurin, Vigneron, Belliard, Devéria, Bazin, Desmadryl, Lecler, Desmaisons, Kurowski, Officier Polonais, &c. &c.; accompagnés d'une Biographie pour chaque portrait.* Par Joseph Straszewicz. Liv. I. folio. Paris, 1832.

This publication is honourable alike to the talent, the patriotism, the enterprise, the spirit of independence, and the industry of the Polish exiles. It is a biography of such Poles as have most distinguished themselves during the recent attempt at emancipation, written in French, by one of their number, and illustrated by portraits from the pencils of Polish and French artists, as also by *fac-similes* of every portrayed *biographee's* autograph signature. Or perhaps, did we ourselves belong to the class of *cognoscenti* instead of that of *litterati*, we might, more correctly, say, it is a collection of the portraits of such personages, illustrated by biographical sketches. Under either point of view it is an interesting production. The prints are as creditable to the artists, French and Poles, as are the biographical sketches to the author, an unpractised one, we presume, and writing in a foreign language. And those who may be tempted to subscribe by the charitable wish of aiding destitute refugees, will find, we think, that in addition to the gratification of their benevolent feelings, they have got their money's worth for their money.

A work of this slight kind is, however, neither a meet occasion for politically discussing the Polish question, nor entitled to occupy many of our pages; we shall therefore try briefly to give our readers some idea of the degree of interest which M. Straszewicz possesses opportunity and talent to awaken. His first number, the only one yet published, presents us with the lives and likenesses of V. Lukazinski, the Countess Potocka, J. N. Uminski, P. Bielinski, and the Count de Paç;—the last being, it should seem, the Sclavonian form of Pazzi, of which noble Florentine family the Polish patriot is a descendant. Of these five the first two most touch our fancy, and of them we shall speak.

Valerian Lukazinski, the son of a noble but reduced family, was born in 1790. In his very infancy Poland was blotted from the list of nations, and like almost all aspiring and gallant spirits amongst his countrymen of that generation, he pursued a military career under the auspices of Napoleon, to whom the crushed and divided Poles looked for the resuscitation of their country. Upon the downfall of the French empire, Lukazinski entered the army of the kingdom of Poland, as constituted at Vienna, and subjected to the Russian autocrat. He was appointed major in the 4th regiment of the line, which he so trained and formed, that the Grand-Duke Constantine loved to call it his young guard: this regiment has since peculiarly distinguished itself in the insurgent army.

But whatever military skill Lukazinski had acquired in the mighty Napoleon school, it was not as a soldier that he was destined to assist his country's struggles. Early dissatisfied with her enthralled condition, and perhaps with Alexander's mode of fulfilling the engagements under which he had obtained Poland, Lukazinski began to meditate emancipation from Moscovite sovereignty, and for that purpose turned his thoughts to secret associations, a course, as our author assures us, peculiarly adapted to the Polish character. Lukazinski, according to Straszewicz, founded a national freemasonry, in outward form not differing from ordinary freemasonry, and inculcating lessons of loyalty to the czar, blended with patriotism, upon all members below the fourth grade of initiation; but the real object of which was insurrection and independence. This national freemasonry—we are not told of what grade—spread throughout Poland, including her still dismembered provinces, and numbered amongst its disciples most of the army. But such secrets are hardly to be kept for years impenetrable. In 1821, just as Lukazinski was beginning to deem himself ready for action, Alexander prohibited all freemasonry in his dominions.

The timid now took fright and abandoned their schemes. The more ardent “undertook,” says Straszewicz, “to transform the prudent work of Lukazinski into Carbonarism.” They sought a new mask, a new organization; but the police was now upon the scent, and in the following year very many were arrested, including Lukazinski himself, who had previously incurred Constantine’s displeasure. His biographer tells us :

“A superior officer had been brought before a court-martial, of which Lukazinski was named a member. The grand-duke, according to his usual practice, sent a verdict ready drawn up, to which the members were, as a mere matter of form, to affix their signatures. ‘I will not sign,’ said Lukazinski. ‘If I am a judge, it is my right and duty to judge for myself; if I am not, my signature is useless.’ His firmness awoke scruples in his colleagues, and the grand duke’s order remained unavailing.”

For this act of disobedience Lukazinski had been exiled to a country town, where he remained under police *surveillance*—thank heaven an untranslatable word!—when the discovery of his machinations offered better grounds for punishing him. From this period he was a close prisoner, secluded from all intercourse with friends and kindred, condemned to hard labour, and, it is alleged, periodically subjected to the *knout*, an increase of severity which he is averred to have provoked by constantly detected and constantly renewed attempts to escape and revolt. When the insurrection did break out, Lukazinski was anxiously sought by his friends in every Polish prison; but in vain! Neither the living man, nor any record of his death, could be found; and it is asserted that the Russians dragged their captive away with them in their retreat. Lukazinski’s portrait is by a Polish officer, whose graphic abilities it places in a very favourable light. We should like to know whether it be painted from the life, or from memory.

We have already bestowed upon M. Straszewicz as much space as we had originally allotted him; but we cannot expose our gallantry to

such reprobation as must follow our omission of the one lady whose striking countenance graces this number; and we are the better inclined to exceed our limits in her favour, as her patriotic enthusiasm appears to be of that genuinely feminine kind which we love to commemorate in the gentler half of the species.

Claudine Potocka, sprung from one of the oldest and noblest houses of Poland, that of the Counts Dzialynski, married at sixteen into another, that of the Counts Potocki, and had lived six years of wedded happiness, when, in November 1830, Poland rose against Russia. Count Potocki instantly left his quiet home in the Grand Duchy of Posen, and flew to Warsaw to share the dangers of his countrymen. His wife followed, not, like some of her fair compatriots, to battle in the Polish ranks, but to devote her blooming youth to the service of the hospitals, where, for seven months, she consecrated herself wholly and unremittingly to tendance upon the wounded, and upon the victims of the cholera. When Warsaw surrendered, she accompanied the army to Modlin, and upon the retreat, resigned the single truss of straw procured for her own bed, to a sick officer destitute of even such wretched accommodation. When all was over, she made use of the passport granted her in consideration of her sex, to rescue those most implicated, most hopeless of escape, by passing them as her servants; and when danger threatened the party, she pledged her person and property to the Prussian government for their conduct. The Countess Potocka is now living at Dresden, where, we understand, the residue of her fortune, her trinkets, her personal attentions, and even the produce of her manual labour as a copyist, are still dedicated to the continuance of the same work of patriotic charity, in relieving the distress of her exiled and indigent countrymen.

ART. XIV.—*Considérations sur les principaux moyens d'améliorer le sort des Classes Ouvrières.* Par M. Arrivabene. Bruxelles, 1832. 8vo.

THE author of this pamphlet is known as the compiler of a valuable account of the philanthropic institutions of London, and as the writer of several papers on subjects of public economy. He is the descendant of one of the most ancient families, and the inheritor of one of the largest estates in Italy, and, having been driven by the unhappy course of political events from his native land, has derived from his exile the consolation of turning his leisure to far more useful account for his fellow men than, under other circumstances, could have been expected of him. The present pamphlet is the result of considerable observation, much reading, and long reflection, and will be especially useful on the Continent, where few economists are more conversant than M. Arrivabene with all that has been said, written, and done in this country of late years, for the reformation of the poor laws, and the amelioration of the condition of the poor.

The author is strongly opposed to all fantastic schemes for the prevention of pauperism, and especially to that chimerical theory of the

equal partition of property, upon which the system of Mr. Owen and the St. Simonian religion appear to be in a great degree founded. The conclusion at which he arrives is, that "whether we consider the augmentation of the revenues, or the diminution of the expenses of the working classes, as the means of the improvement of their condition, it is the establishment of good laws, political, civil, and commercial, and the diffusion of education, that present themselves as the chief modes of effecting the desired improvement."

We apprehend that there are few sound economists, at least in England, who would not be disposed to agree with Count Arrivabene in this conclusion. Those classes which are dependant on their labours for subsistence cannot, in the nature of things, have separate interests from those of the other orders of society. We entirely concur in the author's opinion, that civilized society cannot exist without the stability of property, and, moreover, without the inequality of fortunes, which the new theorists so stoutly oppose. After a patient examination of the St. Simonian doctrines, to say nothing of Mr. Owen's, it is hard to conceive the possibility of the existence of a community passing its life in such a state of modified predial slavery as the practice of those doctrines would establish. We are not in such despair of the fortunes of the world—even of the old world of Europe—as to have lost all hope of the permanent reformation of social abuses, in spite of all the obstacles that frustrate that reformation, and we had rather wait with patience the progress of the change, however tardy, than, by the adoption of such systems as the St. Simonian, destroy Persepolis cleanly and utterly, and erect an assemblage of mud cabins upon its ruins.

In this country the labouring classes have many subjects of just complaint, but every year is bringing them nearer to the period when their interests will receive from the legislature the attention they deserve. We may say to them in the meanwhile, that "in quietness and in confidence shall be their strength." The progress of sound legislation and the increasing spread of knowledge will be the best securities to the many, for protection against the oppression or misgovernment of the few. But if men once abandon those great landmarks of social order, the institutions of property and of marriage, as recommended by the St. Simonians and other fantastics, it is to be feared their posterity will long and dearly regret the vain delusion which shall have prompted the sacrifice of the best-known securities for the exercise of tranquil industry, and the enjoyment of domestic peace.

ART. XV.—*Annales de l'Hygiène ; pour 1832.*

THESE Annals consist of numbers, published quarterly, containing valuable contributions on the subject of Hygiène from men of science, official persons and philanthropists. They embody every discovery, every new application of art and science which has for its object the preservation of the health and the improvement of the physical condition of the community. They contain also the enactments of the legis-

ature, and every expedient of the government and the police for the attainment of the same important object. Nor are there wanting in this useful "recueil" those statistical reports which show the effects of laws and institutions—of seasons, climate and habits, &c. on the life of man—those sterling facts and results which are essential to the enlightenment of governments. To appreciate the full value of the latter object, we should reflect that we have fallen upon one of those occasional crises in the history of mankind,—one of those periods when an eagerness if not a necessity for a change in their situation seizes on many nations; a moment when the philosopher may observe an agitation among the human species approximating to that which the instinct of the lower animals inspires in them at the approach of some convulsion of the elements, or at the eve of some planetary phenomenon. Unlike them, however, man, when governed by this impulse of change, has no such natural and unerring laws to guide him to a new haven of rest and security.

The facts reported by general statistics—a compilation to which statistical medicine contributes an important share—may be now, however, considered as valuable guides in the changes going on around us in the political conditions of the countries of Europe. Without some such beacon, those who venture on the stormy ocean of politics, with a view to benefit their fellow creatures, pursue only a phantom and must suffer wreck.

The science of political economy, we may venture to assert, will farther and chiefly improve by a knowledge of statistical facts. Many efforts have been made to establish a secure system of political economy on the basis of undeniable truths, but hitherto the clashing opinions of the most celebrated authorities, the dreams of enthusiasts, and the confessions of men who to candour add superior abilities, prove that at present no certainty has been obtained in this science. One great resource then, we repeat, may be found in that statistical knowledge, of which so gratifying a view is presented in "*Les Annales de l'Hygiène.*"

The introduction of statistical reports in "*Les Annales*" is, however, by no means their highest merit, as it is far from being the main object of the work. It is to the promotion of the science of public health that the efforts of its contributors (and their names alone must give those efforts a current value) are chiefly directed.

"*L'Hygiène publique,*" or the Science of Public Health, is nearly unknown, under that comprehensive form, in this country. The English are more accustomed to contemplate Medicine in its warlike character alone, as a Briareus with many hands, each furnished with a weapon whose destructive power is only tamed down into beneficence by the skill with which it is managed. The science of public health, on the contrary, embraces a variety of objects of a very opposite and specific nature; objects too numerous to specify here, but whose aim is generally the *prevention* rather than the cure of disease; and we may venture to affirm, that the educated man who makes this study his pursuit, whether influenced by the gratification of a laudable

curiosity, or stimulated by the love of science and a desire to increase the stores of knowledge and the resources of philanthropy, will find his labour rewarded and his wishes fulfilled.

Our space will at present only allow us to refer the reader for fuller information to works published on this subject. Whilst France and Germany possessed works of magnitude and importance on the science of Hygiène, England, until very recently, had not produced the smallest essay on this interesting and useful branch of knowledge. Lately however has appeared, on one division of the subject, Statistics, the useful little work of Dr. Hawkins, the tables of mortality and census, &c. published by authority of Government. Yet more recently, a medical gentleman, Mr. Belinaye, has undertaken an epitome of Hygiène.* Contrary to the saying, "*Que l'auteur se tue à allonger, ce que le lecteur se tue à abréger,*" this gentleman has brought a most comprehensive elementary view of Hygiène within the limits of a very small volume. In truth, the chief fault we can find is its brevity, although he compensates for it in some degree by the condensation of facts, and by numerous references to foreign authorities.

As this little work is amusing—the author having seemed to opine that now-a-days philosophy no longer requires the recommendation of obscure technicalities and tedious verbosity, any more than the physician does those of a long face, bag wig and gold-headed cane—we trust it will recommend to general notice the science in question. Certainly no events could be more calculated than the present to awaken us to the full value of the study of public health, a study hitherto so unaccountably neglected here. A most serious plague seems destined to overrun the whole of Europe; and perhaps to establish itself permanently among us. It has baffled the efforts of individual knowledge, and has even assumed a degree of political importance, not only by its influence on population, but by presenting an impediment to commercial speculations, warlike enterprises and the projects of cabinets and kings, as well as by affecting public credit and exciting discontent and insurrection among the ignorant classes of society. Against this pestilence and its melancholy consequences, and to counteract other evils of a similar kind that habitually prey upon the land, the arms afforded by Hygiène should be wielded. A heavy responsibility rests with those who are invested with authority in the state, and paid for its proper exercise, if sanatory measures are neglected. Nor is Hygiène less important or less applicable in domestic privacy than in public regulations: every family, in every class of society throughout the land, may adopt its principles and be benefited by its discoveries; and a short experience will demonstrate to all the practical blessings secured by this offspring of an improved state of civilization.

* The Sources of Health and Disease in Communities; or Elementary Views of Hygiène, illustrating its Importance to Legislators, Heads of Families, &c. 12mo. London. 1833.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XIX.

FRANCE.

M. Schnitzler, author of the *Essai d'une Statistique Générale de l'Empire de Russie*, has in the press a new work under the title of *La Pologne et la Russie; Coup d'Œil sur l'Histoire de ces deux Puissances, leur longue Rivalité, leur dernière Lutte, leurs Forces respectives et la Situation politique et morale de chacune d'elles*.

A translation of More's *Utopia* has recently appeared at Paris, with the Latin text opposite. The translation (by M. J. Vincent) may also be had without the text.

In our next Number we hope to be able to give a list of the MSS. left by the late M. Champollion. Measures are already taken to secure their publication.

A copy of Cicero, with large margins, has been found in a library at Orleans, with more than 4000 MS. emendations by the celebrated Henry Stephens, and by another philologist, whose handwriting cannot be identified. This copy of Cicero was very probably intended to serve as the basis of the new edition of the complete works of Cicero, of which Stephens speaks in the preface to his book intitled *Castigationes in quamplurimos locos Ciceronis*, but which never saw the light. Fifteen hundred francs have been offered for the copy, but the proprietor asks 2400, of which he intends to present 200 to the hospital of Lyons, where Stephens ended his days.

A new penny journal, intitled *Le Bon Sens*, has been commenced at Paris, under the auspices of Messrs. Laffitte, Odilon Barrot, and Arago, and will be continued every Sunday. The pens, as well as the purses, of these distinguished individuals, will be employed in its support. *Good sense*, above all other qualities of the intellect, appears to be that which at present is least common and most wanted in France, both by rulers and ruled, and no means are so proper for dispelling the delusions of the latter, as the diffusion of cheap knowledge among them by men of such acknowledged talent and experience as those we have just enumerated.

The Protestants of Paris have just lost M. Marron, President of the Consistory of the Reformed Church of Paris, and for fifty years a pastor of that city. His death will be severely felt by the Protestants of Paris, as well as by the inhabitants in general, who have long venerated the virtues and the character of this venerable man. In him religion has lost a truly evangelical minister; and the Protestants of the capital will never forget the services, for a long time gratuitous, of the founder of the church in Paris. In the stormiest times of the Revolution, and in various circumstances, he represented, with honour, the church confided to him. Literature, and particularly classical literature, has lost in him a writer of cultivated taste, a graceful and elegant poet, and a scholar of varied and profound attainments. His conversational powers

will long be missed by an extensive literary circle, but his friends alone can estimate the loss they have sustained as regards the virtues of private life and the affectionate intercourse of the heart.

Courtin's *Encyclopédie Moderne, or Dictionnaire Abrégé des Sciences, des Lettres et des Arts, &c.* is now completed in 24 vols. 8vo. The last volume contains a systematic view of human knowledge, and the celebrated Klaproth has communicated a curious essay on General Grammar, accompanied with plates of various alphabets. The publisher intends to publish occasional supplements, in order that the work may be a constant source of reference as to the actual state of knowledge.

An interesting picture of the present state of Greece and of Greek literature has recently appeared, by a M. Fenger, a Dane, who travelled through Greece in 1831.

Victor Hugo has just finished a new drama, but the subject, and even the title, are still unknown.

M. Biot is well known to have written the elaborate and valuable Life of Sir Isaac Newton, which appeared in the *Biographie Universelle*. The derangement of mind under which M. Biot thinks he has discovered that Sir Isaac laboured at one period of his life, and the view taken of this by some foreign philosophers, is well known to have excited a good deal of controversy, and has been refuted at some length by Dr. Brewster in his Life of Sir Isaac. From a new number of the *Journal des Savans*, which we have just received, we perceive that M. Biot has inserted in it the first part of a Review of Dr. Brewster's work: when the whole is finished we may probably return to the subject, and to the result of M. Biot's criticisms.

Necrology.—Cuvier, the great naturalist, has himself paid the debt of nature since our last, after a life devoted to science with an unwearied application and a success exceeded by none in modern times. He was born at Montbéliard in 1769, a year which gave birth to so many remarkable men—a Napoleon—a Chateaubriand—a Wellington—a Humboldt, &c. and his first discoveries were on the Mollusca, and shook to its base the Zoological classification which then universally prevailed. Invited to Paris to fill the place of Professor of Comparative Anatomy at the *Jardin des Plantes*, his lectures speedily drew crowds around him, attracted by his popular eloquence and lucid arrangement. His next work, *Leçons d'Anatomie Comparée*, published in 5 vols. 8vo. 1805, was rewarded by the Institute with the decennial prize for the work which had contributed the most to our knowledge of the Natural Sciences during that period. At the same period he published a series of Memoirs on the Anatomy of the Mollusca, and devoted his attention to a detailed examination of the fossil remains of the bones of mammiferous animals; he particularly examined the numerous fossils in the environs of Paris, assisted in the geological part of his task by his friend M. A. Brongniart. The sagacity and accuracy which M. Cuvier displayed in the examination of fossil bones, raised this branch of inquiry to the dignity of a perfectly new science, which has thrown a powerful light on geology, and directed it into a more philosophical route. A number of works and of elaborate memoirs published since by various naturalists, have shown the prodigious influence which the labours of Cuvier have exercised on the study of Geology, of the Animal Kingdom, and even of Fossil Botany. M. Cuvier amused himself during these laborious weeks by particular

researches which would alone have been sufficient to have distinguished any other man, such as his five Memoirs on the Voice of Birds, on Crocodiles, and on numerous subjects of Zoology; such also as his descriptions of the Living Animals in the Menagerie, &c. In all his works, even to the minutest details, we discover the same luminous, clear, and methodical mind, and the sagacity which characterized him. Feeling the want of a work which should present a general view of his ideas on Zoological classification, he published in 1817 his work entitled *Le Règne Animal distribué d'après son Organisation*, in 4 vols. 8vo. which speedily became the text-book of all Zoological students. When employed on this work he felt how far in arrears of the other branches of Zoology was that which respects the class of fish, and saw how much difficulty had accumulated in it, as well from our ignorance of the anatomy of these animals, and the impossibility of determining with precision the laws of their comparative organisation, as from the want of large collections, and perhaps also from the too artificial spirit which had hitherto prevailed in Ichthyology. He employed his influence to form a collection in the Paris Museum of specimens of fish from all parts of the world, and was so successful in his endeavours that the number of specimens, which at first scarcely amounted to 1000, in a few years amounted to 6000. Of these he dissected a large portion with a care hitherto unknown, having the advantage of an able associate in the study of the details in M. Valenciennes; he was thus enabled in a period of time that may be called short, looking to the extent of the results, to collect the materials of his great *Histoire Naturelle des Poissons*, of which eight volumes have appeared, with their appropriate plates, and for the continuation of which we have to look to his laborious assistant. The recent embarrassment among the Paris publishers having occasioned a stoppage in the progress of this work, M. Cuvier availed himself of this (as the part prepared for the press was already in advance of the printer) to make preparations for republishing his *Leçons d'Anatomie Comparée*, of which a second edition had been long anxiously called for. This design, however, he was not permitted to complete; but it is to be hoped that we shall not be long deprived of the edition he had contemplated, and that it will be accompanied with those beautiful and accurate plates on which he had bestowed so much pains, and in the execution of which he himself excelled; for he was a skilful draftsman, and seized external forms with rapidity and accuracy, and possessed the art of representing in his drawings the forms of organic tissues in a style peculiar to himself. His last course of lectures, on the History of the Natural Sciences, and on the Philosophy of Natural History, delivered at the College of France, is now publishing in livraisons, and will extend to three or four vols. 8vo. This work, however, we believe, has been published without his consent or revision. His memory was prodigious, and he scarcely knew what it was to forget anything. Although his great powers were more particularly devoted to Natural History, no part of science was a stranger to him, and his taste for literature and works of imagination was particularly refined and elegant. In his *Eloges* of Illustrious Men, delivered in his capacity of Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences, he always displays the utmost impartiality and love of truth; he never debased the dignity of science by any love of intrigue, and displayed the utmost disinterestedness in his efforts to promote science. The qualities of his heart were not less estimable than those of his head, and he possessed the happy art of inspiring his friends with an unalterable attachment. His conversation was varied and animated, adapted by turns to every subject, and he may truly be said to have been the grace and ornament of society. We must not forget the great services he rendered to public education as head of the University; his Report on the State of Primary Education in Holland

is a lasting monument of his solicitude for the education of the people, and all those who have observed his conduct with regard to the higher branches of education, know how constantly his influence was directed to favour their progress and to remove obstacles. In other departments of the civil service into which he was successively called, as Master of Requests, Counsellor of State, President of the Section of the Interior, Director of Protestant Worship, (for he was an enlightened and liberal Protestant, and watched over the interests of his co-religionists with constant solicitude,) and at last as a Peer of France—in all these he displayed the same superiority of talent. The office of Censor of the Press, which was offered to him, he, to his eternal honour, refused. Such was the man whose loss the world has now to deplore; but the mind that traced her age and history—in the wrecks of ages dug from her bosom—will live for ever in his works to enlighten and instruct mankind.

Count Chaptal, the celebrated writer on Chemistry and on various other practical branches of the Arts and Sciences, died at Paris in the beginning of August. He was born at Nosaret in 1756. We subjoin a list of the most important of his valuable and numerous works:—*Elémens de Chimie*. 3 vols. 8vo. The first edition appeared in 1790, and the fourth in 1803.—*Traité sur le Salpêtre*. 8vo. 1796.—*Essai sur le perfectionnement des Arts chimiques en France*. 8vo. 1800.—*Art de faire, de gouverner et de perfectionner les Vins*. 1 vol. 8vo. First edition 1801, second edition 1819.—*Traité théorique et pratique sur la culture de la Vigne, avec l'Art de faire le Vin, les Eaux de vie, Esprit de vins et Vinargres*. 2 vols. 8vo. First edition 1801, second edition 1811.—*Essai sur le Blanchiment*. 1801.—*Chimie appliquée aux Arts*. 4 vols. 8vo. 1807.—*Art de la Teinture du Coton en rouge*. 8vo. 1807.—*Art du Teinturier et du Dégraisseur*. 8vo. 1800.—*De l'Industrie Française*. 2 vols. 8vo. 1819.—*Memoire sur le Sucre de Betteraves*. 8vo. Third edition 1819.—*Chimie appliquée à l'Agriculture*. 2 vols. 8vo. 1823.

Portal, the celebrated physician, died in July at the advanced age of ninety-one. His *Histoire de l'Anatomie et de la Chirurgie* will always be regarded as a valuable work, and his *Cours d'Anatomie Médicale* may still be consulted with advantage; but his chief merit in the eyes of posterity will be his efforts for rendering the study of anatomy popular in France.

Brué, Geographer to the King, and Member of the Geographical Societies of Paris and London, died of the cholera on July 16, at the age of forty-six. His maps are the most esteemed of those by modern French artists. He spared neither pains nor expense to perfect himself in his profession, having made many voyages to Africa and other parts. His plan of an Universal Atlas, which should constantly keep pace with the progress of discovery, by the successive appearance of new maps to replace the old ones, was a truly disinterested scheme; the speculation, as was feared, turned out a bad one; but the Atlas, as a whole, is the best now to be had in France, and the fittest for the purposes of education. It was his intention to publish a new Map of Africa, with all the latest discoveries. The Map which accompanied Douville's Voyage is the last production of the deceased and lamented geographer.

GERMANY.

GOETHE has appointed Dr. Eckermann in his will to be editor of his posthumous works. The Doctor has published many essays on the various poetical productions of Goethe. Among the works left ready for the press is a new volume of the Life, commencing with his appearance at Weimar, and embracing the first year of his residence there, a period during which he wrote some of his most remarkable works. This volume also in some degree fills up the chasm in his autobiography previous to his Italian travels. A new volume of Poems also may be expected, and the original of Götz von Berlichingen, from which the present Götz materially differs. The second part of Faust, in five acts, is also ready for the press; the last two acts were written in inverted order of time, the fifth having been composed in the winter of 1830, immediately after the death of his only son at Rome, a blow which had nearly proved fatal to him; and the first in the summer of 1831. The third act consists of the classico-romantic phantasmagoria of *Helena*, which has already been given to the world. Among the letters is a volume of correspondence with his friend the celebrated *Maestro di Capello* Zelter, which in importance and interest is said to exceed the letters to Schiller.

A medal, in commemoration of Goethe, has been struck at Berlin. On one side is the portrait of the deceased, by the celebrated Leonard Posch, crowned with laurel, bearing the inscription JO. W. DE GOETHE NAT. XXVIII AUG. MDCCXXXIX. The likeness was taken a few years ago at Weimar, and has been universally admired for its accuracy. On the reverse is represented the Poet's Apotheosis. A swan bears him on his wings to the starry regions, that appear expanded above, and to which the Poet, having a golden lyre in his left arm, extends his right arm with longing gaze. On this side is the inscription AD ASTRA REDIT D. XXII MART. MDCCCXXXII.

A posthumous work of Falk, on the private life and manners of Goethe, founded on personal intimacy with him, has just appeared at Leipzig, and is said to be almost as interesting from the character of the writer as from that of his subject.

It is proposed to erect a monument in Mentz, by public subscription and support of all nations, to Gutenberg, the great inventor of the art of printing, and to celebrate the immortal discovery in a grand and becoming style. The erection is to take place in 1836, being the fourth centenary anniversary of the great achievement, for it is capable of historic proof that Gutenberg communicated his discovery of moveable letters to some friends at Strasburg in 1436, to which city he had retired on account of some disturbances in his native place: vide Schaab's *Geschichte der Erfindung der Buchdruckerkunst*, Mainz, 1831. 3 vols. 8vo.

The subscriptions and support, in particular, of printers, booksellers, authors and literary bodies, is solicited. Kings and princes, in behalf of the best interests of their subjects and of civilization, it is hoped, will not be backward to support so noble a design. The public will be informed, from time to time, by means of the daily papers and journals, of the progress of the subscription, for which the smallest sums will be received, and the names of the donors entered in a book kept by the Corporation of Mentz, to which all communications are requested to be addressed.

A new edition, greatly enlarged and improved, and on much better type and paper, is announced, of Kayser's Catalogue of Books, which have been

published in Germany and the contiguous states from 1750 to the end of 1832. In this edition the author's names will be given, anonymous as well as pseudonymous, together with an accurate description of maps and plates, editions, size, place of printing, year, publishers and price. The first part will appear early in 1833, and the remainder every two months till completed.

Von Schlotheim, the author of the *Flora der Vorwelt* and *Petrefaktenkunde*, both highly esteemed and valuable works, died at Gotha on the 28th of March.

A translation from the Polish into German has been published of Professor Lelewel's work on the *Discoveries of the Carthaginians and Greeks in the Atlantic Ocean*, with an Introduction by Professor Ritter, of Berlin.

A Catalogue of Works relating to Austria has just been published at Vienna, under the title of *Bibliotheca Austriaca*. The works enumerated embrace chiefly the geography, topography, statistics, history and politics of the states that form the Austrian empire. The number of works already given amount to nearly 5000, among which are many of great scarcity and value, and a continuation of the Catalogue is promised by the publisher, F. Gräffer.

Travels, by M. Ermann, in Northern Asia, in the years 1828 to 1830, will be published in the course of next year, at Berlin, in four volumes, 8vo., with an atlas of plates. For the physical sciences, geography and languages, this work will be of high importance.

A work has recently appeared at Leipsic, in three volumes, 8vo. which possesses peculiar interest at the present moment, entitled *Russie wie es ist, &c.* (Russia as she is), by M. Kaiser.

Dr. Bretschneider, one of the most independent thinkers and celebrated divines in Germany, has recently published a new work on *St. Simonism and Christianity*, in which he regards the new doctrine as a phantom that menaces alike all liberty, civil, religious and scientific.

The *Unity of Germany* has been recently discussed, in a pamphlet published at Strasburgh, and written previous to the late decrees of the Diet. The author, in his title-page, quotes Luther, who said, that Germany resembles a fine and spirited horse, abundantly provided with provender and all things necessary, but wanting a rider. This rider, the author recommends, should be *Prussia*, as the State most Germanic in its nature, and calculated, by its youthful vigour and just administration, to unite the suffrages of all. How far late events may modify this judgment, or whether Prussia really aims at such an eminence, remains to be seen. We have no space here to review the pamphlet, but recommend it as deserving of attention.

Hayn, the bookseller, of Berlin, is said to have engaged thirty-seven of the most distinguished authors residing in the city, to compose a work on the Capital, similar to the *Cent-et-Un* of Paris. Among the names mentioned as writers are those of Raumer, Raupach, Varnhagen von Ense, Steiglitz, Wilibald Alexis (Hæring), F. Forster, and Oettinger.

ITALY.

From the statistical accounts published in Italy, we find that the population of Lombardy, the Venetian provinces not included, was, in 1829, 2,365,000, and in 1830, 2,386,000. Milan, in the former year, reckoned 128,822 inhabitants, and in 1830, 129,437. The provinces are Milan, Brescia, Bergamo, Cremona, Mantua, Pavia, Como, Lodi, and Sondrio, or former Valtelina. In these provinces almost every commune is now provided, by order of the Austrian government, with an elementary school for children from six to twelve years of age. From these schools, in the last eight years, came out 436,000 children of both sexes. There are now 53 upper schools for boys and 14 for girls, and 2,267 lower schools for the former and 1,044 for the latter. In the lower or elementary schools are taught reading, writing, arithmetic, and the catechism. In the upper or normal schools, Italian grammar and letter-writing, drawing applied to the mechanical arts, geography and the elements of geometry. Manuals have been printed with minute directions for the teachers in these schools, who are under the care of inspectors appointed by government. The inspectors make a yearly report to the Emperor. All parents are obliged to send their children to the elementary schools, where instruction is given to the poor gratis. This system of general and obligatory instruction, which has been long in practice in the hereditary states of Austria, was introduced into Lombardy in 1821, and it is now in full activity. M. Valery was, we believe, the first traveller who noticed in his *Voyages Historiques et Littéraires*, this important innovation in Italian education. The annual expense for providing elementary instruction to the poor in Lombardy, is defrayed one-third by the communes, and two-thirds by the treasury. The masters have about 300 Austrian livres emolument. Corporal punishment of every description is strictly forbidden.

If this zeal for elementary instruction of the people is not by itself sufficient to promote the diffusion of knowledge in its higher and more extended branches, it raises at least the mass of the population above that brutish state of ignorance and sloth in which it lies sunk in most parts of Europe, and tends thereby to prevent crime, and to make the humbler classes of society decent, moral and orderly, and as such it is deserving of imitation.

The eighth volume of the *Museo Borbonico* has just been published at Naples. This important collection is well executed, and reflects credit on the artists concerned in it.

The Academy Pontaniana of Naples has proposed "a collection of all the inscriptions hitherto known in the Oscan and Samnitic languages, and of all the passages in ancient writers in which those idioms are mentioned, with critical remarks on the same."

Professor John has discovered another buried town near Pompeii. Several human skeletons were found in one of the buildings.

Leopold Villà, a young naturalist, announces his intention of publishing a *Journal of Venivius*, to be edited by himself and his friends, and in which the state of the volcano will be regularly recorded.

POLAND.

IN former Numbers, while Poland still had the semblance of an independent state, it was our pleasing task to record that her literature was yet instinct with life and promise; and that not all the insidious efforts of Russian domination had been able to quench either the liberties or the struggling talent of that immortal land. The ferocious Constantine, and the *benevolent* and *polished* Nicholas, well saw, that if the national spirit was thus fostered by national literature, they must bid farewell to Russian domination over Poland. Language, in truth, is incompetent to picture, in adequate terms, the wrongs of Poland; and we blush for the anti-human, as well as anti-national system of neutrality, which has sacrificed Poland, and exposed her to treatment unparalleled in the annals of nations. True, indeed, efforts have this year been made in Parliament to wipe off the disgrace of our indifference last year; but, our interest, it may be feared, is expressed too late—when Poland is a desert—her children in Siberia—and her living literature either exterminated or proscribed.

We have been led into these remarks by the appearance in London of a little tract, entitled, "*Polonia*," which it is intended to continue monthly. It consists of reports on Polish affairs, published by the "*Literary Association of the Friends of Poland*;" and we need not add a word of recommendation to induce our countrymen to purchase it. We should deserve the utmost odium of freemen, did we not endeavour to aid this good cause by every means in our power, and therefore, although not strictly within our plan, we annex a table of the contents of the first number of "*Polonia*." We are happy to see so many of the long-tried friends of liberty, and of the most distinguished names in our literature, enrolling themselves in this association; and when we mention that Mr. Campbell, the Poet of Hope, is the president, we mention a name of good augury for its success.

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RUSSIA.

THE veteran and nearly octogenarian Shishkov, whose pen has rendered many services to Russian literature in the departments of philology and criticism, as well as in a variety of other subjects, has lately published a volume of Memoirs (*Zapiski*) relative to the War of 1812. Distinguished by the confidence of the late emperor, and sustaining a very important part in the public affairs of that eventful period, the writer has been enabled to communicate many important facts; and although his work does not possess those attractions for the general reader which the more expanded private details introduced into French works of a similar class hold out, it will claim attention from its historical value, and from the many authentic documents it furnishes.

An historical romance in two volumes, by Ertel, entitled "Harald and Elizabeth, or the Age of Ivan the Terrible," deserves to be mentioned, rather as a most successful attempt by a foreigner in the Russian language, than for its intrinsic merits as a literary composition. The style is pure and correct; but the narrative itself feeble and jejune, with very little truth of historical colouring. Ably treated, both the epoch and the personal character of Ivan would be singularly interesting subjects for the pen of the novelist. The latter, indeed, offers a problem which the historian has hitherto been unable to solve;—in his early youth, we find the victorious subjugator of Kazan and Astrakhan as much distinguished by his benevolence and other amiable qualities, as he is afterwards represented to have been by his tyranny, his treachery, his cruelty—in short, by those vices that have stamped him as a monster;—to reconcile these two contradictory portraits, to give probability to the odious degeneracy which the latter displays.

Although it is published anonymously, the new four-volumed romance of Marina Mnishek is attributed to the fertile pen of Bulgarin, who had previously given a slight historical sketch of her adventures in one of the volumes of his miscellaneous works. As Marina was the wife of the False Demetrius, the present production may be considered a sequel or companion to the romance of *Demitrii Zamozvanetz*; and we here again meet with Boris Godunov, Demetrius himself, the czar Vassili Shuisky, and many other characters which figured there. Internal evidence leaves little doubt as to the author; there being the same degree of involved intrigue, similar minuteness in the historical and descriptive details, accompanied by references to authorities; the same perspicuity and easiness of style, and the same moral tone prevailing throughout. In rapidity of events, this romance is not inferior to Bulgarin's others, while it is in some respects superior, manifesting greater confidence in his own powers and maturer ability.

Among other works in the lighter department of literature, the majority of which, in Russia, are for the most part of foreign growth, and consequently do not fall under our notice, two deserve to be here mentioned as productions of considerable interest and promise; namely, *Vetchera na Khutoræ bliz Dikanki*, or "Evenings at a Country House near Dikanko;" and "Tales by Ivan Petrovitch Boelkin." In the former of these works we are presented with a faithful and animated picture of the Ukraine, a region that well deserves the appellation it has acquired of the "Slavonian Ausonia," and whose inhabitants still retain much of their primitive simple character and mode of life; while its scenery and the traditions associated with it are equally favourable to poetical colouring. Narazhuy and other writers have more than once laid the scenes

of their subjects there ; but none have given us so faithful a picture of the habits of the natives as Pasitchnik Rudii Ponko, the author of these four tales. The other production is not only distinguished by an unaffected ease and simplicity of style, but by the interest of the narrative, and the skill with which the feelings or the curiosity of the reader are kept excited. Besides the above-mentioned, an historical novel, in four volumes, has just appeared, which is entitled the "Strelitzes." It is from the pen of Masalsky, a young poet, who had not long previously published a small collection of pieces that had appeared in various annuals and periodicals.

It is generally supposed that nothing approaching free expression of opinion is allowed in Russia, yet we frequently meet with translations of articles from English periodicals and journals, as well of whig and liberal, as of tory principles. As a proof, too, that something like freedom is allowed to their own writers, we may instance a recent publication entitled *Obsor*, &c. or "A View of the Principal Events in Russia from the Death of Peter the Great to the Accession of Elizabeth Petrovna." In this work, which is, by the by, a masterly and comprehensive sketch of a most important and interesting period in the history of the North, the author is very far from being the apologist of despotic power ; for he draws a most frightful picture of the oppression endured by the people, and of the shameless tyranny exercised by Biron and other favourites. This publication is the more valuable, because it takes up that portion of Russian history which has hitherto been very little dwelt upon by native writers, notwithstanding that it is rife with eventful vicissitudes, rapidly succeeding each other within the brief space of thirty-seven years, and that so many remarkable personages took their share in them.

Raskaya Slava, or "Russian Glory," is a lyrical composition that does equal honour both to the poetical talents and the patriotic feelings of Zhukovsky ; but we very much doubt whether it would find many admirers here. More, we suspect, would be scandalized at the subject, than captivated by the bard's enthusiasm, or inclined to sympathize in his exultation.

Dr. Yastrebtzeo's work on the "Mental Education of Children," is one that was much required in a country where the prejudices of custom and empirical routine have hitherto excluded enlightened scientific views of the subject ; since it is certainly calculated to lead to the adoption of many improvements. There is much, however, in the system proposed by him, that is not a little questionable : for instance, he recommends that children should not be instructed at all in history ; neither is he more favourably disposed towards poetry, an acquaintance with which ought, in his opinion, to be confined to the mere mechanism of versification. Still more singular, perhaps, are his ideas relative to the study, or rather the prohibition, of Greek and Latin ; since he advises that the pupil should merely learn by heart such words in them as will enable him to understand the technical terms and expressions adopted in modern languages. To make amends for this, he insists upon the utility of learning English and German, and of acquiring the rudiments of chemistry, physics, and mechanics. His views, however, are for the most part rational enough ; and his book will hardly fail to effect much good, should it be only by exciting attention to the subject it treats of.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

The East India Company have presented to the Linnæan Society their magnificent Herbarium, containing the plants collected between long. 73° to 114° E. and lat. 39° N. to the equator, by König, Roxburgh, Rüttler, Russell, Klein, Hamilton, Heyne, Wight, Finlayson, and Wallich. It includes about 1300 genera, more than 8000 species, and amounts, in duplicates, to at least 70,000 specimens,—the labours of half a century.

For many years a large portion of these vegetable riches were stored on the shelves of the India House, without any one sufficiently conversant in Indian Botany to arrange and render them subservient to the cause of science. On the arrival in this country of Dr. Wallich, the distinguished superintendent of the Company's Garden at Calcutta, in the year 1828,—who brought with him an immense accession to the Herbarium from various parts of India, especially Nipal and the Burmese Empire,—the Court of Directors instructed him to make a catalogue of the aggregate collection, and to distribute duplicate specimens to the more eminent societies and naturalists throughout Europe and America.

This immense labour has occupied Dr. Wallich for the last four years; and it is the chief selection from these various Herbaria, destined for the museum of the India House, which the Court of Directors have, with princely munificence, presented to the Linnæan Society.

The liberality of the East India Company has been duly appreciated throughout the wide circle of science. It has been acknowledged by letters and addresses from the different societies and individuals honoured by their patronage; and this last act of their bounty will endear them still more to the promoters of botany, by placing the treasures they possessed along with those of Linnæus and Smith.

The Linnæan Society purchased, two years ago, at an expense of £3000, the collections of Linnæus and of the late excellent Sir J. E. Smith; and since that the Herbarium of the Society has been further enriched by the treasures of the East, it forms collectively one of the most interesting and important in Europe.

The East India Company have set an example of a wise and liberal policy, which will be followed throughout the world, not only by societies, but by those enterprising individuals who have, to their own honour, made large collections of the objects of natural history; and it is a source of national congratulation that at this moment the naturalists of Europe feel indebted to this country for the most extensive contribution that was ever made to their botanical collections. They owe this general feeling of respect towards them to the enlightened conduct of the Court of Directors, who have done more to diffuse a knowledge of botany than was ever done by any government or association of persons on the globe.

A deputation from the Council of the Linnæan Society, headed by the President, Lord Stanley, waited on the Chairman of the Court of Directors, on the 26th instant, with an address expressive of the high sense the Society entertains of the honour conferred upon it by the liberality of the East India Company.

M. W. Von Humboldt, the brother of the celebrated traveller, is engaged on a work on Comparative Philology; and from the learning and sagacity of the author, the expectations of scholars will be excited to a high degree by its appearance. Australia, in particular, has excited his attention, as the only pos-

sible point of intercourse between the two Continents; and to facilitate his researches in all the languages of that vast portion of the globe, the Asiatic Society of Great Britain has liberally furnished him with numerous documents, obtained from the English maritime stations.

M. Stanislas Julien has commenced the publication, in London, at the expense of the *Oriental Translation Fund*, of a selection, in French, of the best pieces of the Chinese Theatre, from the Repertory of that description in forty quarto volumes, of which there is a copy in the *Bibliothèque du Roi*. The first livraison, which has just appeared, contains a drama in prose and verse, entitled *L'Histoire du Cercle de Craie*. Four other pieces of the same collection, *L'Avare*, *La Fille du Gouverneur*, *Le Ressentiment de Soungo*, and *La Chémise Confrontée*, are ready for the press. It is now more than a century since Father Premare, a missionary at Peking, made known to Europe the Chinese tragedy which furnished Voltaire with the subject of his *Orphelin de Chine*; but Voltaire neglected to translate the lyrical part, which occupies more than half of the piece. M. Julien has not followed such a plan of mutilation, but has attempted a complete translation of the various dramas which he intends to publish. M. Julien, we are happy to learn, has been appointed Professor of Chinese in the room of the lamented Abel-Remusat, and also fills the situation of Assistant Librarian to the Institute. We subjoin a list of works published at the expense of the London Society for Oriental Translations, and we do this chiefly for the information of our foreign readers, who, we believe, are not fully aware of the services conferred on Oriental literature by this most useful and honourable body. The Society continues its labours, and the most beneficial results may reasonably be anticipated from such liberal encouragement to Oriental scholars.

Adventures, The, of Hatim Tai, a Romance; translated from the Persian by Duncan Forbes. 4to. London. 1830.

Algebra, The, of Mohammed Ben Musa; Arabic and English. Edited and translated by Frederic Rosen. 8vo. London. 1831.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT'S FAREWELL TO HIS READERS,
AND
M. ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE'S REPLY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT! In these simple words what a spell there is to awaken the deepest—the tenderest interest of the reader!—to point to what that great and good man was—and what he now is! It would be pleasant for us to indulge the hope that the pen, which more than once in the pages of the *Foreign Quarterly* has delighted its readers, might again be employed to instruct and to charm them; but that hand is now powerless; and that universal intellect seems about to quit for ever its shattered tenement. At such a time, the following lines, inspired by Sir Walter's touching farewell to his readers, and written by the most popular, in England, of the living poets of France, will find an appropriate place in our pages. Instead of a translation we think our readers will be better pleased to have the original, which, we venture to predict, will not be the least admired, in after times, of its author's productions. We commence this Number with *Goethe*, now departed, full of years and honours; we cannot better conclude it, than by the almost vain wish that his greatest living contemporary may have as prolonged and active an evening, and as peaceful an exit.

THE FAREWELL.

"The gentle reader is acquainted, that these are, in all probability, the last tales which it will be the lot of the Author to submit to the public. He is now on the eve of visiting foreign parts; a ship of war is commissioned by its Royal Master to carry the Author of *Waverley* to climates in which he may possibly obtain such a restoration to health as may serve him to spin his thread to an end in his own country. Had he continued to prosecute his usual literary labours, it seems indeed probable, that at the term of years he has already attained, the bowl, to use the pathetic language of Scripture, would have been broken at the fountain; and little can one, who has enjoyed on the whole an uncommon share of the most inestimable of worldly blessings, be entitled to complain, that life, advancing to its period, should be attended with its usual proportions of shadows and storms. They have affected him at least in no more painful manner than is inseparable from the discharge of this part of the debt of humanity. Of those whose relation to him in the ranks of life might have insured him their sympathy under indisposition, many are now no more; and those who may yet follow in his wake, are entitled to expect, in bearing inevitable evils, an example of firmness and patience, more especially on the part of one who has enjoyed no small good fortune during the course of his pilgrimage.

"The public have claims on his gratitude, for which the Author of *Waverley* has no adequate means of expression; but he may be permitted to hope, that the powers of his mind, such as they are, may not have a different date from those of his body; and that he may again meet his patronizing friends, if not exactly in his old fashion of literature, at least in some branch, which may not call forth the remark, that—

'Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage.'

"*Abbotsford, September, 1831.*"

REPONSE AUX ADIEUX DE SIR WALTER SCOTT A SES LECTEURS.

ÉPIQUE FAMILIÈRE.

Au premier mille, hélas ! de mon pèlerinage,
Temps où le cœur tout neuf voit tout à son image,
Où l'âme de seize ans, vierge de passions,
Demande à l'univers ses mille émotions,
Le soir d'un jour de fête, au golfe de Venise,
Seul, errant sans objet dans ma barque indécise,
Je suivais, mais de loin, sur la mer, un bateau
Dont les concerts flottants se répandaient sur l'eau ;
Voguant de cap en cap, nageant de crique en crique,
La barque balançant sa brise de musique,
Élevait, abaissait, modulait ses accords
Que l'onde palpitante emportait à ses bords,
Et selon que la plage était sourde ou sonore,
Mourait comme un soupir des mers qui s'évapore,
Ou dans les antres creux réveillant mille échos
Élançait jusqu'au ciel la fanfare des flots ;
Et moi, penché sur l'onde, et l'oreille tendue,
Retenant sur les flots la rame suspendue,
Je frémissais de perdre un seul de ces accents,
Et le vent d'harmonie enivrait tous mes sens.

C'était un couple heureux d'amants unis la veille,
Promenant leur bonheur à l'heure où tout sommeille,
Et, pour mieux enchanter leurs fortunés moments,
Respirant l'air du golfe au son des instruments.
La fiancée en jouant avec l'écume blanche
Qui de l'étroit esquif venait laver la hanche,
De son doigt dans la mer laisse tomber l'anneau,
Et pour le ressaisir son corps penché sur l'eau
Fit incliner le bord sous la vague qu'il rase ;
La vague, comme une eau qui surmonte le vase,
Les couvrit : un seul cri retentit jusqu'au bord :
Tout était joie et chant, tout fut silence et mort.

Eh bien ! ce que mon cœur éprouva dans cette heure
Où le chant s'engloutit dans l'humide demeure,
Je l'éprouve aujourd'hui, chantre mélodieux,
Aujourd'hui que j'entends les suprêmes adieux
De cette chère voix pendant quinze ans suivie.
Voluptueux oubli des peines de la vie,
Musique de l'esprit, brise des temps passés,
Dont nos soucis dormants étaient si bien bercés !
Heures de solitude et de mélancolie,
Heures des nuits sans fin que le sommeil oublie,
Heures de triste attente, hélas ! qu'il faut tromper,
Heures à la main vide et qu'il faut occuper,
Fantômes de l'esprit que l'ennui fait éclore,
Vides de la pensée où le cœur se dévore !
Le conteur a fini : vous n'aurez plus sa voix,
Et le temps va sur nous peser de tout son poids.

Ainsi tout a son terme, et tout cesse, et tout s'use.
A ce terrible aveu notre esprit se refuse,

Nous croyons en tournant les feuillets de nos jours
 Que les pages sans fin en tourneront toujours ;
 Nous croyons que cet arbre au dôme frais et sombre,
 Dont nos jeunes amours cherchent la mousse et l'ombre,
 Sous ses rideaux tendus doit éternellement
 Balancer le zéphyr sur le front de l'amant ;
 Nous croyons que ce flot qui court, murmure et brille,
 Et du bateau bercé caresse en paix la quille,
 Doit à jamais briller, murmurer et flotter,
 Et sur sa molle écume à jamais nous porter ;
 Nous croyons que le livre où notre âme se plonge,
 Et comme en un sommeil nage de songe en songe,
 Doit dérouler sans fin cette prose ou ces vers,
 Horizons enchantés d'un magique univers :
 Mensonges de l'esprit, illusion et ruse
 Dont pour nous retenir ici-bas la vie use !
 Hélas ! tout finit vite : encore un peu de temps,
 L'arbre s'effeuille, et sèche, et jaunit le printemps,
 La vague arrive en poudre à son dernier rivage,
 L'âme à l'ennui, le livre à sa dernière page.

Mais pourquoi donc le tien se ferme-t-il avant
 Que la mort ait fermé ton poème vivant,
 Homère de l'histoire à l'immense Odyssée,
 Qui, répandant si loin ta féconde pensée,
 Soulèves les vieux jours, leur rends l'âme et le corps,
 Comme l'ombre d'un Dieu qui ranime les morts ?
 Ta fibre est plus savante et n'est pas moins sonore.
 Tes jours n'ont pas atteint l'heure qui décolore,
 Ton front n'a pas encor perdu ses cheveux gris,
 Couronne dont la muse orne ses favoris,
 Où, comme dans les pins de ta Calédonie
 La brise des vieux jours est pleine d'harmonie.
 Mais, hélas ! le poète est homme par les sens,
 Homme par la douleur ! Tu le dis, tu le sens ;
 L'argile périssable où tant d'âme palpite,
 Se façonne plus belle et se brise plus vite ;
 Le nectar est divin, mais le vase est mortel ;
 C'est un Dieu dont le poids doit écraser l'autel,
 C'est un souffle trop plein du soir ou de l'aurore
 Qui fait chanter le vent dans un roseau sonore,
 Mais qui, brisé du son, le jette au bord de l'eau
 Comme un chaume séché battu sous le fléau !
 O néant ! ô nature ! ô faiblesse suprême !
 Humiliation pour notre grandeur même !
 Main pesante dont Dieu nous courbe incessamment
 Pour nous prouver sa force et notre abaissement,
 Pour nous dire et redire à jamais qui nous sommes,
 Et pour nous écraser sous ce honteux nom d'hommes !

Je ne m'étonne pas que le bronze et l'airain
 Cèdent leur vie au temps et fondent sous sa main,
 Que les murs de granit, les colosses de pierre
 De Thèbe et de Memphis fassent de la poussière,
 Que Babylone rampe au niveau des déserts,
 Que le roc de Calpé descende au choc des mers,

Et que les vents, pareils aux dents des boucs avides,
 Ecorcent jour à jour le tronc des pyramides :
 Des hommes et des jours ouvrages imparfaits,
 Le temps peut les ronger, c'est lui qui les a faits,
 Leur dégradation n'est pas une ruine,
 Et Dieu les aime autant en sable qu'en colline ;
 Mais qu'un esprit divin, souffle immatériel
 Qui jaillit de Dieu seul comme l'éclair du ciel,
 Que le temps n'a point fait, que nul climat n'altère,
 Qui ne doit rien au feu, rien à l'onde, à la terre,
 Qui, plus il a compté de soleils et de jours,
 Plus il se sent d'élan pour s'élancer toujours,
 Plus il sent, au torrent de force qui l'enivre,
 Qu'avoir vécu pour l'homme est sa raison de vivre ;
 Qui colore le monde en le réfléchissant ;
 Dont la pensée est l'être, et qui crée en pensant ;
 Qui, dormant à son œuvre un rayon de sa flamme,
 Fait tout sortir de rien, et vivre de son âme,
 Enfante avec un mot comme fit Jéhova,
 Se voit dans ce qu'il fait, s'applaudit, et dit : Va !
 N'a ni soir, ni matin, mais chaque jour s'éveille
 Aussi jeune, aussi neuf, aussi Dieu que la veille ;
 Que cet esprit captif dans les liens du corps
 Sente en lui tout-à-coup défaillir ses ressorts,
 Et, comme le mourant qui s'éteint mais qui pense,
 Mesure à son cadran sa propre décadence,
 Qu'il sente l'univers se dérober sous lui,
 Levier divin qui sent manquer le point d'appui,
 Aigle pris du vertige en son vol sur l'abîme,
 Qui sent l'air s'affaïsser sous son aile et s'abîme,
 Ah ! voilà le néant que je ne comprends pas !
 Voilà la mort, plus mort que la mort d'ici-bas,
 Voilà la véritable et complète ruine !
 Auguste et saint débris devant qui je m'incline,
 Voilà ce qui fait honte ou ce qui fait frémir,
 Gémissement que Job oublia de gémir !

Ton esprit a porté le poids de ce problème ;
 Sain dans un corps infirme il se juge lui-même ;
 Tes organes vaincus parlent pour t'avertir ;
 Tu sens leur décadence, heureux de la sentir,
 Heureux que la raison te prêtant sa lumière,
 T'arrête avant la chute au bord de la carrière !
 Eh bien ! ne rougis pas au moment de t'asseoir ;
 Laisse un long crépuscule à l'éclat de ton soir ;
 Notre tâche commence et la tienne est finie :
 C'est à nous maintenant d'embaumer ton génie.
 Ah ! si comme le tien mon génie était roi,
 Si je pouvais d'un mot évoquer devant toi
 Les fantômes divins dont ta plume féconde
 Des héros, des amants a peuplé l'autre monde ;
 Les sites enchantés que ta main a décrits,
 Paysages vivants dans la pensée écrits ;
 Les nobles sentiments s'élevant de tes pages
 Comme autant de parfums des odorantes plages ;

Et les hautes vertus que ton art fit germer,
 Et les saints dévouements que ta voix fait aimer;
 Dans un cadre où ta vie entrerait tout entière,
 Je les ferais jaillir tous devant ta paupière,
 Je les concentrerais dans un brillant miroir,
 Et, dans un seul regard, ton œil pourrait te voir!
 Semblables à ces feux, dans la nuit éternelle,
 Qui viennent saluer la main qui les appelle,
 Je les ferais passer rayonnants devant toi;
 Vaste création qui saluerait son roi!
 Je les réunirais en couronne choisie,
 Dont chaque fleur serait amour et poésie,
 Et je te forcerais, toi qui veux la quitter,
 A respirer ta gloire avant de la jeter.

Cette gloire sans tache, et ces jours sans nuage,
 N'ont point pour ta mémoire à déchirer de page;
 La main du tendre enfant peut t'ouvrir au hasard,
 Sans qu'un mot corrupteur étonne son regard,
 Sans que de tes tableaux la suave décence
 Fasse rougir un front couronné d'innocence;
 Sur la table du soir, dans la veillée admise,
 La famille te compte au nombre des amis,
 Se fie à ton honneur, et laisse sans scrupule
 Passer de main en main le livre qui circule;
 La vierge, en te lisant, qui ralentit son pas,
 Si sa mère survient ne te dérobe pas,
 Mais relit au grand jour le passage qu'elle aime,
 Comme en face du Ciel tu l'écrivis toi-même,
 Et s'endort aussi pure après t'avoir fermé,
 Mais de grâce et d'amour le cœur plus parfumé.
 Un Dieu descend toujours pour dénouer ton drame,
 Toujours la Providence y veille et nous proclame
 Cette justice occulte et ce divin ressort
 Qui fait jouer le temps et gouverne le sort;
 Dans les cent mille aspects de ta gloire infinie
 C'est toujours la raison qui guide ton génie.
 Ce n'est pas du désert le cheval indompté
 Trainant de Mazeppa le corps ensanglanté,
 Et, comme le torrent tombant de cime en cime,
 Précipitant son maître au trône ou dans l'abîme;
 C'est le courlier de Job, fier, mais obéissant,
 Faisant sonner du pied le sol retentissant,
 Se fiant à ses flancs comme l'aigle à son aile,
 Prêtant sa bouche au frein et son dos à la selle;
 Puis, quand en quatre bonds le désert est franchi,
 Jouant avec le mors que l'écume a blanchi,
 Touchant sans le passer le but qu'on lui désigne,
 Et sous la main qu'on tend courbant son cou de cygne.

Voilà l'homme, voilà le pontife immortel!
 Pontife que Dieu fit pour parfumer l'autel,
 Pour dérober au sphinx le mot de la nature,
 Pour jeter son flambeau dans notre nuit obscure,
 Et nous faire épeler, dans ses divins accents,
 Ce grand livre du sort dont lui seul a le sens.

Aussi dans ton repos, que ton heureux navire
 Soit poussé par l'Eurus, ou flatté du Zéphire,
 Et, partout où la mer étend son vaste sein,
 Flotte d'un ciel à l'autre aux deux bords du bassin;
 Ou que ton char, longeant la crête des montagnes,
 Porte en bas ton regard sur nos tièdes campagnes,
 Partout où ton œil voit du pont de ton vaisseau
 Le phare ou le clocher sortir du bleu de l'eau,
 Ou le môle blanchi par les flots d'une plage
 Étendre en mer un bras de ville ou de village;
 Partout où ton regard voit au flanc des coteaux
 Pyramider en noir les tours des vieux châteaux,
 Ou flotter les vapeurs halées de nos villes,
 Ou des plus humbles toits le soir rougir les tuiles,
 Tu peux dire, en ouvrant ton cœur à l'amitié,
 Ici l'on essuierait la poudre de mon pié,
 Ici dans quelque cœur mon âme s'est versée,
 Car tout un siècle pense et vit de ma pensée!
 Il ne t'a rien manqué pour égaler du front
 Ces noms pour qui le temps n'a plus d'ombre et d'affront,
 Ces noms majestueux que l'épopée élève
 Comme une citre humaine au-dessus de la grève,
 Que d'avoir concentré dans un seul monument
 La puissance et l'effort de ton enfantement.
 Mais tout homme a trop peu de jours pour sa pensée:
 La main sèche sur l'œuvre à peine commencée,
 Notre bras n'atteint pas aussi loin que notre œil;
 Soyons donc indulgents même pour notre orgueil.
 Les monuments complets ne sont pas œuvre d'homme:
 Un siècle les commence, un autre les consomme;
 Encor ces grands témoins de notre humanité
 Accusent sa faiblesse et sa brièveté;
 Nous y portons chacun le sable avec la foule;
 Qu'importe, quand plus tard notre Babel s'écroule,
 D'avoir porté nous-même à ces longs monuments
 L'humble brique cachée au sein des fondements,
 Ou la pierre sculptée où notre vain nom vive?
 Notre nom est néant quelque part qu'on l'inscrive.

Spectateur fatigué du grand spectacle humain,
 Tu nous laisses pourtant dans un rude chemin:
 Les nations n'ont plus ni barde ni prophète
 Pour enchanter leur route et marcher à leur tête;
 Un tremblement de trône a secoué les rois,
 Les chefs comptent par jour et les règnes par mois;
 Le souffle impétueux de l'humaine pensée,
 Équinoxe brûlant dont l'âme est renversée,
 Ne permet à personne, et pas même en espoir,
 De se tenir debout au sommet du pouvoir,
 Mais poussant tour à tour les plus forts sur la cime,
 Les frappe de vertige et les jette à l'abîme;
 En vain le monde invoque un sauveur, un appui,
 Le temps plus fort que nous nous entraîne sous lui:
 Lorsque la mer est basse un enfant la gourmande,
 Mais tout homme est petit quand une époque est grande.

Regarde : citoyens, rois, soldat ou tribun
 Dieu met la main sur tous et n'en choisit pas un ;
 Et le pouvoir, rapide et brûlant météore,
 En tombant sur nos fronts nous juge et nous dévore.
 C'en est fait : la parole a soufflé sur les mers,
 Le chaos bout et couve un second univers,
 Et pour le genre humain que le sceptre abandonne
 Le salut est dans tous et n'est plus dans personne.
 A l'immense roulis d'un océan nouveau,
 Aux oscillations du ciel et du vaisseau,
 Aux gigantesques flots qui croulent sur nos têtes,
 On sent que l'homme aussi double un cap des tempêtes,
 Et passe sous la foudre et sous l'obscurité
 Le tropique orageux d'une autre humanité.

Aussi jamais les flots où l'éclair se rallume
 N'ont jeté vers le ciel plus de bruit et d'écume,
 Dans leurs gouffres béants englouti plus de mâts,
 Porté l'homme plus haut pour le lancer plus bas,
 Noyé plus de fortune et sur plus de rivages
 Poussé plus de débris et d'illustres naufrages :
 Tous les royaumes veufs d'hommes-rois sont peuplés ;
 Ils échangent entre eux leurs maîtres exilés.
 J'ai vu l'ombre des Stuarts, veuve du triple empire,
 Mendier le soleil et l'air qu'elle respire,
 L'héritier de l'Europe et de Napoléon,
 Déshérité du monde et déchu de son nom,
 De peur qu'un si grand nom qui seul tient une histoire
 N'eût un trop frêle écho d'un si grand son de gloire.

Et toi-même en montant au sommet de tes tours
 Tu peux voir le plus grand des débris de nos jours,
 De leur soleil natal deux plantes orphelines
 Du palais d'Edimbourg couronner les ruines !....
 Ah ! lorsque, s'échappant des fentes d'un tombeau,
 Cette tige germait sous un rayon plus beau,
 Quand la France envoyant ses salves à l'Europe,
 Annonçait son miracle aux flots de Parthénope,
 Quand moi-même d'un vers pressé de le bénir
 Sur un fils du destin j'invoquais l'avenir,
 Je ne me doutais pas qu'avec tant d'espérance
 Le vent de la fortune, hélas ! jouait d'avance,
 Emportant tant de joie et tant de vœux dans l'air
 Avec le bruit du bronze et son rapide éclair,
 Et qu'avant que l'enfant pût manier ses armes
 Les bardes sur son sort n'auraient plus que des larmes !....
 Des larmes ? non, leur lyre a de plus nobles voix :
 Ah ! s'il échappe au trône écueil de tant de rois,
 Si comme un nourrisson qu'on jette à la lionne
 A la rude infortune à nourrir Dieu le donne,
 Ce sort ne vaut-il pas les berceaux triomphants ?
 Toujours l'ombre d'un trône est fatale aux enfants,
 Toujours des Tigellins l'haleine empoisonnée
 Tue avant le printemps les germes de l'année !
 Qu'il grandisse au soleil, à l'air libre, aux autans,
 Qu'il lutte sans cuirasse avec l'esprit du temps ;

De quelque nom qu'amour, haine, ou pitié le nomme,
 Néant ou majesté, roi proscrit, qu'il soit homme !
 D'un trône dévorant qu'il ne soit pas jaloux :
 La puissance est au sort, nos vertus sont à nous.
 Qu'il console à lui seul son errante famille :
 Plus obscure est la nuit et plus l'étoile y brille !
 Et, si comme un timide et faible passager
 Que l'on jette à la mer à l'heure du danger,
 La liberté prenant un enfant pour victime,
 Le jette au gouffre ouvert pour refermer l'abîme,
 Qu'il y tombe sans peur, qu'il y dorme innocent
 De ce qu'un trône coûte à recrépîr de sang ;
 Qu'il s'égalé à son sort, au plus haut comme au pire ;
 Qu'il ne se pèse pas, enfant, contre un empire ;
 Qu'à l'humanité seule il résigne ses droits :
 Jamais le sang du peuple a-t-il sacré les rois ?

Mais adieu ; d'un cœur plein l'eau déborde, et j'oublie
 Que ta voile frissonne aux brises d'Italie,
 Et t'enlève à la scène où s'agite le sort,
 Comme l'aile du cygne à la vase du bord.
 Vénérable vieillard, poursuis ton doux voyage :
 Que le vent du midi dérobe à chaque plage
 L'air vital de ces mers que tu vas respirer ;
 Que l'oranger s'effeuille afin de t'enivrer ;
 Que dans chaque horizon ta paupière ravie
 Boive avec la lumière une goutte de vie !
 Si jamais sur ces mers dont le doux souvenir
 M'émeut comme un coursier qu'un autre entend hennir,
 Mon navire inconnu glissant sous peu de voile
 Venait à rencontrer sous quelque heureuse étoile
 Le dôme au triple pont qui berce ton repos,
 Je jetterais de joie une autre bague aux flots ;
 Mes yeux contemplerait ton large front d'Homère,
 Palais des songes d'or, gouffre de la chimère,
 Où tout l'Océan entre et bouillonne en entrant
 Et d'où des flots sans fin sortent en murmurant,
 Chaos où retentit ta parole profonde
 Et d'où tu fais jaillir les images du monde ;
 J'inclinerais mon front sous ta puissante main
 Qui de joie et de pleurs pétrit le genre humain ;
 J'emporterais dans l'œil la rayonnante image
 D'un de ces hommes-siècle et qui nomment un âge ;
 Mes lèvres garderaient le sel de tes discours,
 Et je séparerais ce jour de tous mes jours,
 Comme au temps où d'en haut les célestes génies,
 Prenant du voyageur les sandales bénies,
 Marchaient dans nos sentiers ; les voyageurs pieux
 Dont l'apparition avait frappé les yeux,
 L'œil encore ébloui du sillon de lumière,
 Marquaient du pied la place, y roulaient une pierre,
 Pour conserver visible à leurs postérités
 L'heure où l'homme de Dieu les avait visités.

ALPHONSE DE LAMARTINE.

LIST OF THE PRINCIPAL NEW WORKS

PUBLISHED ON THE CONTINENT,

FROM MAY TO JULY, 1832, INCLUSIVE.

THEOLOGY AND ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY.

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THE
FOREIGN
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

ART. I.—*Œuvres Complètes* de M. le Vicomte de Chateaubriand,
&c. &c. 28 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1826—1831.

AMONG the celebrated men of France M. de Chateaubriand holds a conspicuous station, distinguished alike by the brilliancy of his talents, and by their scope and versatility. Minister, diplomatist, orator, poet, traveller, theologian, novelist, pamphleteer—he has appeared in all these various capacities, and so appeared as invariably to ensure attention, and frequently to command admiration and respect. Yet with all this variety, there has been little inconsistency—with all this change of style and subject there has been little change of tone and feeling. Through all the manifold productions of his fertile pen, we still see the same rash, ardent, eloquent, imaginative Chateaubriand. He was born in 1772, the youngest of ten children. The subjects to which his attention was principally directed in early years were theology and naval affairs, studies which gave some colour to his after-life, and of which the influence was perceptible in his writings. At an early age he entered the army, which he quitted at the commencement of the French Revolution. In 1791 the love of travel led him to America, where he hoped to find in civilized man the theoretical liberty for which his countrymen were panting—and in the rude inhabitant of its boundless forests a verification of those rhapsodies of Rousseau, which had taken strong hold on his young imagination. He returned from this tour on hearing of the arrest of Louis XVI. at Varennes, and chivalrously determined to devote himself to the royal cause;—but the struggle was hopeless, and after being wounded at Thionville, he fled to England, where he remained several years engaged in the composition of his *Essai sur les Révolutions*, his *Génie du Christianisme*, his *Natchez*, *Atala*, and *Réné*. He returned to France in 1800. His writings had excited attention—Napoleon felt the value of his talents, and wished to engage them in his service; and in 1802, after the signature of the Concordat, Chateaubriand accompanied Cardinal Fesch, as Secretary of the Embassy, to

Rome. Napoleon had not then assumed the crown: this act and the murder of the Duc d'Enghien rendered it impossible for one who felt as did M. de Chateaubriand to remain in his service; and the day that tragedy was made known to him, he sent in his resignation. There was no slight danger in thus resigning; but Chateaubriand did not have recourse to flight, and Napoleon had the wise magnanimity to abstain from molesting him. He even made him fresh offers, but they were rejected; and Chateaubriand soon afterwards commenced that tour in Greece, Egypt, and the Holy Land, which he has so eloquently described. On his return to France, undismayed by the state of thralldom under which the press was then labouring, he ventured to become a journalist. Some expressions in his review of Laborde's *Voyage en Espagne*, excited the displeasure of Napoleon—and the journal, of which he was with another the joint conductor, was suppressed. Meanwhile he grew in consideration among the literary men of France. A place in the "Institut" became vacant by the death of Chénier, and Chateaubriand was elected to fill it. But the condition attached to every election was a panegyric on the predecessor—the revolutionist Chénier was a subject ill-suited for the pen of Chateaubriand; reversing the disobedience of Balaam, he turned the panegyric into an anathema; his intended discourse was declared inadmissible, his election annulled, and himself ordered to quit Paris. On the restoration of the Bourbons in 1814, M. de Chateaubriand, after publishing his *Buonaparte et les Bourbons*, and his *Reflexions Politiques*, was appointed ambassador to Sweden. During the temporary retirement of Louis XVIII. at Ghent, he accepted from him a ministerial office, which he retained on the king's second restoration to his throne, till ejected in 1816 by the instrumentality of De Cazes. His *Monarchie selon la Charte* incurred the censure of that minister, then at the head of the Police, and the work was seized and denounced. It was, however, not condemned by the tribunals; but its author was driven from office. He was afterwards ambassador at London, at Berlin, and at the Congress of Verona. In 1822 he became Minister for Foreign affairs, but retained that office only about two years. He subsequently accepted the post of Ambassador to Rome, which in 1829 he resigned, and this has been his last official situation. Such is a brief outline of the career of the distinguished subject of our present notice down to the period of the Revolution of 1830. Subsequent events must be so fresh in the recollection of our readers, that it is needless to allude to them.

There are two of our countrymen, one of them still living, to whom M. de Chateaubriand, in the quality of his mind, seems to have a strong resemblance; we allude to Mr. Southey—and to one still greater—to Mr. Burke. We do not mean to say that

M. de Chateaubriand is as brilliant an orator, as powerful a political writer, as the latter—or that he is as good a poet as Mr. Southey—but that his mind exhibits many of those characteristics which have been displayed by each. We find in him the same predominance of imagination over judgment, the same disposition to resolve matters of speculation into matters of feeling, and to broach as his opinions what are merely his tastes; the same disposition to treat religion and politics as if they were among the fine arts, and to judge of a creed or a constitution as he would of a picture. Like Burke, he would have expatiated on the beautiful vision of Marie Antoinette as a palliation of the enormities of the “ancien régime.” Like Mr. Southey, he would have directed our attention to the superior picturesqueness of the embowered cottage of the agricultural labourer over the naked row of manufacturing dwellings, as a proof that agriculture is better than manufactures. He is, however, very inferior to Burke in the mental vigour wherewith that distinguished man could array in the choicest armour of reason whatever theory his feelings and imagination might have led him to adopt. M. de Chateaubriand bears a closer resemblance to Mr. Southey; and he resembles him not only in the manner in which he employs the large resources of his gifted mind, but even in the direction of many of his tastes. He is not only, like him, enthusiastic,—but enthusiastic upon similar subjects. There is in the minds of each the same disposition to look with peculiar fondness upon monachism and all its accessories. Pilgrimages and missions similarly affect their imaginations; and there is a mental excursiveness and love of the exciting wonders of foreign travel, alike perceptible in both. In politics the resemblance would probably have been greater, if M. de Chateaubriand had lived only a life of speculation, and had never entered into the turbulent arena of political existence, and rubbed off a little of his theoretical sentimentality by actual collision with practical statesmen. But there is much resemblance still. M. de Chateaubriand is a French High Tory, but a Tory by imagination rather than by principle; smitten with the imposing grandeur of arbitrary power, and the venerableness of prescriptive rights; commending the benignity of paternal governments, yet not unwilling to admit how beautiful is liberty. He cannot even now forget that abstract liberty was the idol of his youth; but the horrors of the French Revolution scared him from his blind devotion; and, like disappointed votaries, he has visited upon the object of his adoration that mortification which his own excessive zeal had prepared for him.

M. de Chateaubriand's earliest work is his “*Essai Historique*”

Politique et Moral sur les Révolutions anciennes et modernes, considérées dans leurs rapports avec la Révolution Francoise de nos jours." It was commenced in 1794 (Chateaubriand being then two and twenty), and published in London in 1797. It is a very faulty production, full of the errors of youthful precipitance. By none has it been more severely censured than by its author himself, who thus speaks of it in the preface to the edition of his complete works:—

" Littérairement parlant, ce livre est détestable et parfaitement ridicule ; c'est un chaos où se rencontrent les Jacobins et les Spartiates, la Marseilloise et les Chants de Tyrtée, un Voyage aux Açores et le Periple d'Hannon, l'Eloge de Jésus Christ et la Critique des Moines, les Vers Dorés de Pythagore et les Fables de M. de Nivernois, Louis XVI., Agis, Charles I., des Promenades solitaires, des Vues de la Nature, du Malheur, de la Mélancolie, du Suicide, de la Politique, un petit commencement d'*Atala*, Robespierre, la Convention, et des discussions sur Zénon, Epicure et Aristote, le tout en style sauvage et boursoufflé, plein de fautes de langue, d'idiotismes étrangers, et de barbarismes."

The severity of this criticism he afterwards softens in a note; but it is in reality far from being unjust; and it may be truly said that M. de Chateaubriand would have acted with a wise regard for his own fame if he had not sanctioned the republication of the work in question. In this youthful work he appears to have set out with a mauia for discovering coincidences. Whatever had strongly affected his imagination among the events of modern times, and especially those connected with the French Revolution, must have its parallel in ancient history. France must be like Greece. Robespierre was like Pisistratus!—yet the epitaph on Marat must be like the ode to Harmodius, who slew the descendant of Pisistratus! and, moreover, the Jacobins resembled, not the Athenians, but the Spartans! Voltaire was like Anacreon—Rousseau was Heraclitus—Dumouriez was Miltiades—Pichegru had for his *pendant* Pausanias—and the Prince de Cobourg was Mardonius. Countries are compared as well as persons, and with equal success. Prussia is the modern representative of Macedonia—Holland of Tyre—and England is the very counterpart of Carthage. There was a wonderful resemblance in the constitution of the two countries! There were actually two parties in the senate of Carthage, as there is a ministerial and an opposition party in the English parliament! besides, as we had a Marlborough, even so had they a Hannibal—and they had also a Hanno, a celebrated navigator, to correspond with our Captain Cook! Events are also compared. The invasion of Greece by Xerxes is found to be wonderfully like the coalition of the European powers against France in 1793. We

find a curious table, in which the coalitions against Greece in the Persian war, and against France in the Republican war, are set forth in opposite columns, where Persia on one side nods at Germany on the other—the “*Satrapies de la Perse, la Lydie, l’Arménie, la Pamphylie,*” &c. are flanked by “*Cercles de l’Empire, la Bavière, la Saxe, les Electorats de Trèves, d’Hanovre,*” &c. —“divers peuples Arabes” stand opposite to “la Russie”—and the Scythians are called in to balance the Swiss. Then, we have an exquisite parallel between the land-fight at Maubeuge and the sea-fight at Salamis:—“C’est ainsi que la flotte Persanne, composée de diverses nations,—l’armée Autrichienne formée de même de différents peuples; ces coalisés, les uns traîtres, les autres pusillanimes, ceux-ci craignant des succès qui refléteroient trop de gloire sur tel ou tel général, telle ou telle nation; toute cette masse indigeste d’alliés, fut brisée à Salamine et a Maubeuge.” We are involuntarily reminded of the ingenuity of Shakspeare’s Fluellen. “If you look in the map of the ’orld,” says the gallant Welchman, “I warrant you shall find, on the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations—look you—is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, and there is also a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth; but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but ’tis all one; ’tis so like as my fingers is to my fingers, and there is salmons in both.” Listen once more to M. de Chateaubriand supporting the parallel between Persia and Germany. “Cependant l’empire d’Orient, et celui d’Allemagne avoient changé de maîtres.—Darius et Leopold n’étoient plus.—A ces monarques, savants dans la connoissance des hommes et dans l’art de gouverner, succédèrent leurs fils, Xerxès et François. Le roi de Perses, élevé dans la mollesse, étoit aussi pusillanime que l’empereur Germanique, nourri dans les camps de Joseph, est courageux. Ils semblent seulement avoir partagé en commun l’obstination de caractère.” Why, this system of comparison by opposites is the very same that is pre-imagined by Shakspeare: it is rank plagiarism. Hear again the good Captain Fluellen. “As Alexander is kill his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his goot judgment, is turn away the fat knight.”

One of M. de Chateaubriand’s greatest works is his *Génie du Christianisme*, a work of eminent eloquence and much research, yet one of the most unequal and unsatisfactory productions of genius that has been witnessed in modern times; full of brilliant beauties and glaring defects—passages which all must admire, and errors that might be detected by a child—excellent in intention, yet so executed as to draw down the reprobation even of those who

are most zealous in the cause the writer has undertaken to defend. The illogical character of the author's mind is conspicuous in almost every portion of this splendid failure. It is conspicuous in the very outline of the work, and it is still more evident in the details. He takes up arms against objections which are not worthy of his attacks, and he combats them with arguments which he ought to have seen were inadequate to his purpose.

The object of his work he thus describes. It had been maintained, he says, that Christianity was "a religion sprung from barbarism, absurd in its doctrines, ridiculous in its ceremonies, and hostile to the progress of arts and literature;" and he therefore undertakes to prove that "of all religions that have ever existed the Christian religion is the most poetical, the most favourable to liberty, to the arts, and to literature; that the modern world owes every thing to it, from agriculture to abstract science, from the humblest asylum for the unfortunate to the temples built by Michael Angelo and embellished by Raphael; that it favours talent, purifies taste, and invigorates thought—that it offers noble images to the writer, and perfect models to the artist; and that it is desirable to call all the enchantments of imagination and all the interests of the heart to the aid of that religion against which they have been employed." Such, he says, is the object of his work. The *intention* was certainly excellent. He saw that Deism in France was captivating its proselytes with the classical beauties of heathen fable—that both in literature and in the fine arts no models were acknowledged except those of Greece and Rome. He saw that among a people on whom the outward forms and surfaces of things have more influence than on us, this invariable use of classical symbols, this invariable appeal to classical models as the true criterion of all excellence, tended much to confirm them in the anti-christian feeling which then generally prevailed in France. He wished to counteract the poison by teaching them to discover beauties in the Christian creed, and if he did not convince their reason, at least to captivate their tastes. In adopting this course, M. de Chateaubriand seems never to have considered what very humble ground he was condescending to occupy. He seems never to have asked himself whether such a line of defence was not derogatory to the great cause he was undertaking to advocate, and whether it was really advantageous to religion to treat it as if it was one of the fine arts. Nay more, he seems to have forgotten that the utmost success in establishing his position would profit him nothing with those whom he addressed. The deistical admirers of Greece and Rome, who thought the Heathen mythology the most beautiful, the most poetical of all mythologies, did not on that account believe in it. Their imagination did not controul their judgment; their

tastes were not connected with their creed. If, therefore, the eloquence of the *Génie du Christianisme* could have succeeded in inducing them to discard their classical models of excellence, could have wrought an entire revolution in their tastes, and led them to draw thenceforth only from Holy Writ their subjects for poetry or for painting: this would no more necessarily have made them Christians, than their veneration for classical models had proved them to be worshippers of Jupiter and Minerva. The utmost success of his line of argument could have scarcely tended to do more than just to raise Christianity above the absurd and vicious mythology of Greece and Rome. He would have shown only that Christianity was a little more favourable to art and literature than the Heathen creed; that they had flourished greatly under a false religion, and rather more under the only true one. This was the utmost success that could be attained by the most complete establishment of that line of argument which he had chosen to adopt. It ought to have occurred to him that if, both under a true and under a false religion, arts and literature had been found to flourish, the mere difference of degree could not be available in argument as proof or disproof of either creed, and that we must seek some other cause of their advancement. If they had advanced under the false worship of Jupiter, it was surely absurd to state, as an argument in favour of Christianity, that they had also advanced under the true religion of Christ. This absurdity is increased, when we remember that the argument was addressed to those who practically denied its validity, by denying that the mythology of the ancients was entitled to belief in consequence of that supposed poetical superiority which M. de Chateaubriand is anxious to contest.

The case would have been different, if M. de Chateaubriand had addressed his arguments to believers in any known creed; if he had compared the effects of Christianity, not with the scarcely deducible results of a worship which is utterly exploded, but with the visible and unquestionable workings of an established religion which does actually exercise an influence over a large portion of mankind. He might usefully have compared it with Mahometanism; he might have shown the benumbing and degrading influence of the false religion, the civilizing power of the true. He might have shown, that, while Mahometanism is clogged with observances which fetter the progress of the human intellect and render man stationary and unimproved, Christianity encourages the full development of all his powers—that, while Mahometanism scarcely accommodates itself to any but the nations among whom it was promulgated, while it holds forth future rewards which, like the Valhalla of the Saxons and the hunting-ground of the North American Indians, are adapted to the gross

animal pleasures of a peculiar people; while it prescribes ceremonies, few of which are suitable, and one (the fast from sun-rise to sun-set) impossible to an inhabitant of the Arctic circle; Christianity is equally addressed, and can with equal ease be embraced, by every human being on the face of the globe. If M. de Chateaubriand had instituted a parallel like this—had compared contemporary religions, and results of real importance to the condition of man, which are plainly deducible from each, he would have done more wisely—though even then it could not have been said that he had established his argument on lofty ground. But M. de Chateaubriand does nothing of all this: he does not compare contemporary religions: he compares the works of modern Christianity with the productions of ancient Paganism: he brings forward on either side, not results which are directly and unquestionably to be attributed to the influence of religion, but which cannot be proved to have sprung from that source, and which can only be said to have co-existed with it. He has moreover adduced circumstances, which, whether derivable from a religious creed or not, are, instead of being vitally important to the temporal welfare of man, denounced by some as absolutely worthless, and classed even by their admirers rather among the ornaments and luxuries of civilized existence, than among those great principles on which depend either our welfare in this world or our hopes of happiness in another.

It is very true that Christianity is favourable to the progress of arts and literature; that it is very capable of poetical treatment; that the epics of Milton, Dante, and Tasso, claim our admiration as well as the *Iliad* and the *Æneid*. Raphael may have surpassed Polygnotus; and St. Peter's at Rome may be a more splendid work of architectural skill than any of the temples of ancient Greece. But is Christianity to be defended on grounds like these? Is it to be recommended on such a plea? Can any one who regards it rightly, feel that to the immensity of its importance one tittle has been added by the most satisfactory proof that poetry, painting, architecture, and music, are not incompatible with its tenets? M. de Chateaubriand, for a devout man, seems strangely insensible to the immense inequality between the substantial importance of religion, and the value of the trappings which he summons to support it. Even to the undevout, religion will appear the most powerful engine that ever influenced the condition of man; and to commend it because ornamental arts have flourished under its mighty shadow, would appear to him trifling and absurd. As wisely might we say, in commendation of the steam-engine, that it was not incapable in some parts of being elegantly carved, and even decorated with gold leaf; as well might we say, in praise of the

elephant, that he sometimes carried an embroidered houdah. To see the real insignificance of this mode of defence, let us suppose that the reverse of that which M. de Chateaubriand maintains were true. Suppose that, instead of having flourished, poetry and the fine arts had withered under the influence of Christianity; suppose that from the commencement of the Christian æra no great poem had been written, no fine picture painted, no splendid temple built, and that for all of this kind that deserved admiration we must look solely to Pagan Greece; suppose this true, who would not smile if it were gravely adduced as an argument against the truth of Christianity? The question of its truth must evidently rest on other grounds, and that being once established, objections like these would not be even as a feather in the scale against it. We must conclude, not that the Christian scheme was untrue, but that whatever had not thriven under its influence and had appeared incompatible with it, was injurious and immoral, or at least not essential to the welfare of mankind. And yet it is upon circumstances which, if reversed, could not militate against Christianity, that M. de Chateaubriand grounds the greater part of a lengthened argument in opposition to the dexterous sophistries of the French Encyclopedists. It is by such means he hopes to silence the ablest opponents who ever directed the arms of perverted reason against the evidences of religion.

M. de Chateaubriand probably felt that he was justified in adducing every thing which could be said in favour of the cause he was supporting, and that if Christianity had been favourable to poetry and the fine arts, it was an additional merit, which it was proper to state; but it does not appear to have occurred to him that a weak argument is worse than none, and that the advocate who insists upon trivial points, as if they were important, creates an impression that nothing more important remains to be brought forward. M. de Chateaubriand lays as much stress upon the promotion of poetry and the fine arts, as if he was saying nearly all that could be said in favour of Christianity, and he thus prepares a triumph for the sceptic, who might reasonably ask him how it happened that the decline of literature and the fine arts might be dated almost from the commencement of the Christian æra, and that we had been subjected under that religion to more than a thousand years of barbarism. Thus his futile defence would have no other effect than to give an undue weight to a futile objection. Our object in the foregoing remarks has been not to enter into a theological discussion, but to illustrate the illogical character of our author's mind, and to show how, with great powers of eloquence at command, he becomes a weak and even a dangerous advocate, through the want of a just apprecia-

tion of the points he insists upon, and a clear and comprehensive view of the principal bearings of the question before him.

But if this defect of the reasoning faculty is perceptible even in the plan and outline of his work, it is still more manifest in his management of the details. He seems to have no idea that mere assertion will not stand in the place of proof; that it is necessary to say more than that thus he feels and thinks, and that his opinions on various questionable matters are not the universal opinions of mankind. Out of the many instances of this propensity which present themselves to our notice, we will take the First Chapter, "*Du Christianisme dans l'Eloquence*," in the Fourth Book of the Third Part of the same work. He commences thus:—

"Le Christianisme fournit tant de preuves de son excellence, que, quand on croit n'avoir plus qu'un sujet à traiter, soudain il s'en présente un autre sous votre plume. Nous parlions des philosophes, et voilà que les orateurs viennent nous demander si nous les oublions.... Les modernes doivent à la religion Catholique cet art du discours qui, en manquant à notre littérature, eût donné au génie antique une supériorité décidée sur le nôtre. C'est ici un des grands triomphes de notre culte; et quoi qu'on puisse dire à la louange de Cicéron et de Démosthène, Massillon et Bossuet peuvent sans crainte leur être comparés."

Again he says—

"On lit une fois, deux fois peut-être, les *Verrines* et les *Catilinaires* de Cicéron, l'*Oraison pour la Couronne* et les *Philippiques* de Démosthène; mais on médite sans cesse, on feuillette nuit et jour, les *Oraisons Funèbres* de Bossuet, et les *Sermons* de Bourdaloue et de Massillon."

M. de Chateaubriand says "*on lit, on médite*," as confidently as if all the world must necessarily agree with him—as if to read Cicero seldom and Bourdaloue often was the universal practice of mankind! and yet (to crown the absurdity) against whom is the observation directed?—against those who he knows have already falsified his sweeping assertion—who study Cicero and Demosthenes much, and set little comparative value on Massillon and Bossuet! If an opponent were to give back the assertion reversed, were to say, "*on lit une fois les Oraisons Funèbres de Bossuet, on feuillette nuit et jour les Verrines de Cicéron*," it would certainly be a puerile reply and no confutation; but we could hardly say that it was not as good as the assertion merited. But a grosser error remains to be noticed, an error which shows his strange inability to perceive the consequences of his own propositions, and his blindness to the danger of attempting to prove too much.

"Au reste," he says "c'est la religion qui, dans tous les siècles et dans tous les pays, a été la source de l'éloquence. Si Démosthène et Cicéron ont été de grands orateurs, c'est qu'avant tout ils étoient religieux." And he adds in a note: "Ils ont sans cesse le nom des dieux

à la bouche; voyez l'invocation du premier aux mânes des héros de Marathon, et l'apothéose du second aux dieux dépouillés par Verrès."

Demosthenes and Cicero were eloquent because they were religious! and we are referred for an example to Cicero's castigation of Verres, for having appropriated statues of Mercury, of Hercules, and of Cupid,—deities assuredly little calculated to have excited religious veneration even in the most besotted of their superstitious worshippers, and in whom we know, from his own writings, the enlightened orator did not believe. "The names of their deities were continually in their mouths!" What deities? There is scarcely a schoolboy who does not know that they were little better than personified vices, and that the history of their adventures is grossly impure; yet to worship them was to be "religious!"; and the eloquence of Demosthenes and Cicero sprung principally from this degraded source! But what is more, if the assertion were true, (which whoever studies the lives and writings of these great men will utterly deny,) it would militate against that very line of argument which M. de Chateaubriand is attempting to support. If Demosthenes and Cicero were eloquent, principally because they were religious, and if a false religion could produce such marvels, surely a true religion ought to have produced examples of eloquence infinitely more striking. The superiority of Christian over Heathen eloquence ought to have stood on unquestionable ground, instead of being a superiority which to many seems doubtful, and by some is utterly denied. To those who deny the superiority of Christian eloquence, M. de Chateaubriand has afforded a plea for preferring to Christianity the mythology of the Greeks; while those to whom the superiority seems doubtful are excused for placing the two religions on the same level.

It is difficult to collect from a writer who expresses his ideas with so little precision, what sort of instrumentality in the promotion of literature and the arts M. de Chateaubriand means to attribute to religion, and to what extent the cause of religion is supposed to be benefited by the connection. Religion with him sometimes seems to mean a vague abstract feeling of veneration for a superior being. Sometimes it is a belief in a particular creed. Sometimes it influences the sentiments; sometimes it merely furnishes a subject for, or enters into the machinery of a poem. The eloquence of Cicero is said to have been inspired by religion, though he pleaded for the worship of divinities, in whom, we know, he had no belief. It is adduced as one of the triumphs of our faith, that it furnished good subjects for the pen of Voltaire, the bitterest scoffer at its truths. The false and the true creed, the believer and the sceptic, are so heterogeneously mingled, that at times we scarcely know to

what conclusion our author is intending to lead us. The poetical use to which Voltaire, an unbeliever, was able to apply the Christian creed, seems to prove, if any thing, the absolute futility of the line of argument pursued by M. de Chateaubriand. It is to be presumed that Voltaire was induced to avail himself of the Christian creed, not from belief, not from any piety of disposition, but merely from a sense of its applicability to poetical purposes, and that he entertained as strong an opinion of the poetical beauties which Christianity affords as does the author of the "*Génie du Christianisme*." Yet what was Voltaire? Not a believer—not professedly even an admirer, but the bitterest scoffer, the most malignant foe to that religion, the poetical beauties of which he has thus practically admitted. Thus the proposition which M. de Chateaubriand is at such vast pains to establish is already granted by his chief opponent; and this opponent, while not only granting but illustrating and supporting the proposition, is still not one whit the less an enemy to Christianity. And it is by devoting the half of an extensive treatise to the enforcement of a theory already admitted by his opponents, that M. Chateaubriand thinks he is instrumental in promoting the cause of true religion!

M. de Chateaubriand enters into long comparisons between the literature of ancient times and that subsequent to the introduction of Christianity. He compares Homer with Milton and Dante, Virgil with Racine. Characters and descriptions are balanced against each other; Priam is compared with Lusignan, Penelope with Eve, Dido with Rousseau's Julie and Richardson's Clementina. All this is very agreeably written, and capable of affording much amusement, but we cannot perceive its utility, we cannot perceive that it leads us to any satisfactory result. It might all have been spared if the author had only asked himself a few plain questions in the outset. We would first have asked, is literary excellence attributable to the influence of a co-existent religion, or rather to the individual character and genius of the writer? Grant the former: then ask, does it arise from an abstract sentiment of religious veneration, or from belief in a religious creed? If either proposition is to be made general, we are compelled to take the former of these, because the Greeks and Romans exhibited much literary excellence, and their religious creed was false. But if an abstract sentiment of religious veneration is a sufficient source of literary excellence, we see not how Christianity gains more by such a theory than Deism. It is a theory which the sceptic might receive as willingly as the believer. The Deist always professes religious veneration for the Supreme Being, and he might very plausibly pretend to draw

poetical inspiration from that source. But is it proved that poetical excellence is attributable to religious sentiments of any kind? By no means. The very foundation on which the glittering structure of the author of the "*Génie du Christianisme*," has been so tastefully raised is absolutely non-existent. It was desirable in the outset to have proved two things, before M. de Chateaubriand could proceed with his argument; one, that the chief poetical merits of Christian writers are to be traced solely to their religious sentiments; the other, that no high degree of poetical excellence can exist independent of or in opposition to true religion. Now, neither of these positions is susceptible of proof. Even in a religious epic, like that of Dante, it cannot be said that some of the most remarkable beauties are in any degree attributable to the Christian faith of the author. The masterly description of Ugolino and his children might have been written by a Heathen poet, and the strange manner in which he has interwoven Catholic legends with Pagan mythology in his visit to the Inferno, under the guidance of Virgil, render him a very bad example for M. de Chateaubriand's purpose. Many of the beauties of Milton's *Paradise Lost* are wholly independent of religion;—many of them are of that kind which appear equally in his *Comus*. His descriptions of the garden of Eden—of Pandemonium, and others, with which the poem abounds, might, for ought we see, have been written by one of any religious creed, or of none. Neither, we fear, can it be shown that poetical beauties of a very high order are not compatible with immorality and absence of all religious feeling. The works of Lord Byron and of Shelley contain examples too strong to be resisted. It is useless to contend that poetry, of which the tendency is immoral or irreligious, is not, *as poetry*, to be considered good. The same Supreme Ruler who permits vice to assume sometimes an alluring aspect, permits it, for our further temptation, to arm itself with the weapons of eloquence and the fascinations of verse. It would be as useless to say that immoral verse is necessarily unpoetical, as that an immodest woman is necessarily ugly. If any one, in his zeal for female virtue, were to endeavour to maintain this untenable proposition, and would try to prove an inseparable connection between moral excellence and personal beauty, he would scarcely be acting more unwisely than, in our opinion, does M. de Chateaubriand in attempting to establish an intimate connection between poetical beauty and religious faith. It appears to us that poetical power has little connection with moral or religious principles. It is, like an eye for painting, or an ear for music, a peculiar gift, bestowed alike on the virtuous and the wicked. No fine poem which any one may have written can with truth be

ascribed to his moral principles, or to the creed in which he was nurtured. We cannot say, because good poems have been written on religious subjects, that they were good *because* they were religious, and leave out of our consideration the natural talent of the writer. We cannot say this, unless it could be shown that the subject alone is invariably sufficient to render the poem a good one. If this cannot be shown, the existence of bad religious poems will neutralize any support that is to be gained from the existence of good ones. M. de Chateaubriand cannot deny that they have had very poor poems on religious subjects in France, and that Chapelain's *Pucelle*, and Saint Amand's *Moïse Sauvé*, are not favourable to his theory. In England we can certainly boast of Milton's epics, of Young's *Night Thoughts*, of Cumberland's *Calvary*, and Heber's *Palestine*; but, on the other hand, the *Davidids* of Cowley, and the *Solomon* of Prior, in spite of the talents of these two writers, were not saved from failure by the merits of the themes, and the press groaned piteously full many a year under the religious epics of Sir Richard Blackmore.

M. de Chateaubriand frequently writes as if he did not know what "a proof" is. With him any circumstance that co-exists with another, or illustrates it, or can be connected with it in his imagination, is readily accepted as a proof. We do not require that any writer should now undertake to prove to us the immortality of the soul. But if it is still thought advisable to prove what, we trust, hardly any rational mind denies, we should be glad to have something more sound and cogent than M. de Chateaubriand has afforded us. We would suggest that the fifth commandment is in no respect applicable to the question, and that in the opinion of the best theologians the promised reward of long life refers only to existence in this world. But says M. de Chateaubriand, "*il y a une autre preuve morale de l'immortalité de l'âme, sur laquelle il faut insister, c'est la vénération des hommes pour les tombeaux.*" Now whether this vague expression be intended to imply our wish to be commemorated by a visible memorial after death, or our respect for the tombs of others, it is equally incapable of affording any proof of the immortality of the soul. It is our wish that some memorial should mark the last resting-place of our earthly remains—and why? simply because we desire to be remembered. We wish that it should be denoted to posterity that we have lived, and surely we might entertain this wish as strongly if we believed that our whole existence is limited to our mortal sphere, as if we believed that our souls are immortal. Nay more, we may reasonably conclude that this wish should be strongest in those who do *not* believe in the immortality of the soul. The whole is more important than a part; and they who think that our mortal life

constitutes the whole of our existence, will conceive it more worthy of record, will cling more fondly to a memorial of it, than they who regard it but as a small portion of the destined duration of our souls. The love of fame and the love of memorials are feelings quite independent of any opinion respecting a future state of being. The French atheists, who inscribed on tombs that "death is an eternal sleep," were no less solicitous for a visible commemoration of their mortal existence, than if they had maintained a contrary opinion. It was never thought inconsistent with their irreligion to be solicitous for the applause of men, or to desire to prolong their fame by the establishment of some visible token which should endure when they were departed. M. de Chateaubriand says, "Nous respectons les cendres de nos ancêtres, parcequ'un voix nous dit que tout n'est pas éteint en eux." This may be M. de Chateaubriand's reason for respecting the remains of his ancestors; but it is not a necessary reason, and others far more probable may be given. An atheist may respect the remains of his ancestors, because he seems to owe them gratitude, because he regards them as the causes of his existence; and he will, perhaps, respect them more, the more he is inclined to exclude the agency of a superior power. We can hardly understand what atheism is; but we conceive that if a man contrives to lower down to the lowest possible degree his reverence for that Supreme Influence which, under some name or other (be it "Chance" or "Destiny"), he must acknowledge, it will follow that he will seem more largely indebted for the boon of existence to his ancestors; whatever of respect and gratitude he denies to the Creator he must give to them, and they will be to him almost in the place of deities. Not only is our "vénération pour les tombeaux" no proof of the immortality of the soul, but something much more like a proof might actually be extracted from the absolute reverse. Let us suppose we are told of two countries, in one of which it was held that the soul is immortal, in the other that it perished with the body; that the inhabitants of the former, justly regarding our mortal body as a mere temporary vehicle for the immortal spirit, deemed it comparatively insignificant and unworthy of reverence except so long as it was the residence of that spirit, left it to mingle unnoted with the clay from which it sprung, and denied it all testimonies of respect; the others, believing that soul and body were inseparably connected, that without the body the soul could not exist, and that in our mortal death we perished utterly, were anxious to testify the utmost reverence for that material part of us which, by them, might be almost said to constitute the whole, since without it, according to their opinion, the immaterial spirit could not be;—they therefore did not neglect

the inanimate clay: they respected it, and entombed it carefully, and marked its resting-place with a monument, because they believed it to be *all* that then remained of what was once a reasoning being. If such accounts were given us, could we say that either of these classes of persons, believing as they did, had not acted in strict conformity with the plainest principles by which human actions are regulated? If the case had been different from what we find it, if the rites of sepulture had been unknown in Christian countries, and the dead were thrown aside unheeded, without a stone to mark where they were laid, it might be said with quite as much plausibility as is shown in the observations of M. de Chateaubriand, that this neglect of sepulture, this absence of respect for the tomb, was "*une preuve morale de l'immortalité de l'ame sur laquelle il faut insister.*" It might be said, these people have no reverence for the grave; they care not for the lifeless corpse, because they know that the spirit of the deceased lives still, that nothing is dead but the mere gross material earthly part of them, which, having performed its functions as the temporary residence of the immortal spirit, may now be left unheeded to mingle with the dust of which it is a part. They respect *not* the remains of their ancestors, because "*une voix leur dit que tout n'est pas éteint en eux.*" So peculiarly unfortunate is M. de Chateaubriand's proof, that it is even more efficient when used in an opposite direction; and the purpose for which it was employed can be better effected by its converse!

But there is yet another proof of the immortality of the soul—a worthy parallel to the last. "*Il n'y a que l'homme,*" says M. de Chateaubriand, "*qui soit susceptible d'être représenté plus parfait que nature, et comme approchant de la divinité. On ne s'avise pas de peindre le beau idéal d'un cheval, d'un aigle, d'un lion. Ceci nous fait entrevoir une preuve merveilleuse de la grandeur de nos fins et de l'immortalité de notre ame.*" A marvellous proof indeed! It is not even grounded on a correct assertion. Whoever has studied sculpture knows that the ancients, in their representation of various animals, and especially of the horse, the eagle, and the lion, which M. de Chateaubriand has infelicitously selected, did try to give a *beau idéal*, an abstract resemblance, not precisely like any individual creature of the kind, but embodying as much as possible all its best and most remarkable characteristics. "*Nelle antiche figure di questa fiera,*" says Winkelmann, that most accurate judge of ancient art, in speaking of the lion, "*v'ha un non so che d'ideale, per cui ben diverse sono dai leoni viventi.*" The ancient artists, in their representation of animals, pursued precisely the same system as in the representation of the human figure. But suppose the assertion true—by what

mental process can it be construed into a proof of the immortality of the soul? In what manner can an artist's representation of outward form be considered indicative of his opinion respecting the spirit that dwells within it? Let us come to particulars.—Let us take the finest known specimen of the *beau ideal* of manly beauty, the Apollo of the Belvidere; and can we gravely ask whether the mere circumstance of that statue being handsomer (as it probably is) than any man who ever existed, is any proof of the immortality of the soul? It would be almost an insult to reasoning beings seriously to propound such a question. Let us only inquire by what process of mind and hand was the statue of the Apollo formed, and how had the artist arrived at the requisite skill? By studying the proportions of the human frame—by careful observation of various models. In the course of this study he will have seen that, of the various ingredients which constitute beauty, some will be wanting even in the most favoured individuals, and will be found in greater perfection in others. In forming his statue he is not bound slavishly to adhere to any one model. He has liberty of choice, and need copy only those parts of the figure which seem most perfect in the individual before him; the others he copies from other models. He may do as we know has been done by other artists; he may copy the countenance of one, the neck and chest of another, the arms of a third, the feet and ancles of a fourth; or without exactly copying from any, he may give to every part of his statue the utmost perfection of which he has learnt, by observation, that each separate part of the human frame is capable. Now what possible connection is there between the process by which the artist thus arrives at the formation of an ideal figure, and the circumstance of man's having an immortal soul? If it had been true, that artists had given us the *beau ideal* only of the human race and never of animals, we could have suggested a very simple explanation—merely that we naturally know better what constitutes beauty in our own species than in any other. Such are the *proofs* which M. de Chateaubriand adduces in support of one of the most awfully important questions which ever entered into the consideration of man. It is truly lamentable to see such a question discussed in so puerile a manner. So worse than puerile, so dangerously weak are the arguments brought forward, that if any one is so unfortunate as to doubt that he is an immortal being, we earnestly conjure him not to have recourse for his conversion to M. de Chateaubriand's *proofs*.

M. de Chateaubriand, as sometimes happens where the reasoning faculty is not predominant, still loves the appearance of method and arrangement. He attends very laudably to those contrivances which conduce much to ensure clearness and make a

subject seem easy and palatable to its readers. He carefully distributes the portions of his theme; is minutely observant of subdivisions; and, whatever may be found in the body of his work, the most lucid order generally reigns in his table of contents. There is also a very imposing appearance of logical precision in the concise and *tranchant* manner in which he sometimes states a question, or sums up the result of an inquiry. His "*Monarchie selon la Charte*" begins thus:—

"*Première Partie. Chapitre Premier. Exposé. La France veut son roi légitime. Il y a trois manières de vouloir le roi légitime.*

"1^{re}. Avec l'ancien régime.

"2^e. Avec le despotisme.

"3^e. Avec la Charte.

"Avec l'ancien régime il y a impossibilité: nous l'avons prouvé ailleurs.

"Avec le despotisme, il faut avoir, comme Buonaparte, six mille soldats dévoués, un bras de fer, un esprit tourné vers la tyrannie. Je ne vois rien de tout cela. Reste donc la monarchie avec la charte."

Now this seems at first sight to give a very clear and comprehensive view of the state of the question, and to prepare the reader admirably for the subsequent discussion. But when we sift it, the clearness vanishes. It is founded upon false assumptions. The tripartite division is purely imaginary. One is led to suppose that it would be as absolutely impossible to discover a *fourth* system compatible with legitimate monarchy, as to find a fourth side to a triangle; and that each of his three divisions is as clearly defined as the sides of that mathematical figure. But neither is the first of these assumptions true, nor are his three divisions absolutely distinct, or specified with the requisite precision. Of despotism there are many kinds besides that which was established by Buonaparte, which mainly owed its distinctive character to the individual genius of its mighty founder. As for the term "*La Charte*," it can mean only one of two things; either a particular charter, or constitutional monarchy in general. In the first of these cases, we shall find it so limited as to render the axiom absurd; in the second, so vague as to be useless for any purposes of classification. The third chapter, entitled "*Elémens de la Monarchie Représentative*," affords also an instance of defective classification. He tells us that this representative government is composed of *four* elements; the crown, the two chambers, and the ministry. He has not defined the term "*élémens*;" but we can attach to his expressions only this meaning—that in these four divisions of the state the governing power resides. Now this is true, both with respect to the king and the two chambers, for each has a power independent of the

other; but it is not applicable to the ministry. In a government such as the author is imagining, the ministers have no particle of power which they do not derive from the king or from the chambers. They may *appear* to act independently of either, and do much occasionally at their own discretion; but this does not render them an *estate* of the realm. This is not real, substantial, independent power: it is only a delegated power; such as may be exercised by a captain in his ship, or by a colonel in his regiment. If the meaning of "element" is such as we conjecture, representative government will consist only of *three*; the sovereign and the two chambers: if it has any other meaning, we do not see why three times three may not be enumerated with equal plausibility.

At the conclusion of the "*Génie du Christianisme*," we find, concisely drawn up in the form of a logical deduction, what he calls "le resultat de cet ouvrage." It runs as follows:—

"Le Christianisme est parfait: les hommes sont imparfaits.

"Or, une conséquence parfaite ne peut sortir d'un principe imparfait.

"Le Christianisme n'est donc pas venu des hommes.

"S'il n'est pas venu des hommes, il ne peut être venu que de Dieu.

"S'il est venu de Dieu, les hommes n'ont pu le connoître que par révélation.

"Donc, le Christianisme est une religion révélée."

This at the first glance looks logical enough; but when we examine it, what do we find? An inversion of the true order of reasoning—an assumption of contested principles as if they were undeniable axioms. His second step requires proof. It is not as certain as an axiom of Euclid, that instruments imperfect in their general nature may not produce a perfect result. His fourth and fifth steps contain extensive grounds for cavil. "Whatever does not proceed from man," he tells us in the fourth "must come from God." Now the agency of man does not, as this passage would imply, exclude the superintending agency of God. This passage can therefore properly refer only to that which it neglects to specify—the *direct* and *visible* agency of the Deity. But, must every thing have proceeded either from man or from the direct interposition of God? We will not enter into that difficult and extensive subject—the origin of evil; but we would ask M. de Chateaubriand, if he means to reject those portions of Scripture which mention the existence of evil spirits? and if he recollects through whose assistance the unbelieving Jews chose to maintain that our Saviour cast out devils? He next assumes that whatever comes from God can be known to man only by revelation. He should have told us what he means by "revelation." We presume he means a direct intimation com-

municated otherwise than by the ordinary course of nature. His proposition therefore amounts to this; that the Deity *could not* convey to mankind the knowledge of a religious dispensation without a perceptible departure from the ordinary course of nature. These, be it remembered, are M. de Chateaubriand's *axioms*! But what is most remarkable is the inutility of the whole argument. He takes as premise what an opponent would contest just as much as the conclusion, and what, moreover, is less susceptible of proof. The Christian admits both premise and conclusion—both that Christianity is perfect, and that it was revealed; but he admits the former less as the proof than as the consequence of the latter. The sceptic admits neither. The argument is useless if addressed to the believer; and it is equally useless if addressed to the unbeliever, for he rejects the foundation on which the whole is made to rest. Yet we may presume that M. de Chateaubriand considered this passage a masterpiece of effective logic, inasmuch as he has employed it by way of a corollary to a very extensive and elaborate work.

As a critic, M. de Chateaubriand is not entitled to much praise. His opinions and views in literature are not liberal and comprehensive. He looks at the extrinsic more than at the intrinsic, and has not profited by the advancement of the age. He is of the school of Rollin, Bossu, and La Harpe, and is moreover a very Frenchman in his judgment on the literature of other nations. "Si nous jugeons avec *impartialité*," says he, "les ouvrages étrangers et les nôtres, nous trouverons toujours *une immense supériorité* du côté de la littérature Française." This amusing specimen of impartiality occurs in a dissertation upon Young, whose Night Thoughts he does not think sufficiently pensive—mistranslates a few of his weakest passages, and compares them with sundry melancholy extracts from other writers, in which, after all, we must confess our inability to discern that superiority which is so apparent to M. de Chateaubriand. Among others which he cites as superior is a piece of vague bombast out of Ossian. After translating it, not very correctly, he adds, with diverting *naïveté*—"On voit que la traduction *littérale* est ici très supportable. Ce qui est beau, *simple, et naturel*, l'est dans toutes les langues." Ossian simple and natural! We need not comment on what we have quoted. In discoursing further on English writers, he informs us, that "Ben-Jonson n'est plus connu aujourd'hui que par sa comédie du *For*, et par celle de l'*Alchimiste*." Of Shakespeare he says much which probably will now be smiled at almost as much in France as in England. He views with ~~horror~~ the increasing taste for the works of our dramatist which had appeared among his countrymen.

"Le penchant pour Shakespeare," he says, "est bien plus dangereux en France qu'en Angleterre. Chez les Anglois il n'y a qu'ignorance; chez nous il y a dépravation. Celui qui aime la laideur n'est pas fort loin d'aimer le vice: quiconque est insensible à la beauté peut bien méconnoître la vertu. Le mauvais goût et le vice marchent presque toujours ensemble: le premier n'est que l'expression du second, comme la parole rend la pensée."

So Shakespeare contributes to the demoralization of France! The moral philosophy of this passage is worthy of the criticism. M. de Chateaubriand is not insensible to the merits of some detached passages of Shakespeare. He justly commends the morning scene between Romeo and Juliet, and the scene where the news of the murder of his wife and children is communicated to Macduff. We should have thought he really felt all the force and beauty of the latter, if he had not thought proper to quote what he considers a close parallel. It is the following fragment of dialogue from Corneille.

"*Curiace. Albe de trois guerriers a-t-elle fait le choix?*

"*Flavian. Je viens pour vous l'apprendre.*

"*Curiace. Eh bien, qui sont les trois?*

"*Flavian. Vos deux frères et vous.*

"*Curiace. Qui?*

"*Flavian. Vous et vos deux frères."*

The words in italics are supposed to contain beauties of the first order. We are sorry we cannot discover the latent sublimity of this passage. We do not understand why Flavian should have been required to repeat his plain answer to a plain question, unless he spoke unintelligibly, or Curiace was deaf—nor why he altered the disposition of his words, unless he had collected from the tone of the "Qui?" that Curiace was not pleased at his brothers being named before him. It is not, however, our present business to criticise Corneille; we are only showing what M. de Chateaubriand brings forward as an apt illustration of one of the most pathetic scenes in Shakespeare. He sums up in another place the principal merits of our dramatist: "*Quelques situations tragiques, quelques mots sortis des entrailles de l'homme, je ne sais quoi de vague et de fantastique dans les scènes, des bois, des bruyères, des vents, des spectres, des tempêtes, expliquent la célébrité de Shakspeare.*" But, full and clear (and, we had hoped, sufficient) as is the preceding "explanation," we find the ascendancy of Shakespeare again explained elsewhere, and in other words. After describing the extreme neglect with which we visit almost all our best writers, such as Pope, Locke, Bacon, Hume, and Gibbon, M. de Chateaubriand adds—"Shakespeare seul conserve son empire. On en sentira aisément la raison par

le trait suivant." And what is this most cogent and conclusive trait? Simply this—that being once in the theatre at Covent Garden, he found by his side a sailor, lately landed, who, never having been there before, did not know in what theatre he was, and very naturally asked the name.

"C'étoit un matelot de la Cité, qui, passant par hasard dans la rue à l'heure du spectacle, et voyant la foule se presser à une porte, étoit entré là pour son argent, sans savoir de quoi il s'agissoit. Comment les Anglois auroient-ils un théâtre supportable, quand leurs parterres sont composés des juges arrivant du Bengale, ou de la côte de Guinée, qui ne savent seulement pas où ils sont!"

To analyse the absurdities of this passage would be a waste of time, and almost an insult to the understanding of our readers. That any person of literary celebrity should not only have penned such trash, but permitted its republication nearly twenty years afterwards, is almost enough to make one weep for the strange obscurations which can afflict the minds of men of genius.

M. de Chateaubriand has written five novels—*Atala*, *René*, *Les Natchez*, *Le Dernier Abencerrage*, and *Les Martyrs*—all similar in tone, and apparently composed in exemplification of the principle maintained in his "*Génie du Christianisme*," namely, the applicability of Christianity to the purposes of poetical or fictitious narration. The subject of *Le Dernier Abencerrage* bears some resemblance to that of Voltaire's *Zaire*: but here there is a double struggle. The Christian loves the Mahometan, and the Mahometan the Christian; yet neither will consent to an union with the other unless it is preceded by the other's conversion. We know not why M. de Chateaubriand should not have solved the difficulty of this embarrassing position by making the Mahometan renounce his faith. It would have improved the story, and exalted the firmness of the Christian maiden. But then the Mahometan was his hero, and the last representative of the Abencerrages; and M. de Chateaubriand's chivalrous respect for an ancient lineage probably would not permit him to sully its descendant with even so righteous an apostacy as this. *Atala*, *René*, and *Les Natchez*, are parts of one long tale—the two former being in fact episodes detached from the latter, and published separately, and all treating alike of savage life in the forests of North America. Our author's view of savage life seems to correspond nearly with that of Rousseau, whose writings made an impression which even actual experience was not sufficient to subdue. It was the object of this exploded theory to show, that man in his rude state, or as he is called "the man of nature," is nearest to that degree of perfection which Providence designed for him,

and that civilization tends only to debase him; a theory false and ridiculous, but perhaps not altogether unnatural in those who drew their notions of civilization from France under Louis XV., and of a life of nature from their own imaginations, or the flowery rhapsodies of lying travellers. Of these three tales, *Atala*, though faulty, is perhaps the best. It is a short tale of simple structure, containing no complication of plot or diversity of incident and character, few events, and only three prominent personages—Chactas, a half-converted Indian; *Atala*, a Christian, the daughter of an European; and Aubry, a Christian missionary. *Atala* liberates the Indian, Chactas,—flies with him, and labours to convert him. They are mutually attached, and the reader naturally looks forward to their union as a probable extrication from those distresses which are thickly sown in the generality of love-tales. But *Atala* has taken a vow of celibacy. The missionary offers to obtain her release from it, but his offer comes too late; for, ignorant of the possibility of such release from her oppressive thralldom, she has swallowed poison. This tale defeats its object. M. de Chateaubriand, both in this and other of his writings, intends to advocate religious vows, and holds celibacy in especial reverence. But if he had meant to write against such vows, he could hardly have constructed a tale better calculated for such a purpose than the story of *Atala*. But for this vow all might have been well. Now example is better than precept, and a few sentences laudatory of celibacy in the mouth of the missionary will weigh little with the majority of readers against a practical illustration of its evil consequences. *Atala* is the most interesting character in the work, and we are taught to regard her as a Christian heroine; but the good effect of the religious sentiments which are put into her mouth is completely neutralised by the termination of her life in suicide. In *Réné* we find religious vows again interwoven with the story. The sister of *Réné* the hero of the tale, flies to a convent and takes the veil, as a means of effectual separation from her brother, for whom she had conceived an unhallowed passion. This is ill-imagined. Unnatural love is revolting to our feelings; nor can it place a convent in a favourable light to represent it as an asylum for the worst of criminals. Besides, if resistance to a temptation be meritorious (as who can doubt), it must be still more meritorious when effected without the forced interposition of doors and walls. *Atala* and *Réné* have each a merit which "*Les Natchez*" wants—brevity. We mean only that their length is less, not that they exhibit greater terseness and compression of style. In these requisites they are alike deficient; and, short as they are, we cannot help wishing that the small portion of incident they contain had been less elaborately beaten out. But if

if this is felt in *Atala* and *Réné*, still more is it felt in *Les Natchez*, which is long, heavy and ill-constructed, deficient in unity of style and skilful conduct of plot, and offensive to good taste, both in the absurd jumble of its *machinery*, and the aggravated horrors of its tragical termination.

"J'étois encore très-jeune," says the author, "lorsque je conçus l'idée de faire l'épopée de l'homme de la nature, ou de peindre les mœurs des sauvages, en les liant à quelque événement connu. Après la découverte de l'Amérique, je ne vis pas de sujet plus intéressant, surtout pour des François, que le massacre de la colonie des Natchez à la Louisiane, en 1727. Toutes les tribus indiennes conspirant, après deux siècles d'oppression, pour rendre la liberté au Nouveau-Monde, me parurent offrir un sujet presque aussi heureux que la conquête du Mexique. Je jetai quelques fragments de cet ouvrage sur le papier, mais je m'aperçus bientôt que je manquois des vraies couleurs, et que si je voulois faire une image semblable, il falloit, à l'exemple d'Homère, visiter les peuples que je voulois peindre."

The principle is good, whether Homer followed it or not; but we cannot say that the attainment of "des couleurs vraies" and "une image semblable" seems in this case to have been the consequent result. We should have expected too, from the tone of this passage, that we were to be made to sympathize with the oppressed Indians in their attempts at liberation: but the author's nationality struggles successfully with his admiration of "l'homme de la nature." He cannot resolve to take part decidedly either with French or with Indians; and the result is a degree of impartiality very detrimental to the interest of the story. We have complained of the want of unity of style. On this point let us hear the author himself:—

"J'ai déjà dit qu'il existoit deux manuscrits des *Natchez*: l'un divisé en livres, et qui ne va guère qu'à la moitié de l'ouvrage; l'autre qui contient le tout sans division, et avec tout le désordre de la matière. De là une singularité littéraire dans l'ouvrage, tel que je le donne au public: le premier volume s'élève à la dignité de l'épopée, comme dans *les Martyrs*; le second volume descend à la narration ordinaire, comme dans *Atala* et dans *Réné*.

"Pour arriver à l'unité du style, il eût fallu effacer du premier volume la couleur épique, ou l'étendre sur le second: or, dans l'un ou l'autre cas, je n'aurois plus reproduit avec fidélité le travail de ma jeunesse.

"Ainsi donc, dans le premier volume des *Natchez*, on trouvera le merveilleux, et le merveilleux de toutes les espèces: le merveilleux chrétien, le merveilleux mythologique, le merveilleux indien; on rencontrera des muses, des anges, des démons, des génies, des combats, des personnages allégoriques: la Renommée, le Temps, la Nuit, la Mort, l'Amitié. Ce volume offre des invocations, des sacrifices, des

prodiges, des comparaisons multipliées, les unes courtes, les autres longues, à la façon d'Homère, et formant de petits tableaux.

" Dans le second volume, le merveilleux disparaît, mais l'intrigue se complique, et les personnages se multiplient : quelques-uns d'entre eux sont pris jusque dans les rangs inférieurs de la société. Enfin le roman remplace le poème, sans néanmoins descendre au-dessous du style de *René* et d'*Atala*, et en remontant quelquefois, par la nature du sujet, par celle des caractères et par la description des lieux, au ton de l'épopée."—tom. xix. pp. 9, 10.

Of the numerous passages "à la façon d'Homère," the reader may like to see a short example:—

" Chactas rentre dans sa cabane : il suspend à son épaule gauche son manteau de peau de martre ; il demande son bâton d'hicory surmonté d'une tête de vautour. Miscoue avoit coupé ce bâton dans sa vieillesse, il l'avoit laissé en héritage à son fils Outalissi, et celui-ci à son fils Chactas, qui, appuyé sur ce sceptre héréditaire, donnoit des leçons de sagesse aux jeunes chasseurs réunis au carrefour des forêts."

This is a tolerably close imitation of Homer's account of the transmission of the sceptre of Achilles. It also reminds us of the genealogy of Belinda's bodkin. We know what Pope meant: he meant to parody amusingly, and he fully succeeded. M. de Chateaubriand's intentions are not equally clear; but if they are what we suspect, he has utterly failed. If his pompous account of the Indian's hicory stick be meant for a serious imitation, we can confidently say that he has written that which is only a parody, and can scarcely excite anything but a smile.

The author, in a passage previously cited, does not encourage us to think favourably of his machinery, in which Christianity, ancient Paganism, Indian superstitions, and allegorical personifications belonging to no creed at all, are strangely and incongruously assembled. But nothing save examples can give an adequate idea of the incomparable absurdity of this farrago. The following is more in "Ercles' vein," than in that of Homer or Milton.

" L'avis de Chactas fut adopté : quatre députés portant le calumet de paix furent envoyés au fort Rosalie. Mais Areskoui, fidèle aux ordres de Satan, riant d'un rire farouche, suivoit à quelque distance les messagers de paix avec la Trahison, la Peur, la Fuite, les Douleurs et la Mort.

" Cependant le Prince des Enfers étoit arrivé aux extrémités du monde, sous le pôle dont l'intrépide Cook mesura la circonférence à travers les vents et les tempêtes. Là, au milieu des terres Australes qu'une barrière de glaces déroboit à la curiosité des hommes, s'élevait une montagne qui surpassait hauteur les sommets les plus élevés des Andes dans le Nouveau-Monde, ou du Thibet dans l'antique Asie.

" Sur cette montagne est bâti un palais, ouvrage des Puissances infernales. Ce palais a mille portiques d'airain ; les moindres bruits

viennent frapper les dômes de cet édifice, dont le silence n'a jamais franchi le seuil."—tom. xix. pp. 57, 58.

This palace is inhabited by Fame, the daughter (according to our author) of the Devil and Pride, which, in our ignorance of the rules of personification, we thought had been a *masculine* virtue, as its French name (l'Orgueil) would seem to denote. Upon the instigation of Satan, his daughter Fame quits her palace, and sets out upon a secret mission. And what is the object of this marvellous machinery? What mighty empire is Fame thus charged to overturn? Never was a finer specimen of bathos—never was that excellent rule, "*Nec Deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus*," more ridiculously violated. Fame goes, "preceded by Astonishment, followed closely by Envy, and accompanied by Admiration," to play the gossip in an Indian wigwam! We wish we could say of the machinery in *Les Natchez* that it is merely ridiculous; but it is worse. As long as M. de Chateaubriand chose to confine himself to "headstrong" allegories and Pagan mythology, we could smile complacently at the use he made of them; but when he renders Christianity burlesque, and would bring on the scene even the persons of the Trinity, our disapprobation must assume a different tone. There is no writer whom we are less willing to charge with *intentional* impiety than M. de Chateaubriand; but we must deeply grieve for that strange perversion of judgment which could lead him to commit a fault which we are persuaded he would himself be foremost to censure. The whole of the 4^{me} livre of *Les Natchez* is more or less objectionable, and the concluding part of it cannot be read without pain by any right-minded person.

Les Natchez contains, among other things, the recital of the visit of a North American Indian to Paris: "L'intention de ce récit," says the author, "est de mettre en opposition les mœurs des peuples chasseurs, pêcheurs, et pasteurs, avec les mœurs du peuple le plus policé de la terre." The idea, though by no means new, is good; but its developement in the present instance we are compelled to pronounce a failure. The savage is presented to Louis XIV., and taken to sup with Ninon de l'Enclos; and there pass before him, as in a magic lantern, almost all the greatest men whom he could possibly have seen at that place and time, and some whom he certainly could not have seen. We must forgive the anachronisms where probability is so utterly set at nought; but we could forgive them more easily if we had found them productive of any advantage. Much as our curiosity is excited, on arriving at this portion of the tale, we find it exceedingly tame. There is not much piquancy in calling Paris "le grand village;" Versailles "la hutte du Chef des chefs;" the

Louvre "une cabane;" and books "des colliers;" and yet, if we strip away this Indian phraseology, there remains very little that is pleasant and original. We have spoken in terms of censure of the tragical horrors which are, in a vitiated taste, which the French are very prone to attribute to English writers, accumulated towards the conclusion. A guilty woman is plunged into a pond full of rattlesnakes! Murders follow in quick succession, accompanied with a crime which we will not mention. The last page contains a passage which is supposed to sum up the moral of the story, and which we cannot suffer to pass unnoticed:—

"Il y a des familles que la destinée semble persécuter : n'accusons pas la Providence. La vie et la mort de René furent poursuivies par des feux illégitimes qui donnèrent le ciel à Amélie et l'enfer à Ondoré : René porta le double châtiment de ces passions coupables. On ne fait point sortir les autres de l'ordre, sans avoir en soi quelque principe de désordre ; et celui qui, même involontairement, est la cause de quelque malheur ou de quelque crime, n'est jamais innocent aux yeux de Dieu."—tom. xx. p. 351.

"N'accusons pas la Providence!" Certainly; but let us not do what is equally bad—attempt its justification by such a dogma as this! We know not what shadow of misinterpreted authority M. de Chateaubriand can have found for the strange principle which he so confidently asserts, and in asserting which he seems to outrage the plainest axioms of religion and morality. What! is he who has even involuntarily caused a crime, therefore not innocent in the eye of his Maker? Is the possession of wealth which tempts the robber, to be counted as a crime to its plundered owner? Is the victim who falls under the knife of a midnight assassin, to be accounted guilty because he has been the object of a heinous offence? We cannot controul our astonishment at this grave announcement of a proposition than which we know none more dangerously calculated to blunt our moral sense, and to lead us to confound the just limits of right and wrong.

Les Martyrs, which is very superior to *Les Natchez*, has more decidedly the character of a prose epic, and the elevation of its style is more in keeping with the antiquity and dignity of its subject. Its period is that of the reigns of Diocletian and Galerius; its subject, the persecution of the Christians, and especially of the hero and heroine, Eudorus and Cymodocea, both converts to Christianity—the former the descendant of Philopoemen, the latter of Homer—whose lives and adventures form the principal interest of the tale, and who finally suffer martyrdom together in the Coliseum. It abounds, perhaps, more than any other of his works, in eloquent passages and

brilliant specimens of descriptive talent, but as a story it is ill constructed. It contains numerous episodes and recitals, which, though good in themselves, impede the progress of the action, allow the interest of the tale to cool, and in no way contribute to the furtherance of the plot. This want of skill in the conduct of a story is visible alike in all M. de Chateaubriand's novels, and is one of the chief impediments to his success in this department of literature. By him the art of making every circumstance converge to one common centre of interest is comparatively disregarded. Even where the tale is short, and the action simple, he cannot abstain from frequent digression. The bent of his genius is meditative and descriptive, but not at all dramatic. With him the novel is not so much an exposition of human character and actions, as a receptacle for the introduction of sentiments and descriptions. It is a convenient framework, wherein he may place some of the most brilliant extracts from his diary and common-place book. His novels, his travels, and his *Génie du Christianisme*, may, in truth, almost be considered as portions of one extensive work. Each is enriched in turn by contributions from the other; and, though the form is different, one tone and aim predominate in all. We have said that his genius is not dramatic: this is true, not only as regards his conduct of a plot, but as regards his deficiency in that quality which is still more essential to dramatic effect—the power of exhibiting character, and placing personages vividly before us. This M. de Chateaubriand does not do. He cannot individualize his personages: they are mere vehicles for abstract sentiments, imaginary mouth-pieces for rendering to the world the opinions and feelings of the author. We never seem to know them; for never can we imagine them alive and actually before us. Their words may be eloquent and well-chosen, but they do not seem to lead us to the knowledge of any mind save that of M. de Chateaubriand. Even the local colouring which he throws around them serves little to impress upon us any sense of their reality. Chactas, in his native woods, wearing his native dress, seems to us not an Indian, but a Rousseau-like creation, compounded of ideal attributes—an exemplification of the sentimental philosophism of Europe travestied in a savage garb. Compare Chateaubriand's savages with those of Cooper, and we feel at once the difference. The former may describe as correctly their habiliments and their ceremonies; but Cooper's Indians are living men, and we understand them as though we had known them; while Chateaubriand's seem never to have lived but in the flowery pages which narrate their deeds.

The peculiar *forte* of M. de Chateaubriand is description.

It is this which constitutes a large part of the merit of his novels : it is this, too, which renders his Travels, in spite of their inaccuracy, peculiarly agreeable. Modern literature contains few things superior to his description of the Dead Sea, in the *Itinéraire de Paris à Jérusalem*. We may also cite the descriptions of the first view of the Holy Land, of Jerusalem, of Alexandria, of Athens, of Sunium, of the desolation of the Piræus, and of the mode of travelling in Greece. It is difficult to extract such passages without diminishing their value ; but the following picture of Jerusalem may be offered as an example with, perhaps, least injury to its effect :—

“ Vue de la montagne des Oliviers, de l'autre côté de la vallée de Josaphat, Jérusalem présente un plan incliné sur un sol qui descend du couchant au levant. Une muraille crénelée, fortifiée par des tours et par un château gothique, enferme la ville dans son entier, laissant toutefois au dehors une partie de la montagne de Sion, qu'elle embrassoit autrefois.

“ Dans la région du couchant et au centre de la ville, vers le Calvaire, les maisons se serrent d'assez près ; mais au levant, le long de la vallée de Cédron, on aperçoit des espaces vides, entre autres l'enceinte qui règne autour de la mosquée bâtie sur les débris du Temple, et le terrain presque abandonné où s'élevoient le château Antonia et le second palais d'Hérode.

“ Les maisons de Jérusalem sont de lourdes masses carrées, fort basses, sans cheminées et sans fenêtres ; elles se terminent en terrasses aplaties ou en dômes, et elles ressemblent à des prisons ou à des sépulcres. Tout seroit à l'œil d'un niveau égal, si les clochers des églises, les minarets des mosquées, les cimes de quelques cyprès et les buissons de nopals ne rompoient l'uniformité du plan. A la vue de ces maisons de pierres, renfermées dans un paysage de pierres, on se demande si ce ne sont pas là les monuments confus d'un cimetière au milieu d'un désert ?

“ Entrez dans la ville, rien ne vous consolera de la tristesse extérieure : vous vous égarez dans de petites rues non pavées, qui montent et descendent sur un sol inégal, et vous marchez dans des flots de poussière, ou parmi des cailloux roulants. Des toiles jetées d'une maison à l'autre augmentent l'obscurité de ce labyrinthe ; des bazars voûtés et infects achèvent d'ôter la lumière à la ville désolée ; quelques chétives boutiques n'étaient aux yeux que la misère ; et souvent ces boutiques même sont fermées, dans la crainte du passage d'un cadî. Personne dans les rues, personne aux portes de la ville ; quelquefois seulement un paysan se glisse dans l'ombre, cachant sous ses habits les fruits de son labeur, dans la crainte d'être dépouillé par le soldat ; dans un coin à l'écart, le boucher arabe égorge quelque bête suspendue par les pieds à un mur en ruine : à l'air hagard et féroce de cet homme, à ses bras ensanglantés, vous croiriez qu'il vient plutôt de tuer son semblable, que d'immoler un agneau. Pour tout bruit dans la cité déicide, on entend par intervalles le galop de la cavale du désert : c'est

le janissaire qui apporte la tête du Bédouin, ou qui va piller le Feïsh." —tom. x. pp. 37—39.

The following night scene in the forests of America will afford a good specimen of the author's manner.

"Un soir je m'étois égaré dans une forêt, à quelque distance de la cataracte de Niagara; bientôt je vis le jour s'éteindre autour de moi, et je goûtai, dans toute sa solitude, le beau spectacle d'une nuit dans les déserts du Nouveau-Monde.

"Une heure après le coucher du soleil, la lune se montra au-dessus des arbres, à l'horizon opposé. Une brise embaumée, que cette reine des nuits amenoit de l'orient avec elle, sembloit la précéder dans les forêts comme se fraîche haleine. L'astre solitaire monta peu à peu dans le ciel: tantôt il suivoit paisiblement sa course azurée; tantôt il reposoit sur des groupes de nues qui ressembloient à la cime de hautes montagnes couronnées de neige. Ces nues, ployant et déployant leurs voiles, se dérouloient en zones diaphanes de satin blanc, se dispersoient en légers flocons d'écume, ou formoient dans les cieus des bancs d'une ouate éblouissante, si doux à l'œil, qu'on croyoit ressentir leur mollesse et leur élasticité.

"La scène sur la terre n'étoit pas moins ravissante: le jour bleuâtre et velouté de la lune descendoit dans les intervalles des arbres, et poussoit des gerbes de lumière jusque dans l'épaisseur des plus profondes ténèbres. La rivière qui couloit à mes pieds, tour à tour se perdoit dans le bois, tour à tour reparoissoit brillante des constellations de la nuit, qu'elle répétoit dans son sein. Dans une savane, de l'autre côté de la rivière, la clarté de la lune dormoit sans mouvement sur les gazons: des bouleaux agités par les brises, et dispersés çà et là, formoient des îles d'ombres flottantes sur cette mer immobile de lumière. Auprès, tout auroit été silence et repos, sans la chute de quelques feuilles, le passage d'un vent subit, le gémissement de la hulotte; au loin par intervalles, on entendoit les sourds mugissements de la cataracte de Niagara, qui, dans le calme de la nuit, se prolongeoient de désert en désert, et expiroient à travers les forêts solitaires."—tom. xi. pp. 256—258.

"Style" is a subject, on which, in a foreign writer, we are least entitled to pronounce with confidence, and we are bound to defer in some measure to the opinion of his countrymen. From them M. de Chateaubriand has not gained the palm of correctness; and he has in some degree offended the academical prudery of the French *purists*, by certain words and turns of expression which they are unwilling to recognize as orthodox. But French critics are too prone to sacrifice spirit to correctness, to subject poetry and eloquence to conventional trammels, and to question the authority for an unusual expression, rather than to consider its force and propriety of application. Their censures must not, therefore, be received implicitly. For our own part, without considering whether any of his expressions be or be not

academically correct, we will confess that for us the style of Chateaubriand has a peculiar charm. We could almost read nonsense from his pen with more pleasure than sense from the pens of many others. There is a brilliancy, a clearness, and frequently a vigour in his language, which highly merit to be admired and emulated. Though confused in his reasonings, he is never confused in the exposition of his sentiments. Nothing can be more lucidly delivered than his no-reasons and false inferences; and however much we may dissent, we are seldom doubtful of his meaning. M. de Chateaubriand has distinctly a manner of his own; but still there is not much originality in his style, as will be evident to those who are conversant with the works of Fénelon, Rousseau, Buffon, Florian, and Bernardin de St. Pierre. The resemblance is not sufficiently close to warrant a charge of direct imitation, but at least it may be said that (except perhaps in his political writings) his style has been influenced by theirs. It may be said too of his prose, as of that of Rousseau, Buffon, and St. Pierre, that it is more truly poetical than any French verse, and especially more than the verse of M. de Chateaubriand himself. He, together with sundry other French writers, seems, like Antæus, to lose his strength when lifted up from the solid ground of level prose.

The "*Monarchie selon la Charte*," written while M. de Chateaubriand was in office, and which occasioned his expulsion, and drew upon him the attacks of the police, is perhaps his ablest political work. It contains his idea of a constitutional monarchy, such as he conceived most applicable to the existing state of France. The British constitution is evidently that which, more frequently than is admitted, he has taken for his model. The irresponsibility of the sovereign—the responsibility of ministers—the right of the Chambers to take the initiative in proposing legislative measures—the obligation of the ministers to submit to be questioned in the Chambers—the dependence of the ministry on public opinion and a majority in the Chambers—the indivisibility of the ministry with reference to its acts—the necessity that the press should be free—the inexpediency of a ministerial police—such are some of the most prominent principles which he unequivocally lays down. With respect to the Chamber of Deputies, he says,

" Il faut d'abord qu'elle sache se faire respecter. Elle ne doit pas souffrir que les ministres établissent en principe qu'ils sont indépendants des Chambres; qu'ils peuvent refuser de venir lorsqu'elles désireroient leur présence. En Angleterre, non-seulement les ministres

sont interrogés sur des bills, mais encore sur des actes administratifs, sur des nominations, et même sur des nouvelles de gazette.

“ Si on laisse passer cette grande phrase que les ministres du roi ne doivent compte qu'au roi de leur *administration*, on entendra bientôt par *administration* tout ce qu'on voudra : des ministres incapables pourront perdre la France à leur aise ; et les Chambres, devenues leurs esclaves, tomberont dans l'avilissement.”—tom. xxv. pp. 36, 37.

In the 37th chapter he thus expounds the “ principles which every constitutional minister ought to adopt,” and from which those of France have been frequently departing.

“ Quels sont les principes généraux d'après lesquels doivent agir les ministres ?

“ Le premier, et le plus nécessaire de tous, c'est d'adopter franchement l'ordre politique dans lequel on est placé, de n'en point contrarier la marche, d'en supporter les inconvénients.

“ Ainsi, par exemple, si les formes constitutionnelles obligent, dans certains détails à de certaines longueurs, il ne faut point s'impatienter.

“ Si l'on est obligé de ménager les Chambres, de leur parler avec égard, de se rendre à leurs invitations, il ne faut pas affecter une hauteur déplacée.

“ Si l'on dit quelque chose de dur à un ministre à la tribune, il ne faut pas jeter tout là, et s'imaginer que l'Etat est en danger.

“ Si, dans un discours, il est échappé à un pair, à un député des expressions étranges, s'il a énoncé des principes inconstitutionnels, il ne faut pas croire qu'il y ait une conspiration secrète contre la Charte, que tout va se perdre, que tout est perdu. Ce sont les inconvénients de la tribune, ils sont sans remède. Lorsque six à sept cents hommes ont le droit de parler, que tout un peuple a celui d'écrire, il faut se résigner à entendre et à lire bien des sottises. Se fâcher contre tout cela seroit d'une pauvre tête ou d'un enfant.”—tom. xxv. pp. 85, 86.

M. de Chateaubriand advocates with ability, both in this and other of his writings, the cause of representative government, and the necessity which it involves of consistent freedom in the other institutions of the state.

“ Dans la monarchie absolue,” he says, “ tout est positif : trois ou quatre maximes régissent l'Etat. Tout ce qui choque ces maximes doit être réprimé. Il n'est pas permis à l'opinion de prendre son entier essor ; les libertés publiques et particulières, défendues par les mœurs plutôt qu'établies par les lois, peuvent être violées si le gouvernement les trouve en contradiction avec les principes fondamentaux de cette espèce de monarchie. Sous ce régime, rien donc de plus applicable que l'axiome qui veut qu'on prévienne le crime pour ne pas être obligé de le punir.

“ Mais dans la monarchie représentative, il n'en va pas de la sorte. Cette monarchie ne peut exister sans la plus entière indépendance de l'opinion. Aucune liberté, soit individuelle, soit publique, ne doit être

entravée, car ces libertés sont le partage de chacun et la propriété de tous : ce ne sont pas des principes abstraits posés dans les lois, et pour ainsi dire morts au fond de ces lois ; ce sont des principes vitaux d'un usage journalier, d'une pratique continuelle, qu'on ne peut arbitrairement attaquer sans que le gouvernement ne soit en péril, car c'est de la réunion de ces principes mêmes que se forme le gouvernement.

" De ces vérités incontestables, il résulte que l'axiome précité perd considérablement de sa puissance dans une monarchie constitutionnelle. Aussi voyons-nous qu'en Angleterre on se contente de surveiller le crime. Une réunion est annoncée comme devant avoir lieu à Spaffelds ; le ministère Anglois reste immobile. Une autorité élevée dans les principes de nos anciennes institutions eût mis tous les agents de la police en campagne pour prévenir le rassemblement : cela eût été conforme au génie de notre vieille monarchie ; mais dans la monarchie fondée par la Charte, n'est-il pas évident que ces mesures préventives, toutes sages et toutes bonnes qu'elles puissent être, en les considérant d'une manière isolée, sont contraires à la nature de la Charte dans leur application relative à cette Charte ? Il faut entrer de force dans le domicile du citoyen, il faut arrêter administrativement l'homme qui ne peut être arrêté qu'en vertu d'une loi, il faut violer la liberté de l'opinion et la liberté individuelle, il faut, en un mot, mettre en péril la constitution même de l'Etat. Mais voyez quand le désordre est commencé, avec quelle vigueur il est poursuivi : les Chambres surviennent, les libertés sont légalement suspendues, les lois les plus terribles portées contre les coupables : personne ne se plaint, l'opinion approuve, le crime est châtié, et les principes du gouvernement n'ont reçu aucune atteinte."—tom. xxiii. pp. 276—278. .

The following is also true as respects representative government, both generally, and as it now exists in France, and it is preceded by some pertinent observations on the causes of revolution.

" Il y a deux moyens de produire des révolutions : c'est de trop abonder dans le sens d'une institution nouvelle, ou de trop y résister. En cédant à l'impulsion populaire, on arrive à l'anarchie, aux crimes qui en sont la suite, au despotisme qui en est le châtiment. En voulant trop se roidir contre l'esprit d'un siècle, on peut également tout briser, marcher par une autre voie à la confusion, et puis à la tyrannie.

" La monarchie représentative convient à un peuple vieilli, où l'éducation a répandu dans toutes les classes de la société des connoissances à peu près égales, et mis en circulation un certain nombre d'idées politiques. Un ancien plaçoit la source du pouvoir dans le génie : le gouvernement représentatif fait dériver le pouvoir de l'intelligence, sans détruire le principe absolu de la souveraineté qui réside dans le monarque. Dans cet ordre de choses, lorsqu'il n'est pas contrarié, le mérite est presque sûr d'être appelé tôt ou tard au timon des affaires : c'est le gouvernement, pour ainsi dire, vivant par lui-même, qui choisit à la longue ses agents et ses ministres. Des lois d'exception qui déna-

turent ce gouvernement, le seul possible aujourd'hui (sauf le despotisme militaire), ont certainement un danger. Tout le mal vient de ce qu'un des trois pouvoirs de ce gouvernement, le pouvoir aristocratique, est presque nul parmi nous, et qu'il laisse le pouvoir royal lutter seul contre le pouvoir démocratique."—tom. xxiii. pp. 344, 345.

The following is in a similar spirit, and commences with an assertion which has been remarkably illustrated by subsequent events.

"Tant que l'on ne portera pas la main sur les Chambres et sur les libertés publiques, il n'y aura point de mouvement dangereux en France. Les libertés publiques sont patientes; elle attendent très-bien la fin des générations, et les nations qui en jouissent n'ont rien d'essentiel à demander.

"Dans les gouvernements absolus, au contraire, le peuple, comme les flots de la mer, se soulève au moindre vent: le premier ambitieux le trouble; quelques pièces d'argent le remuent; une taxe nouvelle le précipite dans les crimes; il se jette sur les ministres, massacre les favoris, et renverse quelquefois les trônes.

"Dans les gouvernements représentatifs, le peuple n'a jamais ni ces passions, ni cette allure; rien ne l'émeut profondément quand la loi fondamentale est respectée. Pourquoi se soulèveroit-il? Pour ces libertés? il les a; pour l'établissement d'un impôt? cet impôt est voté par ses mandataires. Vient-on chez le pauvre lui enlever arbitrairement son dernier fils pour l'armée, son dernier écu pour le trésor? Nul ne peut être arrêté que d'après la loi; chacun est libre de parler et d'écrire; tous peuvent, selon leur bon plaisir, faire ce qu'ils veulent, aller où il leur plaît, user et abuser de leur propriété. La monarchie représentative fait ainsi disparaître les principales causes des commotions populaires; il n'en reste qu'une seule pour cette monarchie; c'est, on ne sauroit trop le répéter, l'atteinte aux libertés publiques.

"Et alors même ce gouvernement est-il sans défense? non. L'histoire de l'Angleterre nous apprend avec quelle simplicité se résout encore cette difficulté: les Chambres repoussent la loi de finances, et si, cette loi n'étant pas votée, le gouvernement veut lever irrégulièrement l'impôt, le peuple refuse de le payer."—tom. xxvii. pp. 135, 136.

M. de Chateaubriand has been a zealous and eloquent supporter of the liberty of the press. As an author and a journalist, and one who in that capacity had suffered persecution, his feelings were interested on the liberal side no less powerfully than his judgment. On this subject he writes, not as a theorist, not as one whose imagination is affected by the distant view of some ideal good or ill, but with the intenseness and vigour of one who has taken practical cognizance of that on which he treats. In the following passage he well shows how essential is the liberty of the press to the healthy existence of representative government.

"Le gouvernement représentatif sans la liberté de la presse est le pire de tous : mieux vaudroit le divan de Constantinople. Lâche moquerie de ce qu'il y a de plus sacré parmi les hommes, ce gouvernement n'est alors qu'un gouvernement traître qui vous appelle à la liberté pour vous perdre, et qui fait de cette liberté un moyen terrible d'oppression.

"Supposez, ce qui n'est pas impossible, qu'un ministère parvienne à corrompre les Chambres législatives ; ces deux énormes machines broieront tout dans leur mouvement, attirant sous leurs roues et vos enfants et vos fortunes. Et ne pensez pas qu'il faille un ministère de génie pour s'emparer ainsi des Chambres : il ne faut que le silence de la presse et la corruption que ce silence amène.

"Dans l'ancienne monarchie absolue, les corps privilégiés et la haute magistrature arrêtoient et pouvoient renverser un ministère dangereux. Avez-vous ces ressources dans la monarchie représentative ? Si la presse se tait, qui fera justice d'un ministère appuyé sur la majorité des deux Chambres ? Il opprimerait également et la roi, et les tribunaux, et la nation : sous le régime de la censure, il y a deux manières de vous perdre ; il peut, selon le penchant de son système, vous entraîner à la démocratie ou au despotisme.

"Avec la liberté de la presse, ce péril n'existe pas : cette liberté forme en dehors une opinion nationale qui remet bientôt les choses dans l'ordre. Si cette liberté avoit existé sous nos premières assemblées, Louis XVI. n'auroit pas péri ; mais alors les écrivains révolutionnaires parloient seuls, et on envoyoit à l'échafaud les écrivains royalistes. J'ai lu, il est vrai, dans une brochure en réponse à la mienne, que Sélim, Mustapha et Tippoo-Saëb étoient tombés victimes de la liberté de la presse : à cela je ne sais que répondre.

"La liberté de la presse est donc le seul contrepois des inconvénients du gouvernement représentatif ; car ce gouvernement a ses imperfections comme tous les autres. Par la liberté de la presse, il faut entendre ici la liberté de la presse périodique, puisqu'il est prouvé que quand les journaux sont enchaînés, la presse est dépouillée de cette influence de tous les moments qui lui est nécessaire pour éclairer. Elle n'a jamais fait de mal à la probité et au talent ; elle n'est redoutable qu'aux médiocrités et aux mauvaises consciences : or, on ne voit pas trop pourquoi celles-ci exigeroient des ménagements, et quel droit exclusif elles auroient à la conduite de l'Etat.—tom. xxvii. pp. 42—44.

His writings on the liberty of the press, especially that entitled "*Opinion sur le projet de loi relatif à la Police de la Presse*," are all able, and are favourable examples of his controversial skill. They contain occasional instances of his characteristic love of generalization, some little hardihood of assertion, and much which we in England should think unnecessary ; but the general principles which they involve are sound, and ably expressed, and they abound in clever expositions of the inefficiencies and absurdities of the restrictive laws which it is their object to combat.

M. de Chateaubriand's *Etudes Historiques* have been fully discussed in a preceding number of this journal, and we shall, therefore, add nothing on the subject of that particular work.

M. de Chateaubriand's zeal in the cause of the Bourbons often passes the bounds of discretion, and he says many things in their praise, which a wise advocate would have omitted. He seems to estimate eulogy by quantity rather than by quality, to think that the more he accumulates the greater will be the effect produced, to forget that, where all is gilt, even gilding loses its attraction, and to be ignorant how commendation undeserved and unacknowledged militates against the efficacy even of those praises which are felt to be just. His "*Memoires sur le Duc de Berri*" is a tissue of weak adulation, rendered less fulsome and discreditable to its author only by being offered to the dead. M. de Chateaubriand lays such stress on trifles, as to create an impression that he had little that was favourable to relate. Why else are we treated with anecdotes of the Duc de Berri's condescension in taking refuge from a shower of rain in a porter's lodge when walking with the duchess? and another time, when no such shelter was at hand, allowing a stranger to escort them with an umbrella, pardoning his ignorance of their rank, and actually thanking him when the discovery took place? It would be great injustice to the Emperor of Austria and the King of Prussia, who mingle constantly with their subjects in the streets, not to believe that under such trying circumstances they have frequently conducted themselves quite as well. Why are we told, as if the earth did not contain such another instance of exalted virtue, that he did not turn away a superannuated coachman without giving him a retiring pension? Why are we told that after hunting he magnanimously admitted the superior punctuality of his whipper-in? Was it praise or bitter irony to speak as follows of a prince who passed some of the most improveable years of his life in England?

"Ses loisirs en Angleterre lui permirent de s'abandonner à diverses études: il se livra à la science des *medailles*, dans laquelle il fit des *progrès étonnants*. Il retourna ensuite à la musique, à la peinture, et se perfectionna dans la *connaissance des tableaux*. Il acquit aussi à Londres sur la monarchie représentative les idées saines que nous lui avons connues."

After mentioning the Duc de Berri's *astonishing progress* in the knowledge of coins, and his acquaintance with paintings, our author states, as if it were an afterthought, that he *also* acquired sound notions upon the subject, which to him was one of the most important, and which this country could best teach him.

Surely it was not politic to provoke a comparison, as in the

following passage, between Louis XVIII. and Napoleon Buonaparte.

" S'il est extraordinaire que Buonaparte ait pu façonner à son joug les hommes de la république, il n'est pas moins étonnant que Louis XVIII. ait soumis à ses lois les hommes de l'empire, que la gloire, que les intérêts, que les passions, que les vanités même se soient tus simultanément devant lui. On éprouvoit en sa présence un mélange de confiance et de respect: la bienveillance de son cœur se manifestait dans sa parole, la grandeur de sa race dans son regard."

It was unwise, in the first place, to compare a submission effected by Louis with foreign aid, and that which Napoleon imposed on France by the influence of his own commanding genius. It was unwise to compare the personal qualities of one whose abilities were considered by few to rise much above the average standard, with those of the most wonderful being of his age; and most especially was it unwise, because even if Louis could, in all the attributes of greatness, be proved equal to Napoleon, the comparison would have been of no avail to one who, like M. de Chateaubriand, is the advocate of legitimacy. The personal qualities of a sovereign can with no shadow of utility be brought under consideration, except when the sovereignty is elective. The Bourbons were brought back to reign over France, not because they were individually wiser and better than many other persons who could have been selected; but because, according to fixed and recognised rules, they were the rightful inheritors of the crown. To eulogise their personal merits, as if these constituted any the smallest portion of their claim, is to weaken the foundation on which that claim really rests. Monarchy is never firmly established except among a people who can be taught to revere and uphold the kingly office independently of all consideration respecting the character of him who fills it. The advocate of legitimacy does ill who talks of individual virtues—who rests the defence of his principle on any thing less than the good of the people—who speaks as if it were intended for the advantage of a single family, and as a reward for its merits, rather than for the benefit of the community at large. Legitimacy does possess that best support, the general good. When it is acknowledged essential for the welfare of a people that the highest office in the state should cease to be a prize that ambition may contend for,—that the possession of it should be ascertained by rules which shall exclude as far as is possible all room for doubt and dispute,—when it is acknowledged that it is better to incur the chance of an unwise or vicious ruler, than the oft-recurring evils of turbulent election and the

sense of perpetual instability;—when this is acknowledged, it is useless—nay more, it is even mischievous—to call in adventitious circumstances, such as personal character and temporary popularity, in support of a principle which, if it is worth any thing, must be strong enough without them. The expulsion of the elder branch of the Bourbons has placed M. de Chateaubriand's chivalrous spirit of loyalty in that honourable light which the generous advocacy of the unfortunate reflects even on misjudging champions. He has done for them all he can, considering how little chivalrous is the nature of those weapons with which he is constrained to defend their cause. He has written lately an able pamphlet, in which he comments powerfully on what he designates as the unjust exclusion of the young unoffending Duc de Bordeaux, and the ill-compacted system of republican monarchy now established in France.

M. de Chateaubriand's active career is, we trust, still far from its close. We trust he is still destined to adorn the literature of his country with works more solidly advantageous, more permanently redounding to his own fame, than any he has yet produced. We are justified in this expectation by observing that, without any concomitant decrease of imaginative power, judgment and good taste have progressively exercised a more decided influence from the earliest period of his authorship. His is a mind of which the reasoning faculties have been overshadowed and hidden by the vast luxuriance of his fancy; and in proportion as the latter has been pruned and repressed, the former have been more effectually developed. We should hail with pleasure, what we trust is possible, another edition of his '*Cœuvres Complètes*,' enriched with the added fruits of his matured experience, and unencumbered with those gaudy weeds, which, with an unfortunate excess of parental indulgence, he has forborne to pluck out from the one now before us.

- ART. II.—1. *Orazioni Panegiriche e Discorsi Morali*, del Rev.^o Sig. Canonico Giovanni Fornici. 8vo. Firenze, 1828.
2. *Panegirici e Discorsi Sacri*, dell' Abate Don Ignazio Venini. 8vo. Venezia, 1822.
3. *Esercizj Spirituali*, del nobile e Rev.^{mo} Monsig. Canonico Gio. Sergardi Bindi. 8vo. Firenze, 1817.
4. *Il Povero ed il Ricco, Orazione detta nella Chiesa della Pia Casa di Lavoro di Firenze, nel giorno 3 Ottobre, 1829*, dal Professor Abate Giuseppe Barbieri. 8vo. Milano, 1830.

It is recorded of Albert Lollo, a Ferrarese gentleman, in the sixteenth century, that with the view of encouraging the study of eloquence amongst his countrymen, he caused the walls of his villa, where he entertained several learned men as his constant guests, and daily received the visits of great numbers of others, to be hung round with likenesses of the most celebrated orators, in the expectation that the sight of the resemblances of these great men on canvas would stimulate the emulation of the Ferrarese youth to rival them in that art which had rendered their names immortal.

Similar good effects might be anticipated, from the contemplation of the intellectual and moral resemblances of those who have obtained the palm of sacred eloquence, amongst a people distinguished, as the natives of Italy have always been, by the quickness and brightness of their conceptions, and the harmony and elegance of their diction. It is our intention to hang up a series of such portraits, which we shall be obliged, in a few instances, to fetch from the dusty garret, where they had long lain neglected. In order to give unity and interest to our plan, we shall notice only those preachers who employed the *modern*, not the *ancient*, language of Italy, and who were distinguished, by or had the reputation of, popular talents, not controversial theologians; and lastly, we shall only rapidly glance at earlier periods, in order to dwell on the present century, and especially on the results of personal observation during a residence for the last few years in various cities of the Italian peninsula.

As a specimen of four different styles or schools of Italian preaching, we have selected the four sacred orators whose names stand at the head of this article. Of these, *Giovanni Fornici* still tells in the nineteenth century the "old wives' fables" which were scarcely believed in the ninth, and actually talks with a grave face of the sacred follies of San Filippo Neri, "who made himself a mountebank as an act of holy humiliation, dressing like a beau, and dancing and leaping in the public places, in order that

he might conceal his extraordinary wisdom and grace!" Don *Ignazio Venini* is a serious, often dull, but always orthodox preacher. *Sergardi Bindi*, now bishop of Montalcino, in Tuscany, is the declared enemy of the modern French philosophy, which he attacks, however, far too much in the spirit of bitter and indiscriminate hostility. *Giuseppe Barbieri* is the consummation of every thing that is elegant and persuasive,—about to be the founder, as we would fain hope, of a new and infinitely superior school of pulpit eloquence in Italy.

It is a subject of controversy, among learned Italians, at what period popular religious addresses in the vulgar tongue were permitted by the Church of Rome. It is evident that this mode of address, when first introduced, laboured under some stigma, since about the year 1300, the date of the earliest recorded discourses in Italian, we find that they were confined to out-of-door preaching, in gardens and orchards, churchyards, and public squares: that which was delivered within the walls of the Sanctuary being still uniformly pronounced in the *sacred* language of the Church. The nation at large, however, having ceased, probably from A.D. 1100, familiarly to employ and generally to understand the Latin, the exposition of the Gospel of the day (a practice handed down from the very earliest period) was, from the twelfth century for some time forward, translated or abridged for the people in Italian by an officer of the Church as soon as delivered.

The first purely Italian preacher, parts of whose discourses are preserved to us, is FRA GIORDANO DA RIVALTO, born A.D. 1260. His learning and eloquence were very celebrated, and he travelled indefatigably to preach, erecting his little pulpit, with a still humbler box at his elbow for a *scribe* who took notes,—as we have seen him, with his pen behind his ear, represented in a very ancient Venetian wood-cut. The flaming cross represented as perching on his nose whenever he mounted his ecclesiastical tub, will probably deter our readers from looking into his discourses; yet they would find Fra Giordano's moral exhortations plain, simple, and heartfelt, reminding them of the best of our Puritans, and with the additional attraction of being written after the purest dictates of the yet infant and virgin Italian tongue. His sermons appear to have been chiefly delivered to congregations of females, the gardens of convents being thrown open for that purpose. In Catholic churches there are certain "spiritual exercises" set apart for the instruction of the female sex, to which no male is admitted. There are also certain preachers, whose services are attended by so few men, that they are called in some parts of Italy, *predicatori delle donne*. We have been present at the ser-

mons of some of this class at Naples, and when we compared the nearly incredible quantity of nonsense then poured forth, with the excellent sense, the pious and energetic exhortations, of which the "women of Faenza" had the benefit when Fra. Giordano addressed them "in their garden," we were tempted to recal with our wishes the *aureo trecento*.

If FRA. DOMENICO CAVALCA too (who died in 1342) be somewhat fanciful in his conceits, it must be allowed he knew how to make affecting appeals to the best feelings of the human heart. JACOPO PASSAVANTI, in his "Mirror of true Repentance," reminds us of our own Bishop Hall, and sometimes even of our Jeremy Taylor. The fourteenth century was the golden age of the Italian pulpit; yet the fifteenth has to boast of its SAVONAROLA, a man to whom posterity has not yet done justice; who was not, we believe, a pretended, but a genuine enthusiast, and that in the behalf of the two noblest causes that ever inspired the tongue and pen of mortal, national freedom and reformation of morals. His discourses melted his Florentine hearers, during a most sanguinary period, to compassion and forgiveness of their (domestic) enemies, kept alive the flame of freedom, and prompted them to destroy in the public square every licentious book or picture which their houses contained.

There is, we apprehend, only one sermon preserved of SISTO DA SIENA,* the bright star in the dark period of the sixteenth century, when the Italian pulpit was greatly on the decline. This discourse was delivered before the magistracy of Genoa in 1556, and has for its title, "Of the Means of preserving a Republic." It abounds with the noblest sentiments in favour of freedom and abhorrence of tyranny, and on the glory and durability of republics, illustrated from classical history with much taste and research.

FRANCESCO PAMIGAROLA, who died in 1594, is justly reckoned an able preacher. BUONAVENTURA CONTI is gorgeously and untastefully showy. SEGNERI, who died early in the last century, is in far better taste, and was styled by his contemporaries, "the Christian Tully." Many other names deserve to be noticed; but we must hasten to times of more stirring interest and nearer our own.

During the latter half of the seventeenth century, the Italian language had been purified from the corruptions which, in the course of the two preceding, had crept into it, and the style of its writers brought in general to the highest pitch of elegance. As

* Parte Prima delle Prediche di Illustri Teologi, raccolte per Tommaso Porcacchi. Venezia, presso Giorgio de Cavalli. 8vo. 1665.

was naturally to be expected, however, in those who, whatever were their accomplishments, were deficient in sound original sense, this elegance degenerated into refined prettinesses. This defect we discovered in several of the preachers at the beginning of the century of which we are now to speak. Bettinelli, for instance, in discoursing on the character and actions of David, gives a long minute description of the beauties of his person, in the course of which the main object of moral instruction from his actions is forgotten. Sebastiano Paoli describes the character of a man fitted to be raised to the exalted post of magistrate or ruler, under the allegory of *an image* (of a saint we presume) *of wood*. In order to convey to his hearers the idea of what qualities he would have in his magistrate, he sends forth the image-maker into the forest, and describes the various qualities of different kinds of wood fitted or not fitted for being formed into an image. Francesco Martinetti, in speaking of the coronation of David, first compares his coming forth to the sun at his rising, of which, with all its attendant circumstances, he gives so full an account that poor David is quite forgotten; and then, to make amends, he gives a detailed description of his dress, crown, sceptre, &c., which would furnish forth a gazette of fashion. Led away by their powers of animated and pictorial description, they forget the main object of *instruction*, for the sake of which such matters *may* be occasionally and lightly touched. The most respectable preachers of the first half of this century were Tornielli, Evasio Leone, Venini, and Valsecchi. But in general the Italian pulpit slept in mediocrity until the ecclesiastical reforms under Leopold in Tuscany, and the French Revolution, awoke its slumbers. It was this last event which with its stirring trumpet called forth, in defence of the Church, whose walls echoed and threatened to split with the sound, the Abate GIUSEPPE PELLEGRINI.

In order to enter into the spirit of the extract we are about to give from a discourse addressed to the populace in the public square of Verona, on occasion of the planting of the tree of liberty there in the year 1796, it will be necessary to bear in mind with what dispositions the French Republicans were received by the friends of the old system of things in Italy, and particularly by the Catholic Church. Wherever they had come, along with their visionary principles of equality and the extreme of democratic freedom, they had disseminated, if not atheism, yet an utter contempt for all the forms of religion, and unbounded libertinism in domestic life. Within a short period these evils in a great degree corrected themselves, from their very excess. While we allow the French due praise for what they *subsequently* did for the amelioration of the condition of the Italians, in

amending their civil codes, in promoting men of real talent, instead of those who made hereditary pretensions to posts to which they were unequal, in curbing the exorbitant power of the clergy, and even, notwithstanding their spoliations, in *encouraging the fine arts*, we must not forget in what character they at first appeared, what disorders they gave rise to, what exactions they made, how they called forth the scum and dregs of the Italians themselves, that no female virtue was safe from their seductions, and that no institutions, political or religious, seemed likely to be able to withstand the principles they inculcated. The Cisalpine Republic, of which Verona formed a part, had already fraternized with the invaders, the church services were neglected, and the lowest class of the people, carried along with the enthusiasm, were mad with joy on the occasion of the new era which had begun, and which had been announced by the usual ensign of republican liberty being raised in the centre of the city, when the Abbè Pellegrini, in the eightieth year of his age, a man respected for his character and his eloquence, stepped forth and thus addressed the people:—

ORATION TO THE PEOPLE OF VERONA, ON THE ERECTION OF THE, SO CALLED, TREE OF LIBERTY, 1796.

“ It is too true ! They have erected in Verona also the tree of liberty. In saying this, every thing is said. It is said that this was the signal for every species of licence : it is said that this was the standard under which were to be enlisted, all of you Veronese, to whom it was promised that you should be made sovereigns. The high sounding promise, the insolent pomp of the pageant, the preconcert of the actors in it, the largesses of those who were in *command*, and the impunity of crimes in the *subject*, might well have drawn together an immense concourse of the people, which is always desirous of novelty, and *there* enters most freely, where danger is the least and the hope of spoil the greatest. And in other places, so it happened. But here not.* And what held you back ? Your religion, O Veronese ! Your religion showed you what costly tributes were to be paid to this tree. Protestations of adhesion to perfidious constitutions, oaths of hatred to lawful sovereigns, and of revenge against innocent citizens who dissented ; extortion practised on the rich, execration poured on the nobles, whose only crime was their rank, persecution of pious ecclesiastics, the desertion of the church, the oratory, the altar, the convent. These were the trophies she showed you appended to that tree ; and at its roots she

* The French were received with the same demonstrations in Verona as elsewhere, and we imagine there is something of rhetorical art in this representation of the Abbè. He would persuade his hearers, by representing them as already on his side. The religious part of the community would no doubt keep within doors, and many had taken flight to Venice. Bonaparte entered Verona June 1st. This speech must have been disregarded as the ravings of a man in his dotage.

showed you the Sacred Scriptures lying neglected, pious books torn in pieces, and solemn vows dissolved; while from its accursed trunk she showed you distilling the tears of unhappy prisoners and the blood of your fellow-citizens. She showed you moreover what rites were to be practised underneath its shade. The most impious doctrines preached, or the profoundest ignorance assuming to be an instructor, the shouts of insane clamour, or of drunken folly, dances not of rustic merriment but of shameless licence, indecent songs and horrid curses . . . But it is said we are now free. We free! How? We, who are exposed to the accusations of abandoned men! We, the servants of furious ruffians! We, who have hardly time to dine without fear of sudden citations, or to sleep without fear of sudden imprisonment, and of being dragged before the tribunals and condemned to the musket! We free! Our tyrants taken away! But what tyrants, and where? Where were the tyrants before *they* came? Where the suspicions, the proscriptions, the cruelties? Perhaps in the effeminate Venice? Who were our Mezentii, our Attilas, our Ezzelini? Perhaps the senators? O blessed *tyranny* of those indolent Fathers! O accursed '*liberty*' of these monsters! A tyranny loved at home and esteemed and desired even by strangers; a liberty execrated by the good, and dreaded even by their own party; a tyranny which patiently suffered the delay of tribute justly due, a liberty which rigorously extorts the payment of unjust imposts! a tyranny which opened its bosom in compassion to the unfortunate; a liberty which spurns the tears and cries of the wretched; a tyranny which consisted in leaving us in our houses, in our enjoyments, in our customs, all but an independent people; a liberty which has made us slaves in our own dwellings, stripped and naked of every possession! I call God to witness that my gray hairs were descending in peace to the grave, and that in the lengthened period of my life I never knew that I was a subject, except from the grateful sentiment of respect with which, while I dwelt in Venice, the presence of the august senate or the honoured magistracy inspired me. For the rest, not a fear, not an inquietude, not a grievance did I experience at any time." . . .

"O better, far better, if having already led long enough a useless life, I had slept on the dust of my ancestors, than that this liberty which is risen up should have spread before my eyes, in eight single days, a series of horrors which sixteen lustres had never shown me. But since heaven has willed to reserve this punishment for my age, I am thankful that at least I have heard numerous followers of this mad delusion themselves confess their delusion, in words accompanied by actions which could not be mistaken. For as they descended, locked together and half naked, from our Alps,* to swell the armies of the seditious, I heard them cry out to any that lagged behind, 'behold our liberty,' and showed their rags, 'behold our liberty,' and shook their chains.'"—*Orazione al Popolo Veronese, &c. Squarci di Eloquenza raccolti da Fratelli Cavanis*, vol. ii. 16mo. Livorno. 1823.

* This is no exaggeration of the zealous abbé. The French conscripts in Italy were chained together on their road to join the army.

The Lent discourses of Pellegrini have also been published. They contain fine passages, but are full of fanaticism as regards the saints of the Romish Calendar.

ADEODATO TURCHI, Bishop of Parma and Placenza, was originally a Capuchin Friar, who solely by the fame of his eloquence attracted the attention of the Duke of Parma, Ferdinand, Infant of Spain, who made him tutor to his sons, the eldest of whom, Louis, was afterwards King of Etruria, and promoted his tutor to the bishoprick of Parma in 1788. Here, during the French revolutionary period, he was the determined and powerful opponent of the "new philosophy." It was probably through his influence, that in the Dutchy, which coincided with his diocese, the convents were spared during this whole period, and enjoyed their lands and all their privileges to the last. His attacks are often unfair, his representations of the dangers to society from the principles he opposes somewhat exaggerated, and his imperious oburgatory tone cannot be approved in a follower of a meek and lowly master. But he is often not only powerful and eloquent, but persuasive. The following is a favourable specimen, though not free from objection.

HOMILY ADDRESSED TO THE PEOPLE OF PARMA, AT THE FEAST OF
PENTECOST, 1796, BUT WHICH COULD NOT BE DELIVERED
ON ACCOUNT OF THE ARRIVAL OF THE FRENCH.

* * * * "The world is full of books which exalt the century in which we live as the age of illumination. Our descendants will take it for granted on their testimony. Who can tell, however, whether this homily of mine being discovered in a dusty corner of a wretched library, some one may not read it and be undeceived? The theme is worthy of your religion and my exalted ministry. It will be a great blessing if my discourse can excite in your minds abhorrence and contempt for this age. We must be just. It cannot be denied that our age has made great discoveries, rapid and wonderful progress in sciences and arts. All has been collected together into one work,* which is proclaimed as a compendium of wonders, an immortal monument to the glory of the age in which we live. But with respect to the sciences, allow me one short observation. Thousands of years before our time, the greatest geniuses studied nature, made systems, had those who praised and followed them. In our age of illumination some extraordinary men have arisen who have overturned these systems, have formed a new world, and have found those who constructed the old one to have been all ignorant blockheads. But who can assure us that these very individuals shall not, after the lapse of some period of time, be treated as ignoramuses like their predecessors? Who knows but our grandchildren may look back with pity on their fathers for having with too eager facility adopted

* We presume the bishop means the French *Encyclopédie Méthodique*.

systems whose sole merit was their being new? But enough! Let the recent discoveries be immutable truths. Are we any happier for them? They are truths, for the most part, which remain in the minds of the scientific and the learned, rather to satisfy their vanity than to fill the void of their hearts. What influence have they upon the common good of the whole of society? What advantage arises from this immense collection, this undigested and unapplied mass of philosophical knowledge? In the midst of all that is yet to be known, I fear that it has no better tendency than to introduce Atheism, and to propagate impiety. Ah, my children, in order to be happy, men have need, not to know the exact number of the stars, nor the precise revolutions of the planets, nor how to calculate infinite space. Shall I tell you what they want? They want a wise government, good morals, and a *holy religion*. And, upon these subjects, what an immensely illuminated age is this of ours! Fix your eyes upon these lights, unawed by the fear of being dazzled, and let us speak to you as brethren, with our usual apostolic freedom.

“What brilliant lights have been cast upon us, to extend our commerce, to perfect arts, to introduce manufactures, to cultivate sciences! Never had such been beheld in our horizon. But what shall I say! We have had lights on the one hand to extend commerce, and lights on the other to show the way to chain and oppress it with so many burdens as to reduce it almost to nothing: without saying any thing of those lights which have been directed to corrupt and annihilate good faith, the animating soul of commerce. All arts and all manufactures were to be established in all places, as if to show the inutility of that beautiful provision of Providence, which has divided and apportioned among the various nations, wants and industry, in order that, by a mutual necessity and reciprocity of interests, men might be indissolubly bound to each other. It was pretended that every nation must be made sufficient to itself, and all were wretched. What a truly philosophical radiance; what a light of humanity shone in those innumerable laws and edicts, which when examined proved to have begun with “*human happiness*” and to have ended in human misery! There is not an university which has not its chair of jurisprudence, from which the great torch of public rights has been brandished to instruct both sovereigns and people in their reciprocal duties. But this torch wanted the sacred fire of Nehemiah, and what was the consequence? Princes saw nothing by its light but the duties of subjects, nor subjects but the duties of princes, and every one began to think about reforming the people. Hence arose mutual rancour and hatred, a perpetual struggle between the rival parties, which in some places inundated the land with crimes and slaughter. The philosophers, the illuminators of the world, were not sovereigns: and for this reason *sovereignty* became the subject of their attacks and the theme of their paradoxes. All governments were found out to be bad, and the Iroquois and the Hurons were pronounced to be the best constituted people on the earth, who know no happiness but that of pursuing wild beasts in the chase, and men in war. Yet still in our societies, as actually constituted, some kind of government was found to be necessary. And what form of it think you was pointed out

by the beneficent lights of the present age? That which of all others is the most perilous, unstable, and mischievous. If for my part I had to reply to all those magnificent eulogiums which we hear every day dealt out on this glorious *democracy*, it should be in these few words: 'If the democratic is superior to all other forms of government,—if it is the most suitable, honourable and useful to man, let the heads of families begin by setting up a democracy in their own houses.' A social contract has been imagined, which never had any existence, by virtue of which the people were pronounced to be sovereigns, and the sovereigns to be subject to the people. This was letting loose lions and tigers, to devour their keepers first, and then one another. No matter. Of all mankind so many kings were made, and all unexpectedly started up with the imperial diadem on their heads, like those crowned locusts which you read of in the Apocalypse.* Dazzled with all this light, the multitude was misled, and, with enthusiasm, rose up against authority and laws, and, driven forward in confusion, committed without remorse all the atrocities to which its leaders directed, and all those greater atrocities which the leaders themselves would have prevented if they could. They wrote to one another, and they cried out when they met, '*we are all brethren*,' and by way of closely knitting together these bonds of fraternity they cut one another's throats! '*We are all equal*'—and to verify their words they fell upon the goods of all who possessed any. '*We are all free*'—and to prove this they yielded themselves to as many tyrants as there were enlightened philosophers. In those ages which *ours* calls dark and ignorant, it was otherwise held. Public order was respected, and, to save society from greater evils, princes were tolerated even although libertines or tyrants. If they commanded things contrary to the laws of God, the maxim of our fathers was, 'disobey and die.' But they deemed it horrible sacrilege to put forth their hands upon the Lord's anointed. Governments during this time were preserved in security and society in peace. . . .

"If in the *concerns of government* these new lights have proved such malignant planets, have they been more propitious in regard to *morals*? It seems somehow the destiny of the human race that when the duties of morality are most talked and written about, they should be the least practised, as he who has perpetually in his mouth maxims and lectures of economy is generally a shameless squanderer of his property, and talks about saving till he ends in bankruptcy. Never was there an age in which so much was written upon morals as the present. Volumes without number have been sent into the world upon the nature of man, upon the passions and sentiments of the human heart, upon virtues and vices, and duties and properties. And what have we gained? An infinity of systems, a mass of definitions altogether inapplicable to the conduct of life. Ah! my brethren! good morals are not the fruit of metaphysical subtleties. They are established by training men to the

* Rev. ix. 7. "And the shapes of the locusts were like unto horses prepared to battle, and on their heads were as it were crowns like gold, and their faces were as the faces of men." 10. "And their power was to hurt men five months."

practice of them, and by interesting their most powerful feelings in their favour. Religion, which is the sole and regulating spirit of good morals, has been dissevered from them. The ancient virtues have been represented as vices, and what were once vices have been turned into so many virtues. The new light tells man that he owes every thing to himself, and comprehends every thing in himself. Oh, light! Oh, age! Oh, philosophy of ours! . . . 'And women too,' they cry out 'why are not we capable of acquiring the sciences? And why cannot we become instructresses to our children in the current philosophy?' Alternately seduced and seducers, while they badly studied Des Cartes and Newton, they despised the catechism, and with it, domestic economy, fidelity, and modesty. Under the guidance of these lights, wives became the implacable enemies of their husbands, indifferent to their offspring, the pest and ruin of the families into which they settled.

"In the concerns of religion these (pretended) lights of the present age first gleamed upon our eyes from the very bosom of the Catholic Church itself.* They crowded thickly upon us, and it was pretended, for the first time, to prove to us that in order that our religion should be pure, it was necessary to strip it of all external worship; that in order to make it flourish, the first thing was to persecute its ministers, and reduce it to the most abject state; that the revenues consecrated to the service of God were no longer God's, but the people's, to dispose of at its pleasure—(a doctrine never broached even by Pagans)—that the Christian was not free to choose for himself a state of evangelical perfection, and that vows, if made only to God, were of no obligation. But at length the age threw off its mask, and openly proclaimed that all religions are indifferent, and that the best of all was to have none; that the time was come when religion was no longer suited to men of genius, to men of literature and science, and that it was an act of humanity to take it away from the weak, superstitious, and ignorant vulgar, and God was spoken of as Lucian once spoke of the heathen divinities. . . .

"We have been inveighing hitherto against the age in which we live. But what is an age, my children? It is a period of years, one succeeding another, in themselves neither good nor bad. It is we who by our conduct and our maxims render these years either the one or the other. An age, if measured by a virtuous generation, is called good; if by a perverse one, it is called bad. We live in an age of ill omened light: but from what star did it proceed? Who diffused, who propagated this light? The philosophers of the eighteenth century have been men, for the most part, of vigorous minds, well versed in human sciences, capable of conferring the greatest good on humanity, had they not abused their powers. How then did they fall into so much weakness and impiety as to make it an age of confusion, disorder and crime? Ah! my children! never, in any age of the world, were they great talents which advanced the happiness of man when destitute of religion. They have been men

* The admission that in the last century Atheism and Deism sprung from the very bosom of a corrupted church, (for such it is allowed by Catholics to have been, at least with respect to *discipline*,) affords matter for serious reflection to the members of that body.

of real worth, often of the most moderate talents, who have effected this. Sometimes indeed great geniuses, but always animated by religion. Our philosophers knew every thing except that which it is of most importance to know,—the weakness of man, and the greatness of God. They ascended like Moses into the mount, but they disdain to enter into the cloud from whence divine revelation issues. . . . This is the true source of illumination. Run to this fountain of light : there you will discern the economy of human salvation ; the invariable rule by which our judgments should be guided ; the surest direction for the reformation of our manners. If doubts arise, let us not combat them with reason, nor enter into controversy with them, but decide them by faith. To moderate our passions—to flee seductive pleasures—to put in practice the Gospel—this is the only way to overcome temptations against the Gospel.”

The third homily, delivered in 1798, “on the inconsistencies of unbelievers in the 18th century,” is a very powerful piece of reasoning, as is likewise the ninth, delivered in 1800, on the question “are unbelievers any happier for their unbelief ?” The zealous prelate’s rage against the French had then abated, and he reasons more calmly than he did in 1796, within the sound of the French artillery.

Passing over the first twenty-five years of the present century, in which no new preacher arose having any pretensions to the title of an orator, although Sergardi, Fornici, and Donadoni are respectable, we come to a period in which, having been resident successively in various cities of Italy, we are enabled to lay before the reader the results of personal observation : viz. the years 1826, 27, 28 and 30.

It will be desirable in the first instance to give a brief account of the present state of moral and religious sentiments in Italy, in order that it may be seen whether the pulpit is in arrear or in advance of the age in knowledge and liberality.

At Milan and Venice, and in the Lombardo-Venetian kingdom generally, we found the ceremonies of the church kept up with great pomp of both military and sacerdotal attendance, without any sparing of expense, but with very little appearance of the enthusiasm of the people going along with the show which was acting by their ecclesiastical and political superiors. A total indifference to the ceremonies, dislike of the discipline, and scepticism respecting the doctrines of the church, joined with republicanism in politics, are making rapid strides throughout that portion of the Austrian dominions. And the government at home, from whence the supply of bishops and the higher order of ecclesiastics chiefly comes, has never lost that tendency to liberality, in regard to religion, which it acquired under Joseph II. In such a building as St. Mark’s, at Venice, so surrounded,

so adorned, and connected with such associations, it were impossible to witness *any* solemn service without deep interest, and there is perhaps more appearance of devotion in the *worshippers* than in any other church in this portion of the Italian peninsula. Yet the Patriarch Ranieri and his attendant dignitaries appeared to view with indifference and weariness the pageant of High Mass, which consists in a great degree in the adorning the person of the said patriarch with a series of vestures, each of which is said, by the old Catholic writers, to have a symbolical meaning, conveying some important religious instruction. Even in the midst of the buffoonery of the carnival we observed that no one passed a shrine without genuflection, and sometimes crossing himself, although the laugh was scarcely suspended for the purpose. But we consider this as no proof of a real regard for the more important parts of even the *exterior* of religion.

In the dominions of the King of *Sardinia* we imagine superstition to have rather a deeper root. Modern miracles are gravely talked of by persons in the rank of respectable shopkeepers at Turin, and appear to be credited, or at least not absolutely rejected. There is perhaps no city in Italy, however, which possesses so noble a band of patriots and rationalists in religion as Genoa.

In the "Eternal City," which seems doomed to be the everlasting seat of priestcraft, bigotry, and slavery, the two extremes meet. There is a party which eulogizes the reigning pope, whoever he may chance to be, as "il più dotto degli uomini ed il più savio de' principi," which glosses over or "knows nothing of" the enormities of the purple court, believes all that the church requires, and weeps at its affecting ceremonies. And there is another party which pours uncompromising and unbounded contempt and ridicule upon the church and all that belongs to it,—its rulers, its doctrines, its ceremonies and, not least, its miracles. We should think this last (reinforced by the resident foreigners and other strangers) the most numerous party. Indeed the presence of strangers is an awkward impediment in the way of the performance or rather of the efficacy of some of the ceremonies of the church. In the month of May, 1827, a great crowd was assembled in the church of Ara Celi, at the foot of the Capitol, to witness the casting out a demon, but the priest, after some ineffectual attempts, declared, that "*there were too many foreigners present for the miracle to be performed!*" That even the lower class of Romans themselves do not yield implicit homage to the "most learned of men and the wisest of princes," is evident, from a circumstance which occurred at the time above referred to. Leo XII., while engaged in what is called "visiting the Seven Churches" in Rome, stopped at one in the midst of the Traste-

verini, the poorest and most superstitious portion of the citizens. On returning to his carriage he was surrounded by a crowd of wretched beings who were clamorous for the alms of the holy father. Leo, who was notorious for his covetousness, immediately began to make a sign of the cross with his thumb and two fore-fingers in the air, in token of his freely bestowing upon the famished multitude his *paternal benediction*! "Che benedizione! Santo Padre." "What is the use of blessing us, holy father," exclaimed they, "we have neither shoes, nor shirts, nor bread." The pope, who was to the full as timid as he was avaricious, apprehensive of what this might end in, mounted his carriage and drove hastily off.

At *Naples* we found the submission to spiritual dominion apparently more abject, and the devotion employed in the ceremonies of the church, and in the services voluntarily imposed on themselves by individuals, of a more noisy and impassioned description. Penitents were heard in public with loud cries lamenting over their sins, and so great was the eagerness to obtain a share of the benediction of the archbishop, (which the irreverent Trasteverini thought of so little value as it came genuine from the sovereign pontiff himself,) that druggists flung down their spatulæ in the midst of making up a prescription, and rushing to the street door dropped on one knee to receive it. Yet we could perceive that the public mind was on the advance.

Our attention was more particularly directed to *Tuscany*; and here every thing indicated, not only great comparative advancement, but a continued and rapid progression. For its present state of intellectual, moral and religious advancement, Tuscany is mainly indebted to the Grand Duke Leopold I. (afterwards Emperor of Austria), and to his able, faithful and disinterested adviser Bishop Scipio de' Ricci, the latter of whom planned, and the former of whom gave the sanction of the supreme authority to the most extensive reforms in the Tuscan Church, which humbled in the dust the "Roman Babylon," as Bishop Ricci was wont to call it, and summoned to the exercise of their reasoning faculties on the subject of religion, those whose intelligent spirits had been long bowed down by authority which refused to reason itself, or to allow others to do so. The memory of these great men, their recorded deeds and treasured sayings, is a patrimony for the Tuscans of untold wealth. Florence abounds with anecdotes of the golden days of the "great Leopold," the "immortal Leopold," calculated to illustrate the superiority of merit to title, wealth and place—to expose the pretensions of hypocrisy, and to humble the pride of ecclesiastical tyranny. The sayings of that prince were apophthegms of wisdom, and his deeds were wiser than his sayings.

We shall content ourselves with citing a single instance of his spirited conduct, bearing immediate relation to our present subject. Archbishop Martini, of Florence, was a man of considerable learning, and had performed an important service to the church by translating a part of its Latin offices and the whole of the Vulgate into Italian; and on Leopold's general principle of advancing men of talent, he was promoted by that sovereign to the primacy of Tuscany. But his pride as a churchman partook too much of the old school. His commands were seldom unreasonable, but he would never allow them to be questioned, or condescend to give a reason for his arbitrary decisions. He had one day forbidden a poor and worthy priest any longer to exercise his ecclesiastical functions, and when humbly asked the reason, he replied, "*La ragione ho quà dentro*"—(The reason is *here within*—in my own bosom). The priest, conscious of his integrity, presented a petition to the Grand Duke, that his case might be taken into consideration. Leopold observed to him, "and pray how do you feel *here within*?" The reply was, that he was conscious of innocence, and asked not to be pardoned or acquitted, but only to be informed what offence he was charged with. The archbishop was at this moment sitting in his court, with his chancellor, second in authority to himself, at his right hand, transacting business, when a police officer was sent into the court with orders to arrest, not the archbishop (as his person was sacred), but his chancellor, in the name of His Royal Highness the Grand Duke. Upon the archbishop inquiring with astonishment the reason, the officer replied, pointing, agreeably to his instructions, to his breast, "His Royal Highness says, 'I have the reason *here within*.'" "Oh, I understand," said the archbishop: "go to such a priest, and tell him that he is restored to his functions, and that no further molestation shall be given him." It is of such spirited anecdotes as these that the daily wisdom of the Florentines is made up; and while the memory of Leopold remains, there is no danger that priestcraft should recover its sway over them.*

* The late Grand Duke Ferdinand III. and the present Leopold II. have not shown themselves behind their great predecessor in putting a curb in the mouth of ecclesiastical pretension. The former being about to attend a public service at the Cathedral of Siena, it is said that the archbishop informed the prime minister, that when sovereign princes attended that church, it was the custom for them to take the left side of the altar, leaving the right to the archbishop, as an acknowledgment of the superiority of religion to the state; and that the Grand Duke replied, that "although religion was superior to civil government, yet as religious establishments were the work of the civil power, he thought the archbishop ought to be on the left side of the altar, to denote his dependance on the state for his preferment." The late archbishop, who was a proud churchman, was "*indisposed*" on this occasion, and appointed another bishop to take the left side of the altar in his place. On a like occasion, when we were present, in 1828, the sovereign sat constantly on the right, and the archbishop had seats on both sides, passing from one to the other. Such was the compromise between church and state.

Is then the pulpit in the present day what it ought to be, the leader of national improvement, or is it a drag upon its progress? Not like Fra Giordano's note-taker, with a pen behind our ear, but with the intention of taking notes of anything remarkable on our return to our lodgings, we passed through Italy, observing the style of preaching in the different countries, in order that when we reached our native land again, if asked, "Watchman, what of the night?" we might be able to give a full, if not a satisfactory, answer to the inquirer.

In Piedmont, the priests, who partake largely of the harsh disagreeable pronunciation of the natives in general, are often respectable, but seldom pleasing preachers. Amongst the Waldenses, where the Protestant pastors are remarkable for the good sense and patriarchal simplicity of their address, the Catholics are distinguished by the vehemence of their gesticulation and the loudness of their voices. At Genoa something beyond mediocrity is absolutely necessary to obtain an audience. The Venetians devote a great deal of their leisure time to the church and its services, but during several months' residence we met with only one preacher of eminence, the parish priest of St. Luke. We heard him on the text, "It is appointed unto all men once to die, and after that the judgment." He has the advantage of a striking figure, and standing in the commanding attitude of a Roman senator, with the neck completely exposed, and freely turning with every change of address and emotion, he poured forth a torrent of eloquence. When he spoke of the enormous vices of men, and of their foolhardy neglect and forgetfulness of a day of judgment, he bent his head down, hid his face with his hands, and wept aloud. Another Venetian preacher was of a very different description—the extreme of childishness. He proposed to deliver a set of lectures on the spiritual interpretation of the history of Sampson. His first lecture began the subject with the history of Manoh, Sampson's father! From the circumstance of Sampson's mother being forbidden the use of the fruit of the vine and spirituous liquors, he took occasion to remark, that the abuse of these had become very common of late, and that even delicate females pleaded that it gave them strength, as an excuse for indulgence; but here they found the mother of the strongest man that ever lived wholly abstaining from potent liquors. At this happy hit, as they seemed to regard it, whatever may be thought of its decorousness, the audience laughed aloud, and made remarks to each other expressive of their satisfaction. The preachers here are very much in the habit of making amusing stories out of the Old Testament history, which they humour with their national dramatic narrative and conversational gesticulation.

At Rome, there are several preachers who make themselves remarkable by the vehemence with which they declaim against the corruption of manners and the prevalence of heresy in the present day. They particularly inveigh against the carnival; and one of them gave notice, with reference to the commencement of the popular festivities of this season, that Satan was about to be let loose on such a day. The Roman preachers are generally well trained in the management of the voice, and the proprieties of action, in accordance with the national taste. Being required to fill immense churches, they have an interest in studying to do this gracefully and without effort, and in this they are successful beyond any parallel. The full and manly sounds, and dignified pause of the Roman accent, add much to the charm of their delivery; and they are particularly skilful in conciliating the favour of the audience by an elegant, and somewhat complimentary, introduction. So far, to hear them is one of the greatest treats which a stranger who understands the language can enjoy. But when we come to the matter of their discourses, there is, perhaps, no part of Italy where more extravagance is indulged in, or more sheer nonsense is talked. We were recommended to go to hear a young man who was reckoned to be one of the best preachers in Rome, who was delivering what is called an "*istruzione al popolo*," not sermons with texts, but a set of familiar lectures on moral duties, which may be heard in the month of May in the chief Catholic cities, in honour of the Virgin Mary, to whom that month is sacred, and each of whose virtues is taken successively as the theme of eulogy and the foundation of instruction. A stage of about fifteen feet in breadth was on this occasion raised against a wall of the church, and covered with green baize, on which the preacher paced to and fro, occasionally sitting down on a chair which was provided for him. He was discoursing of the *modesty* of the Virgin. To know when to be silent, he observed, was an important branch of this virtue; and he took occasion to launch out against the inordinate loquacity of females, which, he said, led them to lose half of that time which they ought to be employing in domestic duties, and to go from house to house picking up something that was bad in the habits of each, and thus evil example became the more contagious. Another exemplification of this virtue was the wearing of decorous apparel, and here he inveighed against the modern fashions of the ladies with all the zeal of a covenanter. The third branch of this virtue was the government of the thoughts. But in all these respects, the theatre, he said, was the great corrupter of the female character. However pure might be the compositions they heard recited, the evil was scarcely less, and Corneille and Me-

tastasio might ruin the morals of a family as well as the most licentious author!—the mischief lying not in the words uttered, but in the seductive nature of theatrical representations, in consequence of which, as he affirmed, the purest words might raise in the mind the most criminal thoughts, and the most modest expression be immodestly interpreted.

We shall here make once for all, and with pain, it being only extorted from us by the love of truth, a general remark on the mode in which Italian preachers attack vice. We introduce it in this place, because it is to the preachers residing in or coming from Rome that it is more pre-eminently applicable. They warn men against the plague with lips diffusing the pestilence. They declaim against licentiousness in the very terms of licentiousness itself. They deal forth their invectives with a flippancy, a detail, a familiarity with that which they ought to hold up as an object of abhorrence, that point them out as having been brought up in its atmosphere.

At Naples and in its neighbourhood we heard several preachers, but with very little edification, as they were either prolix and tedious, or full of misplaced drollery and folly. We heard the history of Abraham described in the same ludicrous manner, with the same dramatic style of narrative and humorous action, as we had before heard the history of Sampson's father at Venice; and, as in the last mentioned instance, the preacher, when he would represent the surprise of Manoah's wife at the visit of an angel, and her anxiety that her husband should witness it, stretched up his head at the furthest extent of his little pulpit, and called out, "O Manoah! O Manoah! here is an angel," &c.; so the other was equally busy in getting every thing ready for the sacrifice of Isaac. In a word, they seemed to consider themselves as talking to *children* of from five to six feet high. At Sorrento we heard the panegyric of the Madonna del Carmine. It was stuffed full of exaggerated similes and mystical applications. Every passage in the Old Testament in which any allegorical personage, wisdom, the church, &c. appeared to be referred to, was eagerly caught at and affirmed to be true of Beata Maria del Carmine. The only interest the preacher afforded us was by exciting us to speculate as to whether the Madonna he was celebrating was the identical Madonna *della Neve*, whom we often met with (particularly in Switzerland, on the sides of the Righi), or the Madonna *di Loreto*, and a hundred others. And this question gave rise to another of analogous description—Were Jupiter Capitolinus, Jupiter Stator and Jupiter Penninus, precisely the same Jupiter? From the care the preacher took constantly to remind his hearers that it was the Madonna del Carmine (of Mount Carmel), the

founder of his order, whose praises he was celebrating, he did not discourage the idea of the vulgar, that she is somehow or other distinguished from *the* Madonna. We once propounded our doubts to a pious Catholic lady in the following terms:—"You have in your city a Madonna del Voto, a Madonna del Fonte Giusto, delle Grazie, and a great many more. Now are these different Madonnas, or one?" She replied, "the Madonna is one—the Madonna is in heaven; but there are a great many on the earth, some good for one thing, and some for another. Our Madonna del Fonte Giusto, for instance, is good against consumption, and when we pray to her to be cured of consumption, she prays to the Madonna in heaven, who obtains the grace from her son Jesus Christ."

The first preacher we heard in *Tuscany* was the parish priest of Santa Felicita, in Florence, who was delivering a course of lectures preparatory to Advent, on the Apostles' Creed, called "*Il Simbolo degli Apostoli*." The first lecture which we heard (the second of the course) was entirely occupied in repeating what he had said before by way of introduction, respecting the various significations of the term symbol, which, he said, denoted sometimes a compendium, and at other times a standard or ensign, which served as a rallying point. The twelve apostles, he told his hearers, all met together in order to form this compendium, or to set up this standard and rallying point in the Christian church. It might be said to constitute the marrow of Christian divinity. These thoughts he continued to repeat and to dwell upon for about thirty-five minutes, and then concluded. The next lecture was still but introductory, and he considered the question, whether each of the apostles had written an article, there being twelve; or whether all had combined their light and inspiration in the composition of each. He dwelt on the great advantage of such summaries of faith, as the means of at once stopping the mouths of heretics, and remarked that the prevalent heresies of the times had given rise to all the creeds which the church enjoyed. The Gnostics, for example, gave occasion for the drawing up of the Apostles' Creed. In the fourth lecture he got as far as the word "*credo*," and observed, that this being the first word, gave rise to the term by which this symbol was denoted, the *credo*. He then observed what a sacred subject this was, and that we ought to enter upon it with reverence. He distinguished two kinds of belief, that which was the result of evidence, and that which rested solely on the authority of God and the Church. If a person for whose character we had no particular respect told us anything, we should doubt, and inquire into the evidence. But if a person in whose veracity we had the highest

confidence, such as our own *parish priest*, were to tell us anything, we should at once believe it to be true! Now as we receive the Christian religion from God, who cannot lie, we may believe it at once. He then told a story of a modern miracle, according to his custom, and concluded. In the fifth discourse (we beg the reader will have patience with us; he cannot be prepared to estimate the *best* unless he has some clear idea of what materials the *worst* is made)—in the fifth discourse he recapitulated what he had said upon the word *credo*, and went on to the second word in the Creed, which happened to be “*in*,” and he pointed out the difference between believing God and believing *in* God, as believing God implied reliance on all that He said as true, believing *in* Him merely assenting to his existence. His miracle for to-day was the story of our British King Canute commanding the waves not to wet him, which he related in the following most extraordinary terms:—

“Canute, King of Denmark and England in former times, was the proudest monarch on the face of the earth, and listening with complacency to the voice of his courtiers, who hailed him Lord of the Earth and Ocean, he went down in great pomp one day to the sea shore to put to the test his fancied dominion, and placing himself in a chair of state, with his sceptre in his hand and his crown on his head, close to the margin of the water, he impudently commanded it to retire before him. But, to rebuke his pride, a tempest immediately arose, and lifting the sea suddenly out of its bed, compelled him and his court to fly precipitately to save their lives. Humbled by this divine portent, the monarch retired to his chapel, and flinging his crown and sceptre at the foot of the crucifix, cried out, ‘Thou, O Jesus, art the only King of Heaven and Earth.’ He became a penitent and led a holy and austere life, and did a great deal for the Church.”

The worthy *parroco* having heard this story, and not knowing any thing about tides, of which there are none at Leghorn, or at least, despairing of being able to give an intelligible account of the theory of flux and reflux to his Florentine hearers, invented the tempest, we presume, to get out of his difficulty. In the sixth discourse he spoke again of the great value of the Creed, and of the attachment shown to it in all ages by the orthodox. In confirmation of this he related a story of a saint who was a zealous defender of the doctrines of this Creed against the Manicheans, from whom he received much ill treatment. “Being one day assailed by them with stones on the *place* opposite to the church in which the preacher was then speaking, he contented himself with repeating to them the words *credo*, &c.; but, oppressed by repeated blows, and becoming soon too faint to speak, he dipped his finger in his own blood, which flowed profusely

from his head," (here the preacher imitated the action by putting his fore-finger on the crown of his head,) "and wrote in the ~~dash~~ the word *credo*. Dipping it again," (here the preacher repeated the act, amidst the dead silence and anxious observation of his audience,) "he wrote the word *in*; and dipping his finger again," (to denote which the priest again affected to dip his own finger in the supposed wound on his head,) "he wrote *Dio* and *Onnipotente*," with a repetition of the same ceremony, amidst the gaping of his audience; "upon which," he said, "the saint could do no more, and his soul was *visibly* exhaled into Paradise." The story we suspect to be a confused version of the martyrdom of one of the Paterini, who are related to have suffered on the place of Santa Felicita, in Florence.

But who can wonder that persons of taste and information are not in the habit of attending on the sermons of the priests in the highly cultivated city of Florence?

On the 22d of June, 1828, in the parish church of Ogni Santi, in the same city, we heard the panegyric of St. Antony of Padua, from a Franciscan monk of the Convent *del Monte*, in that neighbourhood. The text was, "Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted."—*Epist. of James*. Being near the preacher, we heard the words of his text repeated as by some one mocking him, and sometimes heard a similar repetition during the discourse. Upon inquiring into the cause of this singular circumstance, we were told that the young abbè, whom we had seen attend the preacher up the pulpit steps, and conceal himself behind the curtain, had during the whole time been reading aloud the manuscript, with which he had been furnished by the preacher, in order that should his own recollection fail, he might be instantly assisted by hearing the words of the reader behind him. It is obviously not intended that the audience should be able to hear this echo of the voice of the preacher; but it is a contrivance to which those who have weak memories commonly have recourse in a country where any kind of nonsense may be *spoken or recited* from the pulpit, but must not be *read* on pain of the departure of the audience.

After some introductory observations, the monk remarked that these words were particularly applicable to the prophet and great worker of wonders (*gran taumaturgo*), of whom he had undertaken to declare the praises.

"For never was such humility in any mortal before, nor was it ever rewarded by being so highly exalted. 'Before he had attained to mature age he was called on to attend a council of *my* seraphic order,' said the friar, pointing to his own breast, 'and displayed more human learning than the whole chapter, in addition to that supernatural illumination

by which he discerned the thoughts of the assembly, and delivered prophecies which were afterwards fulfilled. While he preached in an open plain to from twenty to thirty thousand persons, he was heard by each individual with equal distinctness, although some of them were at the distance of two miles from him; and what was more remarkable, to whatever country the hearer belonged, the voice of the Saint reached his ear in his native tongue. He likewise possessed the power of being seen and heard at distant cities at the same time; for while he was preaching at Florence, he was equally seen and heard preaching at Lyons; and while he was in the cathedral at Milan, he was equally present at Lisbon, to vindicate the innocence of his father (who was unjustly accused), by raising from the dead one of the most material witnesses to disprove the charge. At the voice of Jehovah, we are told in the sacred pages, the cedars of Lebanon are shaken, and bow down their lofty tops; and at the voice of Antony the loftiest and proudest potentates of the earth bowed down their heads to receive the yoke of the cross. When Jehovah spake, the mountains were moved out of their place and the rocks were melted. And when Antony spake, the proudest heretics were shaken and moved out of their self-confidence, and the rocky hearts even of the avaricious were melted; for we are told when he was preaching against avarice once, at Florence, he directed his words particularly to a hardened miser then present, telling him that his heart was in his chest; and upon some persons going to the house of the miser and examining the box, they found Antony's words to be true, for there was the miser's heart; who upon this, prayed to have his heart restored to him, and Antony obtained for him his request. His heart was restored to its place, and he became a sincere convert. But why do I speak of other miracles performed by Antony, all of which are nothing compared with that to which thou, O Rimini, wast the astonished witness? When Jehovah speaketh, the stormy waves of the sea become instantly calm; and when Antony spake, the fishes of the sea leapt from their watery beds and listened with attention to his sermon. For do you not remember what is recorded of that far-famed discourse of his on the sea shore to the heretics? and that when these refused to hear his words, Antony exclaimed with a loud voice, *listen at least, O ye fishes of the deep*. And he had no sooner said, than the most frightful marine monsters, forming a joyful circle (*lieta corona*), their fierce natures being laid aside, listened with devout attention. And when the most holy object in all nature, the Sacramented Jesus himself, was presented to them, (here the monk crossed himself, and the whole congregation bowed their heads,) 'they prostrated themselves before him, to the shame and confusion of the heretics, who were endowed with the gift of reason, yet made so bad a use of it.'

"We read in the Book of Proverbs that Wisdom (in the mystical sense the Virgin Mary) *diverted herself* (so easy was the act of divine energy) (*scherzava*) in the creation of all things, Prov. vii. 30, 31. 'Cum eo eram cuncta componens: et delectabar per singulos dies, *ludens* coram eo omni tempore; *ludens* in orbe terrarum.' So, in like manner, to Antony it was but sport to perform the most stupendous miracles (*scher-*

zava a far prodigj). Thus Antony lived an object of astonishment to the human race; but the highest proof of divine favour had not yet been given him. For the mother of God herself, with her infant son folded in her maternal arms, often came to visit their favoured prophet, who dandled his Creator on his palm.* But as by reason of his remaining upon earth, Jesus could not bestow favours upon him to the full extent he desired to do, (*a suo talento*,) he took him to himself, and the next place to his divine mother, above all the celestial hosts, he assigned to Antony. What miracles he has performed since his death it is unnecessary for me to relate to you. For those numberless offerings which I now see before me in this church, and the numberless others which are appended to his altars in every other city in the Christian world, what are they all but so many testimonies to the miracles performed by Antony in Heaven? 'To this great protector let us all devoutly commend ourselves.'

Here the monk gave the trine benediction, which has the appearance of making three bows to the audience, (and is usually mistaken by strangers for this,) and the abbè, who had been behind the curtain, came forward and assisted him to descend.

If mingled emotions of pity and disgust have been excited in the minds of our readers by this passage in our notes, taken immediately after hearing this discourse, we will assure them that as we were induced to sit patiently to *hear*, only in order that we might ascertain the true state of the case on the subject of our inquiry, so also in the *publication* of that which we have laid, or are about to lay before our readers, we have been swayed solely by the principle, that, with a view to some important conclusion, the *whole* truth, however offensive, (decency and good morals being safe,) may and ought to be *occasionally* and *reverently* spoken.

On the three evenings preceding Ash Wednesday, the commencement of Lent, a service, for the purpose of preparing the minds of the people for that solemn period, is held in the Church of San Giovannino at Florence. The preacher for 1828, who was a man of some powers, took for his subject the humility of Christ, which he illustrated on the successive evenings under three heads. 1st. The humility of Christ in "consenting to be born." 2dly. In "living among his own creatures, and submitting to death at their hands;" and 3dly. In "*sacramentalizing* himself after death, and being perpetually received by the faithful in the eucharistical bread." Upon the last head he said, "the other proofs of his humility were astonishing, but this exceeds them all, and was necessary to give effect to all. For to what purpose would he have taken upon himself flesh and blood in the womb of the Virgin for our salvation, and have offered himself up a sacrifice to the

* Here the friar held up his right hand, and moved it up and down, imitating the act of a nurse in dandling an infant.

divine justice, if there were no means by which his creatures could obtain the benefit of this sacrifice? It would have redounded to the honour of God, but to man it would have remained null and useless, and they might have said, who shall ascend up into heaven to bring Christ down from thence? But now he is very near unto us, continually presenting himself on the altar, in the eucharistical bread, so as to appropriate to each individual believer that which he had done in behalf of the general body. Oh, what an adorable prodigy of humility is Christ in the sacrament! What an incredible proof of his affection! It was doubtless a convincing proof which he had afforded of this, when he who is infinity reduced himself into a span, and omnipotence condescended to become infantile weakness, the all-knowing to *learn*, the King of Kings and Lord of Lords to become subject to a woman. That the eternal Jehovah should die, nay, should even condescend to receive succour from an angel in his agony, are still more astonishing things. But all these are nothing compared with the eucharistical offering of the bloody divine sacrifice. In the first instance divinity became incarnate, but in the last divinity and humanity both combine in a piece of bread, that which is animate enters into and becomes that which *was* inanimate—that which exists for ever in heaven is swallowed by man on earth. He became obedient unto death at the word of the first person in the Holy Triad; but he converts himself into bread at the word of one of his own creatures. Great was his condescension in quitting the blessed abode to converse familiarly *amongst* his creatures; but in the eucharistic bread he unites himself infinitely more closely to them, and dwells *in* them, ministering to them of his own flesh, thus fulfilling again continually the office of the good shepherd who lays down his life for the sheep."

At the commemoration of the patron saint of the pious confraternity of the Misericordia, San Sebastiano, soldier and martyr, the panegyric was pronounced by a preacher who enjoys great celebrity in Florence, Salvi. Elegance here seemed to be the object chiefly aimed at, and it was successful. It was a highly polished oration, but had too much of display in it. After setting forth the virtues of his saint by a number of poetical comparisons, he excused himself from enlarging on his miracles, performed during his life, or after his decease by means of his remains, on the ground that these were so numerous and wonderful, that it was difficult to select any from amongst them. It would be impossible, he said, to enumerate them, still less to give a description of them. And with this well-turned compliment to the saint, he dismissed him.

At Easter, 1830, at the cathedral at Siena, a preacher appeared for the first time, whose manner of descanting upon moral subjects was mild and persuasive. Although he did not possess any talent as a public speaker, the great purpose of preaching seemed to be answered by his gentle admonitions. Speaking of the dangers of temptation, especially to those of weak virtue, he said,

"The cedars of Lebanon have fallen, and how can you, weak reeds of the Jordan, expect to stand?"

At the latter end of the month of April the faithful of both sexes were invited to attend daily at the Church of San Gaetano in Florence, during the month of May, to honour her, who, by her sublime *fiat*, began our redemption, "*col suo sublime fiat dette principio alla nostra redenzione.*" The evening discourses were announced under the startling (were it in England, we should have said astounding) titles of "*La Eternita di Maria Vergine,*" her omniscience, her omnipotence, &c. Thinking it right to ascertain what all this meant, we attended some of the lectures. The sublime *fiat* of Mary we found referred to the words she spoke to the angel, "Behold the handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word." In the Latin Vulgate, *fiat*, &c. Luke, i. 38. "And this *fiat*," the preacher observed, "was much more precious to us than that of the Creator at the beginning, because by that the world was only *created*, by this it was *redeemed*." The eternity of the Virgin was explained to mean her eternal existence in the counsels of God, because from all eternity God intended to create and to redeem the world, and in this redemption Mary was a necessary instrument, as without her consent God would not redeem the world by her son. Her omniscience and omnipotence were explained by saying that it was not possible that so affectionate a son should conceal anything from his mother, and that *he* knew everything; that he refused nothing to her prayers, and that *he* could do all things. This seemed but a very lame vindication of such bold assumptions. But he helped it out by observing, that what was said of the eternal wisdom of God, (Prov. viii. &c.) was true *in senso mistico* of the Virgin. This only tended to confuse our ideas, and we confess that we are to this day unable to understand in *what sense* the Virgin Mary is eternal, omniscient, and omnipotent. We are astonished at the unmeasured effrontery of the pretension that these attributes are in *any* sense possessed by her.

We have hitherto purposely kept back the mention of the only preacher whom we heard in Italy with entire approbation and satisfaction. At the beginning of Lent, 1838, at Florence, we had heard several friars who displayed a certain kind of eloquence, and had resumed our hitherto not very profitable employment of taking notes of sermons, when we were informed that a preacher of Sa. Felicita was more to be admired than any of the friars whom we had heard. We attended, and found a church thinly filled, but with rather a superior class to the great body of the frequenters of Lent preaching. The orator appeared by his habit to be not a preaching friar, but a secular priest, who devoted him-

self to public instruction. His age, about fifty, did not promise much of the vivacity and exuberant fancy of more youthful orators. We soon missed much that we were accustomed to and disapproved, and observed much that was new to us and to be admired. The following points of difference between him and other preachers immediately struck us. 1st. The Abate BARBIERI was sparing in his action, and used no exaggerated and ridiculous gesticulation. A young "Canonico" who had just begun to preach, had informed us that it was a rule given by the instructors in sacred eloquence at Bologna, "that the words of a preacher should only be a *help*, and not necessary for understanding him, every sentiment of any remarkable character being *acted* in such a manner as that persons at a remote part of a large church who could not hear, might still understand what was being said." Accordingly, the Italian orator now stamps and raves—now hides his face with his hands, and flings his arms in every direction—now weeps—now reckons on his fingers—now takes off his scull-cap in token of extraordinary reverence—now beseeches, and now threatens, by gestures. All this, which may be regarded as extravagant even when compared with the Italian *conversational* manner, and quite inconsistent with the gravity of the pulpit, was exchanged by the Abate Barbieri for a modest and well-regulated action, serving to aid the expression only of those powerful emotions of the soul which the true orator will always sparingly bring into exercise. Even *his* action would be thought extravagant in the pulpit of an English cathedral, but it must be allowed that we go into the opposite extreme to the Italians. 2dly. The Italian preachers in general, in the course of their sermon, say, "After the present discourse I beg of you the charity of an Ave-Maria according to my intention," (*secondo la mia intenzione*), *i. e.* not as it is my intention to do for you, (that we may be performing the same act of charity for one another,) but do *you* pray, and *I* will give a direction to your prayers to the spiritual benefit of such objects as are at this moment in my *intention*, but which I do not choose to disclose to you, and reserve to my own bosom. This piece of superstition, which implies the power of the priest to direct the mental prayers of the congregation to the benefit of whomsoever he pleases, is, we presume, discarded by Barbieri, as on twenty-eight occasions when we heard him during the daily sermons in Lent, nothing of the kind occurred. 3dly. Other preachers, during a particular part of their sermon, daily and uniformly make a direct attack upon the purses of their hearers, by urging them to give alms to the poor, with a degree of importunity which is thoroughly offensive. When it is considered that a third part of this collection goes to the priest himself, their pertinacious exac-

tion is particularly disgusting. Many of them, by way of keeping the givers in good humour, tell jokes, but the stalest and the poorest, on this occasion, and one preacher we heard always took that opportunity of telling a story of a miracle. The panegyrist of San Pasquale, in whose honour sermons are preached in Florence for nine evenings successively, took the opportunity to relate a miracle of the saint every night, most of them of the profanest and most ridiculous kind, and to draw from it an argument for giving alms to the poor (the poor *priest* included). Nothing of this kind soiled the lips of Barbieri. Although he was obliged by the regulations of the church to make a daily collection, he contented himself with a few modest words on the occasion, and when he was remonstrated with by his less scrupulous brethren for his forbearance, he still only related this circumstance to the audience, adding, that he hoped their voluntary and unprompted bounty would justify his omission. And this had a very good effect. 4thly. All the other Italian preachers we ever heard overloaded their discourses with quotations from the Latin fathers, and from Latin translations of the Greek fathers, as well as from the Vulgate version. By this means they got the credit of learning with the vulgar, at the expense of breaking the delightful harmony of the Italian period, spoiling the continuity of discourse, and giving an air of barbarism to the most polished and elegant of languages. Barbieri, on the other hand, quoted nothing but Scripture, and this always appropriately, and in an elegant translation of his own into Italian. 5thly. He never pushed any of the doctrines of the Catholic church to an extreme, nor stated them in that broad and unskilful manner which is calculated to expose them to the contempt and ridicule of men of sense. Yet there were evidences of his being a believer in the principal dogmas of the church, modern miracles excepted. 6thly. There was not a single trait of buffoonish humour, nor a single old wives' story told in the whole course of his sermons.

All Florence soon came to the determination to hear Barbieri, and none but him, during the remainder of Lent. Few persons knew anything respecting him at the time of his coming. He had been professor of sacred eloquence, first at Pavia, and then at Padua, under the French regime; but, on the establishment of the Austrian government, being deemed too liberal, he was displaced, enjoying, however, for life one third of the salary, which perhaps might amount to about £25 per annum. Scantly provided with this world's goods, but unambitious, he retired to cultivate a small vineyard and farm on the delightful Euganean hills above Padua, celebrated in Ugo Foscolo's "*Lettere di Jacopo Ortis*." He employed himself in writing a volume of poems on

the Seasons, and several sàtires, and in a more exact study of the Scriptures. Although a priest, and nearly fifty years of age, he had never yet preached, but was prevailed on to do so in the year 1826 at Padua, when his merit was soon discerned, and this circumstance led to his being applied to, to preach at Florence in 1828, but not in one of the principal churches of the city, nor was anything very extraordinary anticipated from him. One, however, described to another the pleasure enjoyed in hearing him, until nearly every person of consequence, including many who had through disgust wholly discontinued their attendance at the sermons of the Italian clergy, had been amongst the number of his hearers. One of the other preachers, (for it should be remembered that during Lent there is a daily sermon in every Catholic parish church,) finding no one present to hear him, went himself to the church of Sa. Felicita, where he found his old hearers. On the three last days, the fame of the new preacher having reached the grand duke, he took his duchess incog. to hear him, forsaking his own daily preacher in the private chapel of the court. Louis Bonaparte, ex-king of Holland, a professed free-thinker, the celebrated advocate and fort-esprit *Collini*, and many others of the same class, who had never perhaps voluntarily heard a sermon before, were amongst his constant hearers and warmest admirers. But the greatest triumph of Barbieri's eloquence was yet to come. On the last day of Lent, the Archbishop of Florence himself, finding his curiosity too great for the decorum of his high station, forsook his throne in the cathedral, and came in a private manner, without pomp, to listen to the parting exhortations of a humble, and hitherto unknown, priest. The presence of the grand duke and the archbishop of the diocese, together with all that is enlightened and cultivated in a city which in proportion to its population (about 120,000) certainly contains more men of taste and refinement than any other in Europe, was too much for the feelings of the Abate, who is a poet, and a man of genuine sensibility. When he came to take leave of the Florentines, by giving them his benediction, according to Catholic custom, by waving a large crucifix over their heads, the big tears chased each other down his already furrowed cheeks, and, unconscious of what he did, he gave himself a severe blow on the forehead with the crucifix. All our countrymen then residing in Florence, partook of the general enthusiasm.* In calmly reviewing our emotions at the distance of nearly three years, we are of

* As a testimony of the gratitude of Florence to its eloquent preacher, a valuable gold snuff-box was presented to him, with the insignia of Florence, and the motto—
..... "Risplende

Nello Intelletto tuo l'eterna Luce."—*Dante, Parad. 5.*

opinion that we felt no more than any one not destitute of sensibility must have felt, yet we despair of conveying to our readers by any extract, the delight and admiration we experienced in hearing him; first, because they have not probably, like ourselves, waded to the pellucid springs of Barbieri's eloquence through the foul and turbid streams of modern Italian preaching, and especially had not previously listened to the trumpery of the *parroco* of the same church of Sa. Felicità; and secondly, because in addition to his appeals to the best feelings by which the human breast is capable of being alarmed, tranquillized, or melted, there is an indescribable charm in the harmonious and almost musical cadence of his periods, of which in the most eminent degree none but the divine language of Italy is susceptible, and to which *vocal utterance*, and by a native, is necessary to give it its full effect. So sensible to this charm were his Florentine hearers, that unlike an English audience in church, who rightly judge that they have nothing to do but to listen, they expressed aloud their admiration of some of his most harmonious periods, exclaiming "Bella, bella, bella, è una musica." Charming, charming, 'tis a piece of music.

We are happy to learn from the pen of the elegant Campagnoni, in a preface of his to a translation of Sterne's *Sermons* into Italian, published at Milan a few months ago, that Barbieri, having preached in that city during Lent of the year 1831, has excited several of the preachers to study, and with some success, to imitate him. May he be the founder of a new era in the history of the Italian pulpit, more brilliant than any of its predecessors, and chasing away the Egyptian darkness in which it is *at present* involved!

ON BENEFICENCE.

"Amongst the infinite perfections of Him who is all-perfect, those which reflect the greatest light on our regards are these three, Power, Wisdom, and Goodness. *Power* displays its triumph in the lofty, the profound, and the vast of earth, seas, and skies. It deafens in the thunder, rives in the lightning, crashes in the tempest; in the earthquake shakes the pillars of nature—in the whirlwind rolls onward insatiable destruction. Power displays its triumphs in the impenetrable recesses of the aged forest—in the fathomless whirlpools of the abyss—in the peerless summits of the mountains—in the eagle which pierces the clouds—in the lion which stalks majestically over the desert—in leviathan who lashes in sunder the waves of the deep. *Wisdom* shines in the infinite number and infinitely diversified nature of created things—in their counteracting properties of force and resistance to force, movement and repose, combining to one effect, like the innumerable threads of a skillfully storied tapestry, or like the notes of music, from which, with their apparent discord of varied sounds, striking one upon another, yet all conspiring to the same end, results the charm of harmony. . . . But whe-

ther it be *power* that awes or *wisdom* that dazzles us, *Love* is conspicuous in them both ; for it is love which causes all that is vast and varied and beautiful in the creation to be adapted to the capacity of our senses, and to be placed within the reach of our faculties, so as not, either by defect or redundancy, to become useless or injurious to us. And how easily might this happen by the slightest change of their order and proportions. So that the light, for instance, should blind us with its radiance, or the shade leave us in utter and hopeless darkness ; or cold strike us dead, or heat consume ; the air fail altogether, or suffocate us ; the aliment of life be insufficient, or overwhelm us with its abundance ; the earth itself which supports us totter under our feet, and go to ruin ! Ineffable Goodness, which, with an infinite love for our welfare, frail and wretched as we are, contrives that His works, in all their grandeur and variety, should but the more effectually minister to the necessities, the comforts, the delights of our being. Wherefore, thus sings the poet of God, ‘ What is man that Thou art mindful of him, O Lord, or the son of a woman, that Thou deignest even to visit him ? Thou hast placed under him all the works of thy hands. Thou hast subjected to him all created things.’ Ah, yes ! We see the love of God everywhere, we feel it on all sides. We see it in the sun, where it placed its pavilion, and whence it pours down upon us light and heat, and life and power. We see it in the moon, which is its footstool, and whence it illumines our darkness, and keeps watch over our repose. We see it in the eternal circle of the seasons—in the provident influence of the meteors—in every drop of rain—in every globe of dew—in all that nourishes, comforts, beautifies our existence. Of this the birds of the wood sing to one another in the returning cadences of their responding melodies. Of this speaks the lily of the valley in its mute language, which, without labour of its own, is clothed in a more splendid garb than Solomon on his royal throne. Of this the ocean speaks to us in the hoarse murmur of its waves, when it vainly lashes itself against those shores which eternal love has prescribed to it, impassable. Of this the forests and the deserts speak to us with the mysterious eloquence of their silence itself. What shall I say more ? We feel it within ourselves, in the inmost recesses of our nature—in the very hidden and secret movements of the heart—in the quick beatings of pity—in the tears of tenderness ; whenever we stretch our arms to relieve, or bend them in affectionate embrace—whenever we see or hear of a noble and generous action....

“ Oh, who can tell, who can worthily describe the excellencies of this queen of the virtues ? Seest thou that plain on which the burning rays of the solstitial sun are reflected ? Every green herb burnt up—every plant languishing—every living creature gasping for breath ? Stifled with thirst, consumed with drought, all nature seems in mourning. When behold ! the benignant Eurus unexpectedly springs up ; heaven veils its face in clouds ; the thunder rolls, the rains descend, and on a sudden the drooping leaves and flowers lift themselves up—the mountain and the plain grow green again—the flocks and herds run to slake their thirst in the swollen river, and sport joyfully in its recovered waves—nature returns to life, and sends forth a thousand echoes of joy and glad-

ness. And is not this a faithful image of what beneficence can do for the wretched? For too true it is that human bosoms are liable to be scathed and burnt up by long and cruel droughts. Look again at the distant part of the picture: Ocean roars, the waves blacken, the breakers ride aloft, the maddened winds drive along in furious blasts, and already the wretched sailors are lifted up to the heavens, and are plunged into the abyss. Their soul sinks and dies within them in the conflict. Tossed to and fro, they stagger like drunken men. All their art is the sport and scorn of the ruthless tempest. But what do I see? The storm is changed into a gentle breeze—the waves are mute—the sea is a plain—the navigators, assured and tranquil, ply their oars, and reach in safety the haven of their desires. And is not this, in like manner, a lively image of that beneficence which carries with it serenity and calm into the disturbed and afflicted soul? For alas! human bosoms are liable to fierce and terrible tempests. O beautiful and amiable virtue of beneficence! What other imparts so great satisfaction to our minds in its exercise? What so elevates and ennobles our being? See then, O ye rich, what a harvest of merits and of consolations is given you to gather! It is certain that without your intermediacy He could and would have provided for the wants of those who bear his august image stamped on their foreheads. But He has rather chosen to associate you in the merit of His munificence, and to veil His love in part from the eyes of your poorer brethren, by placing you as clouds in the midst, that you might pour down on them the dews and fertilizing rains which you have received.”*

The discourse from which this extract is made was delivered on the anniversary of a pious foundation. The custom of appealing to the public beneficence through the medium of the pulpit on such occasions, is gaining ground in Italy, and will probably be the means of improving the style of preaching, by leading the orator to forsake the low grounds of tradition, miracle-mongering and scholastic common-places, for the elevated fields of Christian philanthropy and moral philosophy, the universal nature of man, and the unadulterated precepts of the Redeemer.

In conclusion, it is obvious to remark how powerful an instrument in the elevation of the national character the Italian pulpit is calculated to become, and how little it has hitherto effected. Amongst the natives of this interesting country, the majority feel an indifference to its success or failure, which there is too much in its past history to excuse. Hope beats high in the bosoms of the few.

* Barbieri, *Opere Scelte*, Milano, 1827, pp. 313, &c.

ART. III.—Der Germanische Ursprung der lateinischen Sprache und des römischen Volkes, nachgewiesen von Ernst Jäkel, Professor am Friedrichwerder'schen Gymnasium in Berlin. (The German Origin of the Latin Language, and of the Roman Peoples. By Ernest Jäkel, Professor, &c. at Berlin.) 8vo. Breslau. 1830.

THE deep and natural interest which men busied with the forms of language are wont to take in discovering the origin of those forms, has, till very lately, been productive of few sound and useful results: the researches of etymologists have, from a variety of causes, been either entirely misdirected, or even where the true path was chosen, so crippled as to make but little progress in it. The very desire which leads us to make the inquiry has led us to make it in a premature, and though often ingenious, as often unsure manner: we have constructed our theories upon most insufficient information, and hurrying on to the end before we had even secured safe footing, we have found ourselves floundering midway in the mire, and have become laughing stocks, or, at best, objects of pity, to those that looked upon our no-progress. Certainly, a good many wise heads have been shaken at our studies, and not without cause, and though with the means which we now possess we know that we can rescue etymology from the charge of being laborious trifling, we are obliged to confess that what has hitherto been called etymology deserved even a harsher name.* A better system of metaphysics applied to the forms of language, and a very extended study of tongues, hitherto scarcely noticed, have enabled us to escape and expose the errors of our predecessors. In this most laborious work, Germany has as usual led the way; indeed, at present, she travels it alone, and many of the great works which she has given birth to are hardly heard of beyond her own boundary, save by a solitary student here and there, who probably owes what he knows of them to his travels in the land where they sprung; but this will soon cease to be the case, and the knowledge which such men as Grimm, and Lachmann, and Benecke, have heaped together, will not long remain hoarded in their own stores. The main distinction which exists between etymologists of this logical

* The following very amusing passage from Minshew's "Guide to the Tongues," folio, 1617, will justify this remark; every etymological error that could possibly be committed is carefully adopted in it:—

"Tallow, a *tollo*, Lat. i. e. to take away, because it is taken from the flesh, Teut. *Unschlit*; B. *Suet*; Gal. *Suif*.; Lat. *Sevum* vel *Sebum*, a *sus*; quasi *Suétum*, quod *Sus* sebo abundat. I. H. P. *sévo*. Greek, *στέας* ab *ἐσθαι*, i. e. *sto*, quia quodammodo stat sebum congelatum: vel a *σράζω*, liquefactum enim facillime fluit." In the edition of 1637, however, these notable etymologies were omitted.

stamp and many others, their predecessors, of great and varied learning, is not less in the matter than the manner of their inquiry: instead of running into every corner of the earth like the ethnologists, and scribbling down in a hurry incorrect vocabularies of a hundred different tongues, they have applied themselves patiently to the investigation of a single family of languages, or even of a single language, and the result is, that we know more concerning the inward and outward relations of those languages, than all the centuries, which have passed over the world since Cadmus, dreamt of. We know the laws by which those languages are bound, as to themselves, and as to the families of which they form a part; and what is perhaps of more importance still, we have an insight into the system which we must pursue when we wish to extend the circle of our inquiries, and to embrace a larger field of action. It is but just to say, that certain fortunate circumstances have aided us; we have, in consequence of many new discoveries, materials to work upon which our fathers had not; perhaps we owe the completeness of Grimm's "*Deutsche Grammatik*" to Graff's happy discovery of the old High Dutch glosses in Paris. The connection of the various Teutonic tongues, which that mighty work so clearly lays open, with all the principles and hidden laws that rule it, has long been felt, though indistinctly: hence Minsheu and the compilers of our earliest word-books have referred frequently to the dialects of Germany for explanations of words occurring in our own, though obviously with great reluctance, if the word could, by any straining of letters, be referred to a Hebrew, Greek, or even Latin original. The Saxon scholars of the last century fully recognized that connection, and failed not to make use of the helps which it held out to them. On the other hand, those who had studied the Eastern languages had been struck with the multitude of words which they found there, resembling in form and meaning others which they were well used to, not only in Greek and Latin, but in German also. The inquiry was pursued; history, tradition, national customs, were all carefully investigated, and the conclusion which was at last forced, even upon the most reluctant, was, that so close an intimacy subsisted between these various peoples, as could only be explained by the hypothesis of their having had a common origin, perhaps even at one time a common dwelling-place. The time, the manner, and the causes, of their separation, were differently stated, according as each man differed in his interpretation of the meagre notices which ancient history has left us respecting our ancestors, but all agreed that Sanskrit or Saxon, Greek or Roman, we formed, in fact, but one widely extended and widely conquering tribe; a

conclusion which a little startled that miserable race of scoffers who see in the earliest record of mankind a mere collection of old wives' fables. It may be added, that our notices of other languages than those belonging to this tribe, gave us reason to believe that no such connection existed between ourselves and other tribes, scattered over the continents and islands of the globe.* The identity of the languages, called from this observed community between two distant peoples, Indo-Teutonic, having been thus settled,† it remained to show what variations the genius of each people had introduced; and when this detailed inquiry shall be completed, the whole subject will have been exhausted. It is not to be expected that any one man will yet be found competent to undertake the whole of this vast labour; nor is it indeed desirable: but the task is eminently capable of being broken up into various divisions, with each one of which a single student may easily grapple; and as they must all labour to one end, and with one aim, much is fairly to be looked for at their hands. The work of Professor Jäkel is such a one: though not quite fair in its title, (for though Teutonic, the Latin language need not be German,) it is a learned and generally satisfactory inquiry. We shall give some account of his theory, and of his manner of treating the subject; correcting him as we see cause, by the aid of his learned German brethren, and furnishing to those who are engaged in this most captivating study, a few principal rules for the conducting of etymological researches, which, as we hope, will be found to place it in a new and interesting point of view.

The general outline of the Professor's argument, as contained in the introductory pages of his book, is as follows. Similarity of speech is evidence of an intimate connection between two peoples. If the resemblance be found in words which denote parts of the body, the first relations of society, the first wants, regulations, and generally elements of life, it argues a connection of race. (Call these sort of words Class I.) If the similarity be found in words referring to art, science, religion, and the objects of instructed life, (Class II.) we are led to assume a less intimate connection, and an influence later in point of time; for the only possible cases in which such a similarity of words can

* The entire discrepancy of the languages (for they are many) spoken in the interior of South America, was noticed by Professor Martius, of Munich, to the writer of this article; in everything they differed from ours, and most remarkably from one another.

† The very learned work of Col. Vans Kennedy "On the Origin and Affinity of the Principal Languages of Asia and Europe," besides a most ingenious theory to account for their identity, contains long lists of words which are common to the Sanskrit, Greek, Latin and German languages: he has given upwards of 900 such words, and, had he chosen it, might have given more.

be met with are three. 1. Original unity of race. 2. Conquest of one people by the other. 3. Intimate spiritual communion in matters of art, science and the like. From the greater or less resemblance between two languages in the manner of composition, declension, derivation and syntax, the original affinity, the earlier or later influence are also to be judged of. It will sometimes happen that, from the addition or omission of letters, from the peculiar mode of accentuation adopted by one people, the words common to two languages cannot be at once detected. It even becomes doubtful to which of the two the word really belongs: if however in one we find the original and as it were ground-sense of the word, while in the other we have only isolated and derivative instances, we shall have no scruple in assigning the word to the former.

A very great similarity does appear between many words in Latin and German, and in words of both classes: for instance, in Class I, the words *pater*, vater; *frater*, bruder; *nasus*, nase; *auris*, ohr; *habeo*, haben; *velle*, wollen; *esse*, essen, and the like; and in Class II. *propositus*, probst; *predicator*, prediger; *monasterium*, münster; *mile*, meile; all of which latter words appear late in the German language, while those of Class I. could not have been introduced by the Romans. There are but three ways of accounting for this resemblance:

A. Original unity of language.

B. Passage of the words from Latin into Germany.

C. Passage of the words from German into Italy.

With respect to the first supposition he says—

“Even if we concede that there was an original language common to all the peoples of the Caucasian stock, which is pointed out to us by the connection of many families of words, and declensions of words in those languages which are spread abroad from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean, and that the influence of the Sanskrit is visible in them all; yet can we not deny that often the languages of near-neighbouring peoples, yes even of such as live intermingled one with another (as for instance, German and Slavonic) have but little in common, whence a very early separation of these stems must be assumed; while, on the other hand, the languages of other, perhaps widely separated peoples, stand much nearer to one another. Consequently there still remains the inquiry, which of the individual connected languages is the older, and which, in a natural manner, can be easiest derived from the other? History supersedes the inquiry whether the English is derived from the German or the German from the English.* But how stands the case with the similarity between the Latin and German, of which history says nothing at all?”

* If Professor Jäkel means the modern English, we say that it is derived from the Anglo-Saxon, and not from the German; if he means the Anglo-Saxon, we deny his

B.—If the Latin words were adopted into the German language, it must either have been during the wars of the two nations, or at a period previous to all history. If the Germans had no names for the parts of the body, and the rest of Class I. till the time of Julius Cæsar, they must have been the rudest people of the world, scarcely more exalted than the beasts of the field; but this, history itself gives the lie to. Or, the old language must have been eliminated by the Romans, which, from their transitory rule in Germany, is in the highest degree improbable. Moreover, if this had been the case, we should have had synonymes for Class I., which is of all others the exact set of words wherein fewest synonymes are found. How, besides in this case, would these Latin words have got among the Saxons and Scandinavians, and into lands where Romish foot never trod, many of these words being even unknown in German itself? Was it then in a pre-historic time that the Romans wandered into these lands? If so, their own language was then itself unformed, for it is no original tongue, but, like the people that used it, a mixture and flowing together of foreign materials. Besides, wherefore should that people, having abundant room at home, wander from the mild and fruitful Italy to the rude rough climate of the north? Are we too to believe, since a multitude of these words are also found in Persian and Sanskrit, that they first strayed from the Latins to the Germans, and from these to the inhabitants of Persia and India? “This would be no less than to turn backward the whole progress of people-wanderings, and to cry shame at once upon nature, and all the traditions of history.”

C. It therefore only remains that we adopt the third supposition, and attribute the observed similarity to this, that the Germans gave these words to the Latin language.

“And to this no important objection can be made; for the German is no mixed tongue but a primal one of great individuality, distinguished by its manner of laying the tone upon the root syllable, by its declensions, compoundings, and syntax; the tongue of a numerous people, from whom the inhabitants of most other European lands descend, who never long beheld a conqueror within their boundaries, and who, in spite of the many smaller tribes which dwell within them, preserved this spiritual element so faithfully, that the great British philologist Murray*

proposition. The Anglo-Saxon is as old a language as the Old High Dutch, (of the eighth or ninth centuries,) co-existent with it, but not at all derived from it; probably indeed older than it, for its forms are, as hereafter will be seen, much nearer to the Gothic. Jäkel is unfortunately capricious in his use of the word *Deutsch* (German); sometimes he means Indo-Teutonic by it, sometimes he means merely one dialect of that great stem, viz. the Old High Dutch. Most of what we shall have to condemn in his book rests upon his not having sufficiently kept in mind the distinction between sister languages, and languages born of one another.

† These are the words of the author, not of his reviewer, who holds Murray in no such light.

says, he knows no purer language than the German, of all those which are spoken from the Indian to the Atlantic Oceans. Why then should wealth go begging to beggary? Our forms are the purest, the fullest, and have maintained themselves; while the Southerns, either out of a striving after euphony to which they have sacrificed clearness, or from some motive of convenience, have theirs dulled and imperfect."—p. 7.

Is it now probable that the purer, fuller language was derived from the mixed and impure, or *vice versa*? History and the science of the world speak for the latter supposition.

We may then assume, that very early, perhaps 2000 years before our era, German tribes burst out of Asia and wandered westward: that having then remained some time to the north of the Danube, and become over-populous, a portion of them went to the north, another portion southward, while a third remained behind: the northern portion probably went to Sweden, over the Danish islands, while the southerns crossed the Danube and the Alps, and there took and retained possession of Italy—"History certainly says nothing of all this," (p. 9) but history says just as little of the peopling of Scandinavia by German peoples, and yet no one dreams of denying this. Why too, when we know that Britain, Gaul and Spain were so peopled, should we make an exception in favour of Italy, which lies so directly in the road? The silence of the Roman historians upon this point proves nothing one way or the other; their old traditions were lost,* and as when they began to write history they were corrupted by Grecian influence, they looked in every thing for a Grecian origin; moreover they knew absolutely nothing of the northern nations. Yet even the Greek authors had a glimmering tradition that they came from the Land of Oaks.†

τηλόδι δ' ἴσχε δρυὸς πέλεκυν, κοκύναι γὰρ ἔλεξαν
ἀμυν, ὥς πρότεραι ματέρες ἐντὶ δρύες.

We know that the Greek colonists who came to Italy found a race of men there, the Aberrigines, or Aborigines, whom they called *Autochthones*, but others (see Dionys. x. 5,) *Genarchai*, i.e. origins of the race. Festus says, these men were called Aborigines, "quod errantes convenerint in agrum, qui nunc est populi Romani, fuit enim gens antiquissima Italix." We see, therefore, that even the ancients looked upon these people as men who had wandered from the head stem of their race. Keltic and Iberian stems were also known to have early peopled Italy; but it must not be forgotten that the name Kelt was as common among the Romans as Scythian was among the Greeks, and

* No thanks by the way, for that, to ourselves, if the tale of Brennus be true!

† The name of Germany. Sonst hiess es nur das Land der Eichen!" Körner's "Leyer und Schwert," p. 23.

properly denoted dwellers in the woods, from *Coille*, a wood; hence it might just as well be applied to Germans as to Kelts, who, after all, are but an earlier separated tribe of the same great race.*

"That in the earliest times Kelts and Germans correspond appears from *Arrian*, (Exp. Alex. i. 3, &c.) who says, that Alexander found Kelts on the Ister, that this river springs among the Kelts, and that the Quades and Markomanns are the remotest Celtic tribes; now that the Quades and Markomanns were Germans, is as certain as that the Danube springs in Germany. Goths lived for centuries on the Danube, but how could Gauls have come there in the time of Alexander? The words which the Romans call Celtic are for the most part pure German; thus they called the following words Gallic, *Festus*, Sparum, the spear, German, *Speer*. *Gellius*, Lancea, the lance, German, die Lanze. *Varro* in *Gellius*, xv. 30. *Petorritum*, a four-wheeled chariot, and yet this is compounded of the Teutonic *Fedwor*, or Saxon *Feother*,† four; German, vier; and rid a wheel, German, *Rad*. *Rheda*, according to *Quinct.* i. 5, 57, 69, is Gallic, yet a waggon in Old High Dutch is *Raida*, equally from *Rad*. *Plin.* H. N. xviii. 18, says, that the Gauls put two wheels behind their plough, and call it *Planaratum*; this, one sees, is our German *Pflug-rad*. *Plin.* H. N. iii. 17, says, the Gauls call horse-breakers, *Eporedicas*; now *Hoppe* is the Swedish, *Happel* and *Hampel* the Silesian for a horse, and *reda*, *rida*, is to ride; the word is therefore *Pferd-reiten*. Even *Balga*, *Balg* (Fell), and *Merga*, *Mergel*, are called Gallic, and yet they are German. According to *Plin.* H. N. iii. 17, Gauls founded Bergamo, yet the name Amberg or Bergheim, as well as *Arminium*, point to a German origin. Even so are many persons called Kelts, whose names yet are German."—(p. 11 et seq.)

As then a very trifling number of Gallic words are really found in Latin, and on the contrary a very large proportion of pure German, and these principally of Class I. a much closer union between the Romans and Germans, than between the Romans and the Gauls, becomes manifest; and since many words are isolated in Latin, which in German have all their forms and numerous derivatives, and since from various causes many later Latin words have become obscured, while the pure full forms, and the most resembling the Old Latin, are yet found in German, we must assume that the Germans were the head stem of the Roman people, and their language the foundation of the Latin.

"A few examples will make this clear, (p. 13)—

"*Wind* is not derived from *ventus*, but *ventus* from *wind*. It is in fact the participle of *wehen*, *wehend*, by contraction *wind*. The Latin has no word *nehen*.

* Will the professor engage his faith to us for this?

† For this word read *Feower*, which, we fear, will hurt the Professor's etymon considerably.

- " *Ordo, ordinj, ordinare.* *Ordnung* and *ordnen* spring from the word *ort*, which is found in all the German dialects, and they denote the endeavour to assign to each his proper *place*. The Latin does not know this root.*
- " *Fenestra, fenster*, signifies both in Latin and German, originally, not the opening of the house through which the light enters, for this is called *lucke*, but the board which shuts it up; (hence Horace's *junctas quatiunt fenestras*, i. 25.) and which as long as glass is unknown darkens the house; it comes then from *finster*, (dark,) a German word.
- " *Urbs*, (probably pronounced with the digamma,) comes from the Old High Dutch *Huuarban, hwarban*, (Kero) to go about in a circle, to make a circle. In the building of a city† they really did make a circle with the plough. Teutonic, *warbes* (a circle), *urbes, urbi*. [Hence also *orbis*, we yet have *wirbel, wirbelwind*.] Where a door was to stand the plough was lifted off, whence from the ancient *bürden* (*portare*), *bürde, porta, pforte*."

We pass over four more examples, viz. *Vir, Virtus, Capo, Mulgere*, and proceed to select one or two of words which, though they are isolated in Latin, have numerous connections in German.

- " *Herus, herr*, (lord,) stands alone in Latin, we have *herrscher, herrschaft, herrschen, herlich*,‡ and it connects itself with *ehre*.
- " *Præsagire, præagis mens*, and *sagus, vorhersagen* and *wahrsager*, very old Latin words which stand there isolated, while in German *sagen* is a complete verb with many compounds, *ver, ent, vor sagen*. Also in Persian the word is *sachun*.

* We are not quite sure that Dr. Jäkel is right in this. The word in our Teutonic dialects appears briefly thus, Old High Dutch, *or-t*; M. and New High Dutch, *ort*; Anglo-Saxon, *or-d*; and if the Gothic word existed it would be *us-d-s*. In these words the *or* is root, the *d* syllable of formation, and in the Gothic the additional *s* is the inflection. Now though *acies* and *mucro* are two common meanings of *ord*, and *latus* is another, they are very derivative meanings indeed; *ord* is a *point*, and not seldom the *beginning point*, or creation of a thing; it is so in Anglo-Saxon, opposed to *ende, finis*. In this sense its root connects itself with the *or* in the word *or-deal*, and the German *ur* in *uralter, primæval*. And in this sense also it is the root of the Latin verbs *orior, ordior*, and the nouns *origo* and *or-d-o*. The better way is to give the Old High Dutch forms also; *ordnen* is *ort-in-ôn*; *ordnung*, *or-t-in-unga*; for till we learn to separate the roots from the other syllables by which they are defined and converted into words, etymology remains a chaos: *ort* is itself not a root, it is a word formed from a root common to both languages, viz. *or*.

† "Cato in originibus. Qui urbem novam condit, tauro et vacca aret: ubi araverit murum faciat: ubi portam vult esse, aratrum sustollat et portet et portam vocet. Serv. ad Æn. According to Festus this drawing the furrow was called *arvare*, from *arvum* *aratrici* (*aratrici curvatura*). But *arvare* as well as *arvum* is derived from *huarban*."—(Author's Note.)

‡ These are all mere derivatives from the one word *herr*, and hardly fair examples. To the connection between *herr* and *ehre* we cannot readily assent. Does the Professor think that *h* is to go for nothing at the beginning of a root? The Anglo-Saxon *dr, honour*, connects itself with numberless words conveying the conception of *labour*. The Anglo-Saxon *harja*, a lord, seems rather to belong to Gothic *harjis*; Anglo-Saxon *here, exercitus*; and Old High Dutch, *herjari, grassator*. Comparative etymology, like comparative anatomy, alone promises safe results.

“ *Esse, velle*, have an infinitive form, which is very unusual in the Latin language, and point, since they express the earliest notions of men, to a high antiquity. In many parts of Germany we at this day hear *esse* and *wolle* for *essen* and *wollen*. The Danes, moreover, form their infinitive in *e*.”

We omit *Libet*, *Muscipula*, and *Sum*.

“ The older the Latin is the nearer is its connection to the German. In the *Lex Numæ* we find the word *loebesom*. *Sci quips hominem loebesom morti duit*, &c. So in the song of the Arvalian brothers we have, *Neve luerem, Marmar, sins incurrere in pleores*. *Let*, *Mars*, no plague—destruction—come upon our plains. *Pleores* has sometimes been explained by *plures*, sometimes by *flores*, yet neither one nor the other will do, while the old *flor** or *flur*, *boden*, *acker*, (*Somn. Dict. Ang. Sax. and Stiler Thes. L. Germ.*) does very well. We have *Stadtflur*, *Dorfflur*, *Flurschütz*, *Hausflur*, which by no means come from Latin *flores*.

“ *Lingua* and *Zunge* have little similarity; but *Martius Victorinus* says, *antiquos dixisse Dinguam pro lingua*, *Ulphilas's tugga*,† the Swedish *tunga*, the Anglo-Saxon *tung*,† have thus with the Old Latin *dingua* the greatest similarity.

“ *Mitto* and *Lis* seem to have no relationship to the German; but the older forms were *smitto*, (yet in the compound word *cosmitto*,) and *stlis*=*stlit*, (*Fest. et Paul. stlitum antiqui pro litum dicebant*. *Conr. Schneid. Gram. i. 495.*) and show the connection with *schmeissen*; English, to *smite*; Swedish, *smita*, and *streit*.”

We do not pledge ourselves to the correctness of the etymologies which we have here suffered to pass unnoted; concerning the Professor generally we shall have a word or two to say by and by. These quotations were, however, necessary to show the nature of his argument at this point; from which we continue our abridgment of it.

The forms of declension and conjugation in Latin are derived from the German, and can alone be explained by it. However, it is not to the modern German only that we must have recourse, but to the ancient language and its kindred dialects; nay, even to the vulgar expressions which have survived in certain provincial districts; we must, moreover, where we can, refer to the fuller and truer forms of the ancient Latin, and then, when we observe the changes which time has wrought in our own nearly connected tongues, and how much study a German must give to the ancient language of his own country, to Anglo-Saxon, or old Norse, before he is capable of reading them, we may the better judge with what clearness the German element in Latin

* The Anglo-Saxon word is long, thus, *flôr*; New English, *Floor*.

† The Anglo-Saxon is *tunga*, not *tung*. The Gothic, *tuggô*, not *tugga*.

would have shown itself to us, had we possessed the language in a less mixed and disturbed state.

Those scholars who would make out the Latin to be a mere Greek dialect, wander widely from the mark: for, first of all, the early Romans knew nothing whatever of Greek; and next, there were letters in Latin which the Greeks could not pronounce, F for example. (Cic. pro Fundanio. Quinct. L. i. 6.) The system of accentuation differs also widely in Greek and Latin, and in the Latin approaches nearly to the German. When all things are taken into consideration, many words which we have heretofore derived from the Greek, will be found to have their origin in German.

"Thus one derived *Pater* and *Mater* from *πατήρ* and *μήτηρ*, and paid no regard to the fact that *Pater* had the tone on the penultimate, *πατήρ* on the last syllable, that the *er* was short, the *η* long—that the former was therefore to be marked *Pátēr*, the latter *πατήρ*. If we now take into consideration that *Frater* may very well come from *Bruder*, but cannot from *ἀδελφός* (for *φάτωρ* and *φρατρία* have already too distant a meaning,) we shall find ourselves at quite another step in the relationship, and thus the more readily refer *Pater* also to *Vater*, which lies so much nearer the Roman accentuation. And so might the learned more readily have done by many words, in which they permit themselves the most astounding twistings and transpositions, puttings in and striking out of letters, which I shall never do, in order at last to bring out a sort of likeness to the Greek. So *Sero* shall spring from *στείρω*; they are ready at once, by throwing out the *π*, and do not consider that the *ρ* in *στείρω* is radical, while in *sero* it is only inserted, as in *haurio*, *quero*,* &c. Had they reflected that its stem lay in the perfect and supine, *sevi*, *satum*, and that *sator*, &c. sprang from thence, they would have remarked the close connection which it has with our *Säen*. *Sast*, as *Semen* has with *Samen*. *Peto* must come from *αἰτέω*, *Frango*; *freg* from *ρήγνυμι*, &c., yet they may be more easily derived from bitten and brechen. What wonderful etymologies does Voss not give for *Haruspex* (*Arespex* according to inscriptions), and yet how near to it lies *Aarspäher*, he that watches the eagle's flight! *Rego* must come by transposition from *ἄρχω*, and yet it stands as near to our *Regen*, *Richten*, as *Rez* does to the ancient *Reiks*, *Recke*. *Ancora* must spring from *ἀγκύρα*, and yet the Latin penultima is short, the Greek long. The names of beasts are mostly to be borrowed from the Greeks, yet do not *Piscis* and *Vermis* stand something nearer to *Wurm* and *Fisch*, than to *ἰχθύς* and *σώληξ*? And is it not more natural that those tribes who probably

* It should seem that this is not quite correct; the *r* in these two words probably grew out of an earlier *s*, without it the words would cut a curious figure: as for the lashing the Professor gives these convenient word-hackers, we agree with him from the bottom of our hearts. Epenthesis and Apocope and Syncrasis *et hoc genus omne*, these refuges and strong towers of defence to the weak and ignorant, have done more harm to Etymology, than the best labourers in that vineyard will be able to eradicate in a century.

brought the greater beasts with them out of Asia, in their gradual wanderings, should have brought their names at the same time, and not sea-wandering Greeks, who were be sure glad enough if they could put themselves and their families across, and leave the beasts behind, but who found in Italy inhabitants, beasts, and beasts' names too, which often corresponded with their own? Besides, *veredus* is a good deal more like *Pferd*=*Pfered*; *equus* more like the Swedish *Oek*, the Danish *Og*, the Islandic *Eikur*, than either of them is like the Greek *ἵππος*. *Taurus*, one would think, is quite as nearly allied to *Stier*; *Porcus* and *Porcellus* to *Borg* and *Ferkel*; *Sus* to *Sow*; *Cattus* to *Katze*, English and Danish *Cat*; *Asellus* to *Esel*, as the similar Greek words. So is it also probable, that the fruits of the earth, whose native land is acknowledged to be Asia, were brought by the inhabitants along with themselves. For that the earliest colonists were already acquainted with sowing and reaping, and consequently brought this art with them into Europe and Italy, we see equally from the similarity of these words in Latin, German, and to some degree in Persian."

How, will it be asked, could the Romans so entirely lose sight of this Germanic origin? To which the answer is, because it took place so long before the art of writing was known, and their literature had commenced. Because, also, during the many wars of their petty tribes, the traditions had entirely perished. But how then has this German element escaped the notice of so many learned inquirers into Roman History? Partly because the learned would not condescend to look about their own feet for something which they had predetermined to find far off: partly, because till very lately they had paid very little attention to the Northern languages: and partly, because they have chosen to consider the establishment of the German tribes in Europe as of very modern occurrence.

We shall not follow the Professor in his refutation of this absurd opinion, the very origin and wide diffusion of which seem to us utterly unaccountable, so much is it at variance with probability, and so diametrically opposed even to the meagre notices which Greek and Latin historians have condescended to give us of our forefathers. Moreover, there are German works in abundance, which those who are interested in this matter may appeal to; for even if the zeal of Germans for their ancestors has sometimes led them to overrate a little their early civilization and importance, the amazing erudition and laborious research which have been made use of to substantiate their theories, will render the modern works upon these subjects durable monuments of interesting and useful learning. From all that has preceded the professor concludes—

"Since then the impossibility of an early immigration of German peoples into Italy, can by no manner of means be shown, but on the

contrary much speaks for it, . . . we must pay greater attention to the similarity between the two languages, than to the suppositions of Greek and Roman writers, who, in their total ignorance of the Northern nations, have tried—unsuccessfully enough—to explain the Latin into a dialect of the Greek.” *

The history of all languages, and of their progressive development, conveys this important fact to us, that the older a language is, and the nearer its original, the more complete and perfect are its forms; this is so strictly true, that were two hitherto unknown words presented to him, the etymologist might decide with certainty upon their comparative antiquity by mere inspection; in working these changes, conquest and intercommunication with other nations exert no influence comparable with that of time; the New High Dutch *Drechsler*, would as surely have grown out of its Old High Dutch predecessor *Drâh-is-al-ari*, or the Anglo-Saxon *Hand*, out of some earlier form which the Gothic *Han-d-u-s* allows us to guess at, had the foot of a stranger never fallen on Germany or Britain. The true forms of these words can then in general only be found in the earliest periods of languages, and this must plead our excuse with our readers, if in the course of what we are about to say, we draw our illustrations or arguments from sources which may be new to many of them; we would take modern German and modern English to our aid, did they promise half so clearly and concisely to accomplish our end as Old High Dutch and Anglo-Saxon.†

That some part of Asia was at some time or other, long however before the earliest historical date, the dwelling place of that portion of mankind who have since occupied Himala on one side, and nearly every European country on the other, is so probable in itself, and so confirmed by tradition, that we can only get rid of it by believing that men were in the Grecian sense *αυροχθονες*, and having grown out of the earth like mushrooms in the very lands on which they now live, afterwards conspired together to invent a story of a migration, which found itself miraculously confirmed by coincidences in laws, national customs, and religious creeds; and above all, by numberless similarities, or rather identities, of name for the objects and relations of life. A theory which, we suspect, would mend our case but little with the incredulous. But that neither tradition nor any

* See a refutation of this most inadmissible of explanations in Vans Kennedy's "Origin and Affinity," &c. p. 107, &c. on the Latin Language.

† We must also premise that as many Old High Dutch (Theotisc) and Anglo Saxon words which we may have occasion to quote, differ materially from the incorrect forms of them given by Lye and other English students, we have adopted the amended readings of the most learned continental scholars, such as Grimm and Rask, and that we have written down none at random.

thing else but affinity of language assert these various tribes to have ever existed together as one, and after to have split asunder and peopled far separated lands, is equally certain; indeed, the history of all peoples being a late growth, and its origin universally made up of uncertain, and in general of poetic materials, nothing short of a record, undoubtedly belonging to the original tribe itself, and in which this very separation was described, could assure us of the fact. To some extent we do possess such a record in the early books of the Jews, who though by no means the original tribe from which all the rest have separated, have been made the depositaries of the earliest facts relative to the wanderings of the nations; but unfortunately we cannot entirely understand the documents these books contain, and in consequence a thousand different theories may be based upon one passage, and we are thrown into worse confusion than ever. A sort of necessity appears to us to hang over men in their generations, by which we are ever led to consider the races of mankind as gradually growing up like men from their cradles, and so it is with their speech also; yet when we have hunted the mystery (for a mystery it is, and a great one too,) as far as we are capable of following it; when after being left in the lurch by history, we attempt to solve the problem by means of deductions from the nature of the case itself, we find ourselves utterly precluded from every supposition but the one that man or men did exist complete from the first, complete in bodily form, complete in understanding, complete in language, every one of whose most hidden springs is a hidden spring of the understanding also; and that the original Adam, be he an individual, or a race of men, or a symbol of mankind in their worldly pilgrimage, came into the world endowed with all that panoply of gifts which makes him lord and lawgiver of the planet on which he moves. It is, perhaps, possible for men to degenerate till they get tails, both corporeal and mental, but nothing could transform savages having such tails into men, nothing at least short of the ignorant impudence of an *encyclopediste*: and a people who had ever been without a language, would have remained without one for ever. If then, as we believe the deepest inquiry will prove, the bodily form, and the form of speech, both having existed from the first, are sure evidences that all those who have the same bodily form and the same form of speech are of the same race, it matters little when or how the various subdivisions of that race arose, and a cognation of stock, and cognation of language are *assumed* in however remote periods to have existed, because without them no single phenomenon of the present

day could be accounted for at all. But neither cognation of stock, nor cognation of language, for any historical purpose, mean absolute identity in every part: the Goths and Anglo-Saxons, and their languages, are, and ever have been, strictly cognate; yet it is very possible that they were never absolutely one in fact, as they assuredly never were in history. No doubt, if we believe the whole human race to have actually arisen out of the loins of a single pair, we can have no difficulty upon the subject whatever; and Adelung may say, that "in the beginning Germany was waste and empty," without meriting any of the indignation which his countrymen have heaped upon him for his pains: but if we think, on the other hand, that races might have existed from the first, it is not harder to believe that those races had their subdivisions both in form of body and in tongue, than to believe that they all looked and spoke alike. It is also very possible that these similar tribes may have lived very near one another, whether in Asia or Europe, and yet they may have separated very easily from one another, whether by pressure of foreign conquest, or from other causes, and that some may have gone one way into India, others the other way into England, without having been ever absolutely one with another. If, then, we will not rest satisfied with the explanations which have been given of this marvellous unity, if we will not admit the theories by which the problem has been plausibly solved, what substitute do we offer for them, and what opinion have we of our own? This only, that there is a point, beyond which we do not presume to penetrate, and beyond which we become conscious only of our own ignorance: in this matter, as in all others, we believe that a bound exists which human knowledge never has passed, never can pass; that in investigating the laws of man's existence, of the origin of himself and his faculties, we are subject to the same necessity which weighs upon us when we examine the origin and properties of other objects daily accumulated round us; their relations to one another, and the laws of their own being, we can observe in their effects; but why they are such as they are, and not other than they are, is known only to Him who breathed the breath of life into our nostrils, and made both us and His other creatures according to the pattern which existed through His own all-comprehending wisdom. What man was at first, whether many races or a single individual was intended by the term, we know not, and need not know. This, indeed, is the sum of our knowledge, that different peoples exist in the world in different places, and with languages apparently different; that nevertheless some secret and mysterious bond does exist between them, which

evidently proves the common influence of some law working among them. They may once have been, with only *potential* language and understanding, or *potential* arms and legs, as the future tree lies in the seed of that tree, only to be developed according to one fixed and irrevocable law; they may have been, with this law already carried into effect, in the complete possession of these faculties; they may have been altogether subject to that law, or its effects may have shown themselves only after lapses of years, and at vast distances of space—all these suppositions we may make, and one will probably have as much intrinsic value as the other. But that there was ever one race from which all the rest were separated, or one language from which all the rest were derived, we cannot know; and we only assume such a race, and such a language, for the purpose of dealing more conveniently with facts which we are, whether able or not, determined to account for after our own fashion. One thing alone appears certain, that nothing in this progression of mankind, or of the tongues they speak, could result from caprice: the hidden spring is, even at this late period, found working in them too strongly to allow that; and nothing, in the essential parts at least, stands but as it ought to stand: perhaps we may be allowed to go a step farther, and say that even if we do believe men to have gone on by slow degrees to their developement as an united race, and after separated, yet the strong law that rules the forms of that developement must have accompanied them in their progress, and been itself the mighty inspiration both of the moment and the manner of their change. In this case only can we admit of a primæval tongue, from which these other tongues deflected according to laws which rendered capricious change impossible, and which, even without their being conscious of its influence, moulding and directing the energies of peoples, became to them the true and immediate inspiration of their altered language, the impulse and origin of a new existence. The whole question comprises itself, according to our view, in these two results; we have no grounds for assuming this original language but what we find in the affinity of its so-called derivatives: and the law of their variation proves indisputably that they could not be derivatives at all; that they are, on the contrary, original and individual languages of great internal strictness, and in which the observation of a common element, separated from its characteristic forms, and then the christening it by the name of the primal or mother language, is a logical finesse only, and not a very happy one. It is fortunate for us that, generally speaking, it is unimportant to press this question; by doing so we may satisfy the cravings of curiosity, and indulge the restless search after unity, which are inse-

parable from man's nature; but the objects of science are the laws which do exist, historically developed in the outward world: we shall, therefore, look to languages as sisters, whose parent, and the manner of whose generation, we believe we cannot know, but the manner of whose actual being we are permitted to examine and describe.

Jäkel, in that part of his argument which we have marked A, B, C, has, we hope not intentionally, been guilty of a certain unfairness: the question of a primæval language, from which both Latin and German might be derived, he passes over almost in silence; yet his third case, C, is only such a question; for by the manner in which he has treated it he clearly shows that he means by *German* (in this case an arbitrarily assumed name), that primæval people and primæval language from which the peoples and languages both of Italy and Germany have sprung: and he might with equal readiness have proved his second case, B, by the same reasoning, had he chosen to call his primæval tongue Latin instead of German.

The etymological view of languages, when directed upon their comparison, leads us to these results: the human understanding, in every one of the processes, deals by generalization and distribution; there is ever a *unity* by which certain observed varieties are connected, and as it were, sustained. Now the common unity, by which the understanding classes the appearances of the outward world, is called a conception, as in several heavy things, the conception of heaviness, &c. But every people appears to have some peculiar and distinct appellative for these *conceptions*, which is found in every word classed by them under that conception, and is in reality the root of the word.* Why one particular form is appropriated to one particular conception, rather than another, is a mystery which men are never very likely to fathom, and involves the very grounds and origin of language: as such we must be permitted to believe that these forms are as much part of the original man as the understanding itself, whose conceptions they represent: words, however, beget words, and forms of all sorts are introduced by which the root is farther defined, and applied to the particular case. One deduction from these premises it is, that where two peoples are found to make use of the same form by which to express the same conception, that is, where the same roots are found, no matter how differently

* Hence the root is the name of the conception, and the word the name of the presentation. It therefore follows, that wherever the same root is found in a number of words, however apparently unlike in meaning, some sense or other lies at the bottom of them, which will be found to connect them together. See *Grimm*, vol. ii. p. 76.

they may afterwards be treated, the languages are essentially the same.* And here we must take leave to dissent from Jäkel on one point: we do not at all hold that because one language has one word, and another a totally different one to express the same thing, that that of itself proves any difference in the languages; for this simple reason, that one people may give a name to a thing, classing it under one conception, while the other people classed it under another. *Vermis* and *Piscis* are not like *ἰχθύς* and *σqualis* undoubtedly, but *Coll-um*, Anglo-Sax. *Hēal-s*, are not a bit like Eng. *Neck*, and this is because *Collum* and *Hēals* refer to the upper position of the neck (conception of overness), while *neck* probably is classed under the conception of *separation*: in spite, however, of this difference, the Anglo-Saxon and English are one language. Neither do we hold that the words which are found isolated in one, and plentifully accompanied in the other language, prove anything; it is sufficient if the roots are one; and then the languages are one, not derived from one another, but equally original. In order, however, to make ourselves more completely intelligible, we must proceed to deal with the *letters* which form these roots, and we shall then be better able to show how a real derivation is to be detected.

We premise that the office and comparative influence of the vowels is as yet extremely uncertain. In the languages which we call Indo-Teutonic, they exert, indeed, an influence very different from their influence in the Semitic stock: the same consonantal forms, with different vowels in the latter, mean very different modifications of the same act; while in the Indo-Teutonic languages the vowel seems to make an essential difference even in the root itself: but this, after all, appears in effect to be rather a difference of manner and degree than of kind. In examining a root of the second sort we may, however, be generally determined by the forms of conjugation as to the effect of the vowel; and the letters which convey the primary conception are the consonants: the vowel here generally marks the difference of *time*, or the effects which spring from the influence of time, as, for instance, in those conjugations which are defined by the vowels *a*, *i* and *u* (*find*, *fand*, *gefunden*), the *i* denotes present time and its accidents; the *a* denotes past time, and by an easy transition from perfectness to over-perfectness, and consequent decay, it may denote an absolute negation of the act previously

* In the Semitic languages, as will immediately be mentioned, this law takes a different form: in the Indo-Teutonic languages the consonants are the regulators of the root, and the definers of the root are added syllables; in the Semitic languages these definitions depend upon the vowels, and the added syllables are often only signs of gender and number.

asserted. But these very consonants, though fixed as respects any one language, may have a variation as respects another, and cognate one; and in comparing the Sanskrit, Greek and Latin with the Gothic, Old High Dutch and Anglo-Saxon, we find that such a variation really does take place; not accidentally, but as a law, fixed and invariable: we find that in cases where the liquids only are concerned, no variation takes place, except the liquid be an unorganic variation of some other consonant, as L for D in *Lingua*, Got. *Tuggô*: we find also that between H and S, apparently arbitrary changes are admitted, as in ἡλ-ι-ος, Lat. *Sol*, and even Gk. σελ-ην-η. αλ-ς, Lat. *Sal*, Eng. *Sal-t*, &c. αλ|λ-ομ-αι, Lat. *Sal-i-o*. But where one letter has a corresponding one, we find the variation circumscribed and ascertained. Professor Jäkel has given a lengthy table of these variations, which we shall hereafter quote; but for the present we extract the following canon from the work, so often mentioned by us, of Dr. J. Grimm, vol. i. p. 584. The Anglo-Saxon, be it observed, is almost always with the Gothic.

Greek.	Got.	O.H.D.	Greek.	Got.	O.H.D.	Greek.	Got.	O.H.D.
P.	F.	B. (V).	T.	Th.	D.	K.	H. G.	G.
B.	P.	F.	D.	T.	Z.	G.	K.	Ch.
F.	B.	P.	Th.	D.	T.	Ch. (Lat. b).	G.	K.

We will give but one example from many of the application of this canon, leaving the rest to the diligence of the student.

Sansk. *Pad-as*; Gk. *Podūs*, *Pod-os*; Lat. *Pes*, *Ped-is*; Got. *Fô-t-us*; Old High Dutch, *Vuoz*; Anglo-Saxon, *Fôt*.

This law was undoubtedly strict in the earliest languages (one reason why we appeal to them only), but relaxed somewhat in process of time, as may be seen by comparing the Old High Dutch of the *Glosses* and *Hiltibrant's Lied* with the Middle High Dutch of the *Nibelungen Lied*, and the *Minnesänger*, or the New High Dutch of *Luther*, &c. Some slight changes appear also to have resulted from the *position* of the consonant: in the beginning of a root it has generally been found less stable than at the end, but essentially the canon must be considered *stricti juris*. In looking over the above table it will at once be seen, that as the Gothic is separated by exactly one step from the Latin, &c., the German is separated one step further from the Gothic, or two from the Latin; thus, where the Greek has P, the Gothic has F (the third in the Greek row), and the Old High Dutch B (the fifth in the Greek row, counting from the first). "That here, however, the Old High Dutch condition is the younger and weaker, the Gothic (Saxon, Friesish and Norse) is the older, can admit of no doubt, and has, on different grounds, been proved by a comparison of the several letters."—*Grimm*, vol. i. p. 582. Among the

many important results from the application of this canon is the following, which we will state in Dr. Grimm's words:—"Words in which two consonants agree are doubly sure, (*τρέχουσ*; Got. *þrag-jan*: *wodes*; Got. *Fô-t-jus*). Those in which one consonant agrees, the other varies, are suspicious; yet more suspicious are those whose consonants, not differing in their ranks, manifest a *real* likeness in the three languages: in this case either relationship is wanting altogether (as, for instance, between the Anglo-Sax. *Pædh*, *Pædh-as*, *callis*, and the Gk. *πάδες*), or the one language has borrowed from the other; (for example, *Scriban* is the Lat. *Scribere*; *Fruht* is *Fructus*,* and consequently no Teutonic word. The same must be said of Old-Saxon, *Sicor*; Lat. *Securus*). This observation we will further exemplify by the English word *Palm* (the palm of the hand). From what we have before said concerning the liquids, the L and M will be indifferent, but the P is suspicious. Looking to our table we find that Lat. *Pal-m-a*, Gk. *παλ-αμ-η*, ought to give F in a Gothic, Anglo-Saxon and English word: history solves the problem by assuring us that the Anglo-Saxon word was *Fol-m*; the English P is therefore unorganic, and our word probably derived from the French. But a slight limitation must be put to the practical application of this canon, which is indisputably true as far as roots are concerned. This limitation rests upon the following fact: all roots are further defined by added syllables, which we will name syllables of formation; and others still further added, which are the inflections. These syllables of formation are *generally* composed of the short and original vowels † *a*, *i* and *u*, together with a single consonant, such as *it*, *at*, *um*, and the like. Now though these formative syllables very often correspond in the Phrygian and Gothic tongues, and are subject to the canon given above, it will sometimes happen that a Latin root has been formed into a word by one of these (as *at*), while the same root in Gothic has been formed by another (as *al*): in this case it is clear the formative syllables are different from the beginning, and must not be confounded; in this case the variation of the second consonant from the canon would by no means be suspicious; but such a case could only be substantiated by rigorous historical inquiry into the forms of the word. We have thus a rule of high importance by which to guide ourselves in comparing cognate lan-

* The corresponding word to Lat. *Frug-i*, &c. is Anglo-Saxon, *Bruc-an*; Old Eng. *Broke*, to enjoy; whence our *Broker*—he that hath the enjoyment, the usufruct. The word *Fruit* in English is therefore necessarily the Fr. *Fruit*. The Anglo-Saxon word was *Wæstm*, and connected itself with a totally different system of roots.

† These are the only three short vowels found in Sanskrit and Gothic; *ë* and *ö* grew out of *a* and *u*.

guages, but a word or two more must be said concerning the manner of applying it. When we meet with a word, the first thing to be done is to ascertain its oldest form: in the instance given in a preceding note, *ordnen* is not half so easily dealt with as *or-t-in-on*. The next is to separate it into its component parts; to set aside, first, the sign of case or conjugation, according as it is noun or verb; next to distinguish the syllable or syllables of formation; and then, when we have left the root in its nakedness, and ascertained that it is the real root, and not an unorganic form, with which we are dealing, to connect it with the root in other words which are similarly formed, and so to determine the conception which it represents. And it may here be generally observed, that a Teutonic root always ends in *one* consonant, preceded by a vowel, and not seldom consists of two consonants with one vowel between them; for though a few words appear to consist only of a single vowel or diphthong, when we trace them to their earliest form we find a consonant, whose melting as it were into the preceding vowel has given birth to the diphthong: the Old German *ei*, for instance, an egg, vindicates its true form in the Anglo-Saxon *æg*; Old Norse, egg. The Anglo-Saxon *æ*, Old Norse *â*, would appear exceptions to this rule, only till we found the Old High Dutch *Ah-a*, *flumen*, in which their consonant is yet preserved; and with the exception of a few particles and pronouns, which are the most unintelligible parts of speech, the vowel appears incapable of ending the word. Dr. Grimm, in instancing this, gives as examples the Middle High Dutch nouns *Sê* (lake) and *Zwî*, and shows their true consonantal form in the Got. *Sâiws*; Anglo-Saxon, *Twîg* (twig). But this assumption that a consonant has been lost can only be made in accordance with the above rule, and after careful comparison of *all* the older forms, and of cognate words. It may, perhaps, be some presumption in us to exclude Dr. Grimm's second case, viz. the possibility of a Teutonic root ending in two consonants (such two, however, as seem to make but one in pronouncing, as *ld*, *ng*, *nd*); but the analogy of many cases where a vowel having fallen away from before the formative syllable, the consonant of this has united with the consonant of the root, (as in the word *vorht*, *bœrht*, a case noticed by himself as giving some grounds for a different opinion,) allows us to suppose, without any vehement absurdity, that this may have taken place in others where a double consonant appears to close the root; and this supposition is farther strengthened by the trifling number of these roots, and from their being only found in one of those eight conjugations which mark past time by a change in the vowel of the root, particularly as that very conjugation bears signs of later date

than the others. However, if we allow that sometimes a Teutonic root may end in two consonants, they must be of this sort only, viz. such as in pronunciation really demand but one act of the organ. In such compositions as follow, the canon given above does not appear to be applied; for instance, Ft, Ht and St have *t* both in Latin and Gothic; whereas in other cases, the Latin T=Gothic Th. So the K in Sk remains unchanged both in Latin and Gothic; but here the *s* only belongs to the root, as the F, H and S did in the last named cases. The deduction from the above rule is, that there can be no more than five consonants in any Teutonic root, of which three must stand before the vowel, for Teutonic roots are strictly monosyllabic; and experience shows us that both these roots, and such as consist of a single vowel and consonant are rare—the commonest have one vowel between two consonants.

We must beg to have it understood, that the careless examination of words at a late period of a language cannot invalidate these laws, even though the exceptions to them should appear numerous: that capricious changes *do* take place through provincialism and other causes; but that for the old, and pure, and completer forms, the rules may be considered fixed, on account of the very few exceptions to them which can be found; that they are moreover of universal application; and consequently, that had Jäkel not been determined to prove that the Latin was a dialect of the German, he might have connected the Greek and Latin together far more closely than he has chosen to do. The etymologies which, after giving the Professor's table of variations at length, we propose to examine, will be measured strictly by the above laws, for we do not scruple to reject at once the ignorant assumptions of the Greeks,* who, by the way, must them-

* We have something more than our own authority for what we say here. Plato, whose gigantic mind left few things untouched, and forced truth out of all that he touched, has left us a most noble record of the estimation in which he held these people; his *Cratylus* is the finest *quis* that ever held up pretension to ridicule. His attribution of *θεος* to *θεω*, *curro*, is charmingly barbarian; but then Plato was determined to give a hard blow to the "Flowing Philosophy." He well knew that the root of *θεος* was the root of *τιθημι* and *θεσις*; that *θεω* denoted, therefore, "the placers or disposers" the intellectual laws of the world, and of creation: in this sense it runs parallel to the Latin *num-en*, whose root is that of *num-er* and *num-erare*, to order or dispose; and to the *עֲשֵׂה* of the first chapter of Genesis, which St. Augustine and others consider in the same sense of intellectual laws, from *עָשָׂה*. See H. More's *Philosophical Cabbala*. No doubt the great ignorance of the Latins in respect of their own language arose from that devotion to the Grecian way of thinking which arose in later days among them: it was very easy, when they did not understand a word, to say with Plato, that it was barbarous, i. e. foreign: vide *Cratylus*. Ερμ. τὸ δὲ δὴ κακόν, δι' οὗ πολλὰ τῶν ἱεροσθεν εἰρηκας, τί ἂν νοῦ τοῦτομα;—Σκ. Ἀποκρί τι νῦν Δι' ἱμοῖς δικαί καὶ χαλεπὸν συμβαλεῖν. ἱπάρχω ὅν καὶ ταύτω ἐκείνη τὴν μηχανήν.—Ερμ. ποῖαν ταυτην;—Σκ. τὴν τοῦ βαρβαρικῆν τι καὶ ταῦτο φέμαι εἶναι.—Stalbaum ed. p. 249. The trick is not yet quite obsolete among us.

selves be judged of in the same manner, and whose language is really subject to the same laws.

It is obvious that Class II., though it may involve many words which are common to two peoples, and which do not necessarily depend upon actual communication between them, will for the most part comprise the words really derived from the one tongue to the other: the canon above given will detect these derivatives, because they are for the most part exceptions to its operation. In judging, however, of this, it is necessary first to ascertain whether some unorganic change may not have taken place in the word, by the operation of time and the like causes, which will account for its present form, without the necessity of assuming a derivation which is always suspicious. This inquiry can only be satisfactorily answered by a careful comparison of the various historical forms the word has assumed: the oldest High Dutch form, for example, in a large class of adjectives, is *ic*; this very early became *ig*, and is so found in the later Old High Dutch, the Middle High Dutch and the New High Dutch writers: so the Anglo-Saxon *ig* very often represents adjectives which in the oldest and strictest High Dutch were formed with *ic*; but neither of these variations was borrowed from the Latin termination *ig-us* (which, by the way, was probably earlier, *ic-us*), or the Greek *ix-ος*; and this process becomes especially necessary when such apparent changes occur in the roots of those simpler words which form Class I. It is quite clear that we are speaking now very generally, and if we are not as explicit as we would desire, we say that this is owing partly to the nature of our subject, more to the necessity of dealing with so extensive a matter in so narrow a space; for though etymology has its ground-laws and universal principles, these can only be properly considered in every individual instance of their application. Each student must, therefore, be left to judge for himself in every case, according to the circumstances of the case, and to the historical situation of the language itself with which he is dealing. For example, in the modern English he will have to measure the effect of those disturbing forces which the Norman settlement, the revival of Greek and Latin learning, the Spanish and Italian connection, and the later extension of the French throughout Europe, have exerted upon the Anglo-Saxon ground-work of our tongue; but then he must never for an instant lose sight of the laws which rule that very ground-work, and secretly operate upon the naturalized aliens which have been permitted to settle among us. Where a language is really a derivative one, as in the case of the English, really derived from the Anglo-Saxon; or the Italian and Spanish, really derived from the Latin, the variations are so capricious as to be scarcely reducible to general

laws; or perhaps it would be better to say, the general laws are made to involve so infinite a number of accidents as to be scarcely susceptible of that clear distinction which is necessary to the ground-principles of so deep a thing as a language. The vowel *e*, for instance, in English, has *arbitrarily* taken place of *a*, *i* and *u* in the roots and terminations of Anglo-Saxon words: in Italian, *cl* and *fl* have, indeed, passed over into *chi*, *fi*, where the *l* alone undergoes a fixed variation. But what shall we say to the arbitrary changes in Spanish—*Llave* from *Clavis*, *Hlueve* (it rains) from *Pluere*, *Llamma* from *Flamma*, *Llano* from *Planus*, *Llamar* from *Clamare*; where *Cl*, *Pl*, *Fl* are all confounded together, and by the side of which stands *Flor*? How should *Formosus* become *Hermoso*, *Folium* *Hoja*, *Filius* *Hijo*, while *Hermano* came from *Germanus*, *Haber* from *Habere*; and in *Fixo*, *Fuente*, *Fama*, the *H* never took place of *F* at all? We cannot give more examples of this, but we suggest to those who are interested in these pursuits to continue the inquiry for themselves; they will find that in derivative languages the variations are subject to no such laws as those which prevail in languages which may, with reference to their sister tongues, be principally looked at in their variations, but which, with reference to themselves, have an internal and powerful principle of life, through which every limb and joint, as it were, of their whole body is produced where and as it should be.

We proceed to give the table of variations admitted by Professor Jäkel, though we are of opinion that they are so laxly stated, that almost any two words might be made out to be one, by a liberal use of the means he offers us. We shall, however, watch him in his progress, and cry "Halt" to him, if we detect him in any flagrant delict.

" 1. The vowels are of little importance, since they are constantly changed in the different dialects, whence the same word in another language undergoes many alterations. This variation, however, shows itself in words of the same stem: *fliege*, *flog*, *Flug*; *finde*, *fand*, *fände*, *gefunden*, &c. Only we must here observe, that *a* is often pronounced like *æ*,* long *e* and *i* like *ei*, *omnis*, *omnis*; *Iphigenia*, *Medea*, for *cia*; *o*, perhaps, like *â* in Swedish, wavering between *a* and *o*; *u* like *û*, *proximus* and *proximus*; *au* like *o*, *plaustrum* and *plostrum*.

" 2. The consonants must be considered as the fundamental conditions of words; but then, in all languages, the letters of the same organ are put for one another, of which the High and Low Dutch give a thousand examples, and instances of which may be found in every Greek Grammar, and particularly in the German one of that meritorious in-

* The German pronunciation of the vowels is here adopted.

quirer Grimm. The following letters are thus changed for one another:

" A. The Labials.

b, p, f, v, the soft-flowing w (qu), more rarely the lip-liquid m. The change of b and p is made known to us by the Saxon; that of the f by the Low Dutch—Schip instead of Schiff, &c.; so treiben, trift; binseln, pinseln and winseln.

" The v, which we first write with a particular letter, while the Ancients had only u, would in all probability be for the most part pronounced as a vowel, and lay nearer to our u than to w. Therefore the Greeks also express it by οὐ; Valens by οὐαλενος: it might hence appear as if the consonant w had been altogether wanting in Latin. This is, however, not so; it is there, though in different characters from those wherein we sought it. It is well known that when in the Latin of the Middle Ages, people wished to express our w in French and Italian, they put g before v, as the Goths did k: so from Wehr came Guerra and Guerre; from Wilhelm, Guglielmus, Guglielmo and Guillaume; from Viehwede, Figwaida; from Wald, Gualdus; and universally known are Guelfs and G(v)ibelins. So the Latins, in order to make a consonant of u, seem to have set q before it, and then not pronounced this, but only the u like w. So Scaurus says, p. 2253: * "*Q littera aque retenta est, quia cum illa V littera conspirat, quoties consonantis loco ponitur, id est pro Vau littera, ut Quis, Qualis.*" That is to say, we must read no q with it, but only pronounce the u as v, vis, valis. Surprising, indeed, does the likeness of a considerable number of Latin words with Old and New High Dutch words then become! Quatuor now becomes (q)Vatuor; the Teutonic, Fedwor; the Gothic, Fidur, vier, four. Quinque becomes (q)Vin(q)ve, vinue, the old fyf and our fünfe. Quis becomes (q)Vis=vis; the Gothic, Hwas; and Quid=(q)Vid; Gothic, Hwata; Low Dutch, Wat? If we believe that in the inscription of the Tarpeian town, quirquir, stands=(q)Vir-(q)Vir, we have at once a near relationship with our Wer and Was? Quando becomes (q)Vando=Wann; cur, earlier, (q)Uur is Warum? Quo=vo, Wo; and aqua=ava; Gothic, ahwas. Qu may first, at a later period, have been pronounced as c (k). Q was originally certainly either g or c; whence, in the Bantic Table, Pecunia stands for Pecunia. As for what concerns the changes of the labials, we will only instance baeren and ferre; Bruder and frater; welle, bullio; Fell, pellis; warm, formus; nabe, favus. Of rarer occurrence is the transition from b, p, f, w into m, or the contrary; and, for example, in the following words: mit, Eng. with; win, a friend, from Minnen; in straff and stramm; in promulgare and provulgare; Vulcanus for Mulciber; in facio and vito for mache and meide; in multi and mile for viele.

* See the passage in Scaurus (*Gram. Lat. Auct. Antiqui.* 4to. Hanov. 1605). Dr. Jäkel has no right to draw the conclusion which he does from this garbled passage.

“ B. The Gutturals.

g, c, k, ch; the aspirate h and x. The Saxon cannot separate g and k, and in Ziehen, zog, Zucht, one easily sees the transition of these letters. Yet the following remarks must be made; c, arising out of the Greek γ, was by the old Latins pronounced (except, perhaps, when followed by i) as g, but later as k. It might at a still later period, in some provinces, have gone over into z. The h, which the Greeks denote by their *spiritus asper*, could, perhaps, not be well pronounced by the later, as happens at the present day by the Italians and French; whence c (k) often takes its place. Even as in German we write Reiher or Reiger, and as in Greek λέλυά was changed into λέλυκα, so from hebhe sprang celo; from höhle, calo; from Halm, Old High Dutch, Halam, *calamus*; from Haupt(i)t, *caput*;^{*} from Gothic, Hana,† *cana*; from Haut, *cutis*; and contrariwise from garten (which springs from gürtlen) came *Hortus*, and from Gast, *hostis*. The easy transition shows itself in *traho, veho*—xi, ct—in Hessen and *Chatti*. The final x was, perhaps, pronounced like the Greek χ, the Spanish x. Thus the old Gallic and German names which end in *rich*=*reich*, were mostly written with x; so *Orgetorix*=*Orgetorich*, perhaps Ort reich; *Eporedorix*, Pferdereich, *Dumnorix*, &c.; *Uxellodunum* from Uchel, high and dun (town, Zaun) City, Hochstadt; *Radix*, rettich; *rex*, Recke.

“ C. Linguals,

d, t, th, s, ss, z. The Saxons cannot distinguish d from t; Low Dutch says *det* for *dass*, *water* for *wasser*, *zehn* for *zehn*. Even so amongst the Scandinavians and English, t for the most part takes place of s, and particularly of z, for amongst them the last letter is as rare as among the Latins themselves, who only use it in Greek words. Moreover there appears in Upper and High Dutch too strong a struggle to change t into z, often quite in despite of Etymology. Thus arises Messen, Got. *Mitan*, Lat. *Metir*. Z itself was changed as *μολύζω* into *Machissor*; so *sitzen*, Swed. *sitta* into *sedeo*; (er) *götze* into *gaudeo*; (ver) *letze* into *lædo*; *Platz* into *Platea*;‡ or the z was divided into its component parts by the introduction of a vowel between them; thus *Sitz* became *Sedes*, *Maas*, *Metze*,

* The p in this New High Dutch word is false. In the Old High Dutch it was Houb-it; in the Gothic, Häubip (for Häuf-ip); and in the Anglo-Saxon, Heáf-od, as it should be.

† Hana, a cock, in all the Teutonic languages. Whether *Gallus* connects itself with *Galan*, to sing, is doubtful, for two reasons; first for the identity of the G; next for the double liquid in the Latin: but Hana is indisputably formed upon the same root as *Cano*.

‡ A dangerous etymology: *Platea*, though not quite corresponding to *Flat*, is so brought nearer the rule. It is, therefore, our firm belief, either that the New High Dutch P is an unorganic variation of an older F (? *Flatz*) or that the German word is literally derived from the Latin one.

Modus.* Yet the decompounded form may even have been the older, and our contracted one have entered later; this, however, makes no exception to the relationship of the languages. The *s* of the Latins is with us often *d*,† thus *lind*, probably *lin-id=lemis*, *mild=mol-l-is*, *gesund* Swed. *sund=sen-us*.‡ *Hunid*, *Mund* §=*canis*. *Infens-us*, *anfeind-end* from the lost *infendo* (we have yet *offendo*, *defendo*). St after a consonant becomes *d*, so from *Gerste* came *Hordeum*, as *Pallatium* from *Pallast*, (in *Notker*, *Palanz*; in others, *Pfalz*, more properly derived from *pakus*, *Pfahl*—*Pfallast*—*Pfahlwerk*, than from the *Palatine Hill*.) *Sch*, *Schw*, *Schl*, are not found among the other German nations, who write *Slaffen*, *Smecken*, *Syster*; we must not, therefore, look for them in Latin.

“D.—L, n, r, s, are also interchanged, as they are by children. Even if R was not an invention of *Applius Claudius Cæcus* (447 AUC.) since it often occurs in the laws of the Kings, yet it appears at times to be turned out of place by S.|| As in consequence of this a wavering between *isern* and *iren* appears in Anglo-Saxon, between German *wer*, Gothic *hw-as*, Gen. *wessen*, between *kuren* and *kiesen*; so in Latin between *Lases* and *Lares*, *quæro* and *quæso*, *honor* and *honos*, *dorsum* and *dossum*, *quis* and *quir*,¶ and in derivative words, like *honestus*, *audio* from *auris*, instead of *aurio*.—Höre, corresponding to the Gothic *auso*, *ohr* (the ear). The struggle to turn the Nom. into *s* was so great, that not only *d* and *t* went over into *s*, but *r* also: so *corpor*, *lepor*, *decor*, became *corpus*, *lepus*, *decus*. Even so we find changes between *l* and *r*, as *fraterlus* for *fraterlus*; in French *averas* and *avoins avens* *Hafer*. So *Seltis* for *streit*, *verto* for *wende*.

“S. The three aspirates, the Lip or blowing-sound *w*, the Tongue or hissing-sound *s*, (the Latin *s* answers to our sharp *ss*.) and the guttural

* The German *s=ts*. But though the Greek, and consequently Latin *s*, is considered = *ds*, nothing can excuse the use *Jäkel* has made of this fact. It is obvious that in *Sedes* and *Modus* the *es* and *us* have nothing whatever to do with the root; this is complete in *Sed* and *Mod*, as he ought himself to have known by comparison of the verbs; and as is abundantly obvious in the corresponding Gothic and Anglo-Saxon forms; e. g. *Sit-l-s* and *Sët-el*, &c., &c. We are more than half inclined to suspect that he has no great acquaintance with the Teutonic languages.

† True for the later forms of our languages; though more frequently *s* for *d*, if that *d* grew out of *dh*; e. g. *häs* for *hâth*, &c.

‡ The roots may have been formed with different syllables.

§ The Gothic *Hunds*, Old High Dutch *Hunt*, must have been formed with *a*, therefore *Hun-ad-s*, &c.

|| A sufficiently notable error of fact; where *s* and *r*, *s* and *t*, appear to be changed, *r* is always found, like *t*, to be a younger form which has grown out of *s*; and in languages apparently younger than that wherein *r* and *t* are found, *s* is only a return to the older form; the Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, and English, furnish numerous instances of this, as of other cases; e. g. English, *daughter*; Anglo-Saxon, *dehter*; Gothic, *Dehter*; for Gothic *ad=d*.

¶ In every one of these words, but the last, the *s* is indisputably the form out of which *r* has grown.

or aspirate h, are often put for one another in one language, or left out in another, and in all probability frequently not expressed at all. In Greek all three are denoted by the spiritus asper.* So *ἔγωγε* became *vesper*; *ἔρπω*, *serpo*; *ἰστροπία*, *Historia*. So also (be) *ἔγω* is *ego*, *ῥώγω*, *frage*, *rago*; *αὐσῶ*, *Frogo*; *αὐσῶ*, *ex-Ferco*, *urbs* is *wurbs*, *warbes*. *Sch-lüpfri*g is *lubricus*. *Specht*, *picus*. *Stier*, *Taurus*. *Schliessen*, *claudo*. *Schreiten*, *Swed. Scrida*, *s-gredi*. *spanne*, *pando*. *scheide*, *cedo*, *ab-scedo*. *Ulph. Skaidan*.† Halle or Saal and the contrary—über, *super*. *Zinn*, *Low Dutch, Tinn, stannum*; *grabe*, *scribo*. The sounds are also interchanged, *wald* becomes *Saltus*; *hülle*, *velo*. In many words the sibilant may have entered later into German, as into Italian and French; *juro*, *bewähre*, *bewahrheite* *severo*, *schwöre*,† *jurer*, *giurare*; *Taceo* Gothic, *Thahan*; *Swed. Tiga*; German, *Schweigen*,

“ 4. As the French in pronunciation leave out many letters,§ and the Greeks write *στράς* for *στράνς* or *στάννς*, so have the Latins also thrown away many, for which I refer to Conrad Schneider's excellent Latin Grammar; so stands *natus* for *gnatus*, (*cognatus*), *notus* for *gnotus* (*ignotus*), *arare* for *agrare*, from *ager*, *mitto* for *amitto* (*comitto*), *locus* for *stlocus*, *uro* for *buro*, *comburo*, from *Feuer*, to destroy by fire; *rogo*

* In mentioning these possible interchanges, see p. 18, we should have added the very rare one of *w* for *s*, as Gothic *Winster* for *Sinistra*.

† The liquids and certain other consonants capable of close amalgamation with a preceding one, seem common to all the languages. Thus *gl*, *sk*, and other such combinations are exempt in general from the operation of our canon. Hence we must believe that the root of the Gothic *Skaidan*, Anglo-Saxon *scētan*, (shoot); *solāt*, money, the separated or divided thing, corresponding to *num-mus*, root *nu-m*, English *shot*, *scot* and *lot*, &c. to be well *shot* of him; *Sp. re-scat-e* [*Solis*, *Hist. Mex.*] *shut*, and a many other such words is the root of *sci-n-do*, *oxy-sen*, and *scat-urio*. *Cedo* and the like are probably of a different family, for *s* cannot be arbitrarily inserted or left out. In most cases where a double letter precedes the vowel of a root, a vowel has probably been lost; as in German, *Bleiben*; Anglo-Saxon, *be-lyfan*; and the like. Time acts here no doubt, but its operation is only to be judged of by a comparison of the forms as they show themselves at different periods.

‡ “ The striving to introduce a Sibilant, shows itself in several languages; for hence it comes that *c*, *j*, and *g*, in French, had their peculiar pronunciation before *e*, *i*; and that in Italian *c* and *g* are pronounced like *tchi* and *dchi*. In Latin the sibilant *s* is often placed before the *t* or *d*, in German after the same; so that there *st* arose, here *ts* or *s*. So out of the British *Tinn*, came Latin *Stannum*; German *Tinn* or *Zinn*; the word *het*, English, *heat*, became in Latin, *estus*; in Upper German, *hita*—*hitze*. So in German, out of *tegel*, Swedish, *tegel*, *stegel*: out of *taihend*, *sehend*, *sohn*; both contrary to etymology, for the former derives from *tego*, *decke*; the latter from *die hände*—ten fingers.”—(Author's Note.)

§ A principle to be adopted with great caution; the Anglo-Saxon *sōðh* (sooth, true), *sōðh* (a journey), *gōs* (a goose), are forms in which a consonant has been left out; this we know, because we have the Old Nor. (Isl.) *sannr*; Gothic, *sinps*; and Old High Dutch *kans*; but nothing short of this demonstrative evidence would have justified us in accounting for the Anglo-Saxon forms by such an assumption. Once more, let it be borne in mind, that comparative etymology will alone solve our doubts in any particular case.

for *Frogo*; *latus* for *glatus*, Swedish, *glæde*, English, *glad*. So from *volis* thou wilt, *vis*; and *invitus* stands for *inviltus*, unwilling: *infestus* for *infensus*, from *infend*, *anfeinden*.

" 5. We must often assume a change of letters to have been introduced through a struggle after euphony, while their original position shows itself at times in individual forms, so in *sperno*, *spreci*, in *sterno*, *stravi*, *strat*—streuen, in *spargo*, *spars*—sprützen, in *scindo*, *schneiden*.*

" 6. The old language, Latin as well as German, appears to have affected uncontracted forms; hence many words were dissyllabic, and consisting of root and added syllable, which are among us now monosyllabic. This already shows itself in the proper names, *Karol-us*, *Karl*; *Amasium*, *Ems*; *Theotisci*, *Teutische*, *Teutsche*. Even so *Senap*, *Senapi*, *Senf*; *kalit*, *gelidus*, *kalt*; *ferox*, *frech*; *valid* (ge)walt-ig; *calamus*, *halam*, *halm*; *Fluvius*, *Fluss*. In many words the Latin threw away the vowel of the first syllable, the German of the second, and so ended in a consonant; so from the ancient *Fora* (Ottofried) *Faura* (Ulphilas), among the Latins came *Pra*, among the Germans *Vor*, among the English *For*. Even so *Fora* and *furi* went over into *Pro* and *Per*, and the German *Für*.

" 7. The ending *us*, *is*, *um*, does not belong to the stem, and for the most part seems to have been appended to it. Yet the Gothic of Ulphilas had also the ending *us*; and Herodotus, l. i. says, that the Persian words terminated in *us*. That the concluding *s* did not belong very strongly to it appears from its being often left out by the poets. Many words therefore end in *s* which in our language have a different letter; thus (*q*) *Vis*, *Wer*? *valid-us*, *walt-ig*; (*q*) *Valis*, *Welch-er*? Likewise *valj*, *talis*, *talj*, *solch-er*; Swed. *Tolik*. From *Lenit-as*, *Sanit-udo*, we see that *Lenis*, *Lenit*, *Sanus*, *Sanut*, must have been *Lind*, (ge)sund.

" 8. In words of increasing declension, the genitive, not the nominative, must be considered as stem. The Latins did not preserve the richness of the German languages in the terminations of the nominative, but generally flung away the consonants. Thus the stem of *homo* is *ho-min*; of *veritas*, *veri-tat*; of *virtus*, *vir-tut*; of *mens*, *ment*; of *dens*, *dent*; of *ordo*, *ordinj*, *ording*. They had resolved *g* into *i*, as the Italians do at this day with many consonants, writing *piacere* for *placere*, *piu* for *plus*. So consonants were left out at the end, and changed into vowels or *s*; *weg* became *via*, yet in the language of the Roman peasants it remained *Veha*. (Varro de R. R. l. ii. 14.) Tag was *dies*.

" 9. The *Present* cannot so well be considered the Stem of the Verb as the *Perfect*, and *Supine* (an Infinitive form by the addition of a syllable). In the *Present*, *m*, *n*, *r*, are often introduced; so in place of *presso*,

* This very often occurs in Anglo-Saxon, but is to be detected by the effect upon the preceding vowel; *a* before *r* becomes *äa*, so *ē=i* becomes *ēö*; if now the *r* be transposed these changes do not take place; e.g. *arn* (*cucurri*) for *ran*, from *irnan* for *rinnan*; had the *r* been in its proper place this would have been *ärn*.

presso, premo. From *Sterno, strav* (streue); from *frang, frag, (fract)* breche; from *pango, pag, (pact)* füge; from *sero, sav, sat, sãe, sæt; tero, trit, trete, zermalme*; from *haurio, haust*.

" In the first, second, and third conjugations, long *a, e, i*, have arisen through contraction, as in the Greek *Perispomena* Verbs; *Sto* from *Stao*, stehe, partly through the change of a consonant which recurs in the *supine*, into a vowel, and then certainly through contraction in particular forms, thus (*in*) *venio, (in) vent (er) finden; doleo, dolit, dulden; deleo, delet, (ver) tilge*.

" 10. In German we must bear in mind that only the stem syllable, and not the fore or after added syllable, comes into consideration; thus for instance our fore-placed syllable *ge* is left out in many German provincial dialects, in the Scandinavian and the English languages; thus in Danish and Swedish our *Gesund* becomes *Sund*, our *Gewalt, vaelde*. The *e* in German is often omitted, so that we scarcely recognize the fore-syllable, as in *glied* for *ge-lied*.* Swedish and also Silesian *lit. Gnade*; in Danish, *Naade* and *Næl*; *Gluck, Frisish, Lock*; Low Saxon, *Luck*.†

" Whether words have past from the Latin into German, or from the German into Latin, may be known in many ways—

" 1. From the pronunciation, particularly that of the *C*, *Zentner, zelle, zeder, zins, karzer*, derive from *centenarius, cella, cedrus, census, carcer*, as appears from their pronunciation, which belongs to a later period. On the other hand, *cella* and *carcer* themselves arose from *keller* and *kerker*, and were also so pronounced at an earlier period. In like manner *cent*, which will be further explained hereafter.

" 2. From the tone. We may consider as pure German such words as lay the tone upon the stem syllable. Those which are not so, how widely extended soever, they may be, betray by the tone their foreign origin; thus *muak* and *natúr*; for notwithstanding the latter word derives from a German root, this form has been given to us by the Latins.

" 3. From the form of the Infinitive. If they are from the Latin, they in general make *iren*, as *contribuiren, spazieren, referiren*. Where on the other hand the pure German infinitive is found, as in *haben* and *mahlen*, the German is certainly the older, even if we got the art itself from the Romans, as for instance *Schreiben*; for out of our *Graben*—in many places *Schaben* and *Schraben*‡—the Latin *Scribo* arose, which has since been given back to ourselves; thus *poliren* from *polio*, but on the other hand, *polio* itself from *feilen*; *imprimiren* from *imprimere*; but *primo*, press, itself from *pressen, (Notker) bressen*; Holland, *parsen*; and

* The Anglo-Saxon word is *Lip*, a limb, connecting itself with the English adjective *lithe*, easy, readily moved, &c. Anglo-Saxon *lidhe*, merciful, and the like.

† English, *luck*.

‡ *Quære*, what places?

Swedish, *prässa*. So also *fero* from *bären*, (yet existing in Low Saxon), in Alamanic, **peran*; Gothic, *Bairan*; in Swedish, *baera*; in Danish, *Bære*. The infinitive form *ferre*,† contrary to the Latin rule, and yet like the Danish, shows the great antiquity of the word in Latin; from which cause also all the forms of the same have not remained. Thus too *regieren* and *regent* derive from the Latin; but the Latin *rego* comes from the German *regen*, *richten*; so that we have supplied the root, they the form.‡ Even so, *siegel* from *sigillum*, only, this is a diminutive of *signum*, whose stem *Signo* is *zeichne*."

We have thus far allowed Professor Jäkel to speak for himself; we do not pledge ourselves to the accuracy of a single etymology that he gives, though many are well worthy of observation; but as we have noted only such as seemed to involve etymological principles, we leave the student to apply our rules, and his own knowledge of the languages in question, wherever a case occurs which appears suspicious, and they are many. He must, however, be careful not to confound *roots* with the original forms from which certain *words* may really be derived; the root, as we have said, is the name of the common conception, the particular word in which that root finds itself, may, however, be derived from some other word of simpler construction; *hëals*, Anglo-Saxon, the *neck*, is *h—l*, (root) and *s* (inflection); but from *hëals* comes, absolutely derived, *hëals-jan*, to embrace, take round the neck, and so of other words; in all these cases, inquiry is necessary into the history of every individual word. This hint we throw out, that the *verb* generally contains the simplest form of the root, and that nouns arrange themselves according to the forms of the conjugations. As these exert a most important influence upon the whole Teutonic scheme of language, a few words will not be considered mispent upon them.§ They are of three kinds in the oldest Teutonic dialect

* Old High Dutch.

† Once for all we must be allowed to remark, that all Latin infinitives end in *e*, and generally in *re*, and that most of the apparent irregularities may have arisen from contraction and assimilation of the consonants; *volo* makes *velle* no doubt, but *o* followed by *e* in a subsequent syllable = *i*, ought to become *e*, according to the law of *Umlaut* by which *a*, *o*, *u*, followed by *i*, pass over into *e*, *e*, and *y*, and then *vol-ir-e* may readily become *vel-r-e*, *velle*; note, however, that the cases in which you may assume *assimilation* are fixed.

‡ Those who have perused the preceding pages will see that the root was perhaps as much Latin as German; nevertheless, *regieren* is a derived word, and from the Latin; probably, however, through the French.

§ For this and its consequences, see Grimm's *Deutsche Grammatik*, i. p. 835 et seq. and the whole of vol. ii.

that subsists, viz. the Gothic, and may commodiously be stated as fifteen in number; of these, six, the oldest, form their past tense by a mere variation of the vowel in the root, as *fara*, *fôr*, I went (fare, fared); four form their preterite by a reduplication of the first consonant in the root, as *salta* (I leap), *saisalt* (I leapt); two unite the two methods, both reduplicating and changing the vowel, as (v. conj.) *Laia* (*irrideo*) *Lailô*, and (vi. conj.) *grêta* (I weep) *gaigrôt*; three form their preterite by the addition of a syllable, and are distinguished by the forming vowels. The latter three coincide in what is called the *regular* conjugation in English, making *ed* in the preterite and participle, and these three seem in fact to be of later growth than the former. The first step is then where the noun partakes of the nature of the verb from which it springs, adopting its change of vowel according to the *time*, and merely differenced by the inflection; the second is where another noun springs from such a noun, or when a further derivation takes place, and an adjective or verb, (each capable of reproducing nouns, adjectives, and verbs,) is formed upon it; in every one of which cases, the derivative follows the nature of the word from which it springs. In this sense, by the way, must be understood Jâkel's word *stem*, which refers not to the *root* (as we have stated the root to be), but the *form* from which other forms arose. We shall now proceed to give a very few of his etymologies, (for by far the larger portion of his work consists of these, as *pieces justificatives*), adding where we see occasion, our own comments. And before we do so we should add, that the value of his book must not be made to depend upon the judgment which, it may be supposed, we pass upon it; for in order to deal justly by him, we ought to bring forward and canvass every word that he instances, a labour totally incommensurate to the limits of a Review; moreover, we take but one very small division of his subject; and we omit, as foreign to the purpose of this inquiry, the contents of about half his volume, viz. the original races that made up the Roman people, and the Germanic root of their names, a subject fertile in conjecture, and generally exposed to the remark, "that all etymological inquiry into names is folly." With this we return to our author.

PRINCIPAL WORDS.

MAN.—THE PARTS OF THE BODY, PROPERTIES OF THE SPIRIT, AND INDIVIDUAL CONDITIONS OF MAN.

WORD. STEM.

Homo . . . *Ho-min* . Persian and English *man*, der *Mensch*; in Kero. *commān*; in Isidor, *gomo*; Gloss. Lips. *goman*; Old High Dutch, *guma*; English, *yeoman* and *good man*. Our word *Mensch* is derived from *Mann* or *Man*, and is properly an adjective, as from *Weib*, *Weibisch*: from Teut, Teutisch, Teutsch, from Däne, *Danske*, in Danish, so *Mennisch*, in *Ottfried, mennisko*; now through contraction *Mensch*. *Goman* and *homin* means the good strong man. The form *gam* and *gomo* yet appears in our *Bräutigam*; Old High Dutch, *brutigomo* and *bruti-goume*. *A* in Latin had gone over into *i*, as *Herrmann* into *arminius*. The *a* returns in the derivative words.

Humanus . *Hu-man* . One who behaves himself like a good man.

Immanis . *In-man* . Unmanlike, one who does not behave himself like a man; thus, stronger than *in-humanus*.

COMMENT.

We consider the word *man* as in some degree a *crux etymologica*: and the professor has not escaped from the difficulty. Two suppositions have been made;—1st. That the root of *ho-min* is in the second syllable. 2d. That it is in the first, *hom*. No doubt the root *m-n* is found in almost all the languages. It occurs in many Sanskrit words, and seems always to mean the dividing, reasoning creature, &c. In this sense the very word *man-au-a*, *homo* is found. Hence the proper names *Menu*, *Menes*, *Minos*, and the like, denoting lawgivers; hence also *mena*, and *man*, the moon, with many others which the scholar may class for himself: and hence also Anglo-Saxon and English *man*. But if the root be in *man*, what is the *ho*? Certainly not what some ingenious gentlemen have suggested, the Greek article. Another word however is found in Gothic, Old High Dutch, and Anglo-Saxon, running parallel with *man*; and that in Anglo-Saxon is *guma*, &c. Now not only does this exclude the *n* altogether, but it does more, it shows that the root is in *gum*, Latin *hom*, and in this sense it probably connects itself with Gothic *Gáumjan*; Anglo-Saxon, *Gyman*; *observare*, *curare*: with the Greek *χ44-41*, and the Latin *Hum-us*, *Hum-an-us*, &c. Kero's *commān* has not the slightest right to the final *n*, the Old High Dutch word is *komo*,† which probably a little later softened into *gomo*; nor could this language ever make *guma*, which is probably Gothic, and certainly Anglo-Saxon: *yeoman* is *guma*, which in its oblique cases takes *n*, but to make out either *guma* or *yeoman* to be equal to *good man* is idle in the extreme. We say then that *guma* and *man* are two distinct words, formed upon distinct roots, that *Mensch* belongs to the latter, and probably enough *femina* also; but that *hum-an-us* can have no possible connection with it. *Hum-annus*, *homo*, *humus*,

Hence Scheller supposes that there was once the word *manis*.

Famina . . . *Fae-min-a* . Anglo-Saxon, *famne*; Old High Dutch, *wif* and *wimman*, from the ancient *foeda*, to produce, bear, nourish; Low Saxon, *föden*; Swedish, *föa* and *föda*; whence also are derived *fütter*, *vater*, *rich*, and on which account hunters call the female of all beasts of prey *Fähe*. *Fœmina* is thus, *a man that produces and nourishes*.

Fætus . . . *Foot-* . } Derive from this *föa* and *foeda*.
Famîna }

Nemo . . . *Ne-min* . Teutonic, neoman; English, noman; Kein Mensch, niemand.

Mas and } Also derive from *Mans*; the *n* was thrown out,
Masculinum } as in *gigas* for *gigant*, *elephas* for *elephant*.

and humilis may be connected, but wherever the *m-n* occurs in such words, the *m* belongs to the root, the *n* to the formative syllable.

The Old High Dutch *wif*, and Anglo-Saxon *wif*, *wifman*, New English *woman*, are the true words. *Famine*, like French *femme*, is the Latin word itself. The *fæ* may connect itself with Greek *φωσ*, *φωτω*, Latin *fu*, in *ful*, &c. Sanskrit, *bhu*; Anglo-Saxon, *béon*, to be; but that the *min* in the word is to be explained as the Professor suggests, the wise may make something more than a scruple.

If this be true, *pater* must not be referred to the same root. The Gothic *fapt*, a leader, seems to suggest the true conception in *pater*; Gothic, *fadar* for *fapar*; and to connect itself with other words in Greek and Latin which could not be explained by *foeda*, e.g. *paritas*, *patalus*, and the like.

* In Col. V. Kennedy's book we find the following words:—"Sanskrit, *Manate*; Greek, *Ματρία*; Latin, *Monet*; German *Meinet*; English, *Meaneth*.—Sanskrit, *Manas*; Greek, *Μένος*; Latin, *Mens*; English, *Mind*.—Sanskrit, *Mantram*; Greek, *Μαν-τ-ιν*.—Sanskrit, *Maniam*; Greek, *Μένιν*.—Sanskrit, *Minate*; Latin, *Minit*.—Sanskrit, *Manushia*; German, *Menschheit*; English, *Mankind*.—Sanskrit, *Manawa*; German, *Mann*; English, *Man*.—Sanskrit, *Mun-da*; German, *Mund*; [Gothic, *Mumps*; Anglo-Saxon, *Mudh*; English, *Mouth*]. To these we would add the words *monet*, *moneta*, (*money*), and Anglo-Saxon, *maung*, (*many*), as equally classed under the same conception of *division*. *Money* would thus run nearly parallel to *num-m-us*, which also is formed upon a conception of *division* and *consequent order*, and to the Anglo-Saxon *scéat*, connecting itself with *σχίζω*, &c. to divide.

† The *n* enters in the oblique cases of this and a thousand other nouns, *komîn*, *hominis*, but obviously must not be mixed up with the root. So Anglo-Saxon *guman*, *hominî*.

PRINCIPAL WORDS.

WORD **STEM.**
Corpus *Corpor* *Körper*; Isl. and Swed. Kropp and Krof; Old Upper Dutch, Chreo; Anglo-Saxon, Hræw. This word at all events did not come to us from the Latin.

Cap-ut Gothic, Heafod and Haubiþ; Swed. Hoafed; Dan. Hoved; German, Haupt; Head.

Crinis *Crin* *Gren* in Swed. *greens* in Danish means a bough or twig; *crinis* thus means any increase, hence *crinis arborum*, *Stat. Sylv.* 4, 5, 10; *arbor crinitur frondibus Theb. crinitur oassis olivæ*. Thus *crines capites* were the twigs of the head; so that the word was transferred from trees to men: hitherto, *crines hominis* has been taken to be proper meaning, *crines arboris* the improper one.

Coma From Kamm, lifting up. Kammhaare, of the horse, Hahnenkamm. In Swedish Kammm means the top of the house (the pinnacle).

Auris *Aur* Ohr; Swed. *orat*; Utpbil. *anso*. In Old Latin.

COMMENT.

Note in this the fact, that sometimes the vowel of the root is lost, and its two consonants coalesce; thus *ph-x-w*; Latin, *Fol-i-um*; Anglo-Saxon, *B-l-ad*; Old High Dutch, *Pl-at*; English, *Bl-ade* of grass, &c. So *corp* is properly represented in the *k-r* of the Anglo-Saxon word. Thus also *cor-v-us*, Old Norse, *hr-af-n*; English, *rav-en*.

See note on p. 389. *Heáfod* is literally that part which is heaved or lifted up; it therefore connects itself with *Heáf-on*, &c. &c.

There is nothing here to make us retract the opinion which, as the professor says, has hitherto been entertained, viz. that *crines arboris* was a metaphor, and such a one too as such a man as Statius only was likely to commit. The Swedish and Danish words here quoted are somewhat dangerous; we much prefer the Anglo-Saxon word *Hræwan*, *leniter attingere*. At the same time we confess much ignorance respecting *crinis* and its connections. The

Anglo-Saxon *hris* also means *frondes*, *virgultum*: the fact is the root is in the *hr*, which brings us to the Old High Dutch and Middle High Dutch *hár*, Anglo-Saxon *hær*, Eng. *hair*, and to the Latin *caesaries* and the Servian *kosa*.

The conception in those Latin and Greek words which are formed with *k-m* seems that of *overness*. Hence *καμ-α-ν-α*, *καμ-α-ν-α*, *καμ-α-ν-α*, and many others. They bear a close resemblance to those whose root is *k-l*, though not nearly so visible in the Teutonic languages. To them, however, may be reckoned Gothic, *Him-in-s*; New High Dutch, *Himmel*; heaven; (very like *καμ-α-ν-α*, *καμ-α-ν-α*; Old High Dutch, *Ge-hil-we*, the vault of heaven;) Anglo-Saxon, *Hæm*; New High Dutch, *Heim*; English, *Home*, a covered dwelling-place.

We can as yet hardly say whether Gothic *hæmjan*, New

ausces for *aures*, hence *audio*; among us *höre*, from *ohr*.

Oculus . . . *Oc* . . . Auge; Swed. *ögat*; Anglo-Saxon, *eag*; Ital. *occhio*; *oculus* is the dimin. of *auge*, pronounced *oge* by the common people. Muratori also, in his *Antiq. Ital.* pt. vi. p. 619, hints that the German word *Auge* is the primitive, *oculus* and *occhio* the derivatives.

Ex-cæc-are Ex-oc-are To put out the eye, deprive of the eye, blind.

Cæcus . . . *Ex-oc-us* . The deprived of an eye, the blind.

Imago . . . *Im-ago* . . The form. What one has in one's eye.

Frons . . . *Front* . . The forehead in Old High Dutch was *anti*. (In Kero. *andino*.) Also *form-entigi*, the forward end; *foro-anti*, contracted *front*; so the back is *ofan-entigi*; *opan-enti*, the pinnacle.

Dens . . . *Dent* . . Zahn; Persian, *dendân*; Swedish, *tand*.

Barba . . . *Barb* . . Bart derives from the ancient *bar*, a man, and denotes the peculiar property of man. In Persian also the *barber* is called *berber*.

High Dutch *höre*, is connected with *auso*, *ohr*, or not. The initial *h* is not a letter to be put in or out at pleasure. Etymologically speaking the roots are completely different. The Gothic *äso*, Anglo-Saxon *éage*, are strictly according to the canon. So Old High Dutch *aug*, *ouc*. The question of derivatives and primitives we leave to the judgment of the reader.

We will not venture an opinion here; the professor is ingenious and bold. Whether lie be right we leave to more learned inquirers.*

This will not do. Here is another example of the mixing up formative syllables with root. Most likely the *fr* of *frons* is the *br* of Anglo-Saxon *brā*, English brow, which will be found according to the canon in Sanskrit. Moreover, that Old High Dutch *andi* and *andin*, (n. gen.) and not *anti*, ought not to be confounded with Gothic *audēis*; Anglo-Saxon *ende*, (n. gen.) For *anti* we are afraid is only to be found in the Professor's book.

The English, tooth; Anglo-Saxon, *tōth*; came by contraction. The Gothic was rightly *Tunþs*.

In Old High Dutch, *Part*. But according to the Canon it should be Gothic *P*, Old High Dutch *F*, (*Ph*). Now it is pretty certain that no words can be found in these languages with these letters at the beginning of the word: and it becomes a fair question whether the Latin word itself is really formed with *B*, and not with *F*.

* We since observe that in his Appendix he retracts this derivation to give another, not less suspicious; according to this, the word *imaginj* is *imaging*, from *ahmen*, *nachahmen*; Latin, *imitor*. Hence also *sum*, *similis*. But we subscribe just as little to this genealogy as to the other.

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Collum . . . *Coll* . . . *Hals*; Persian, *Halti*; according to Stiernhelm, from Halten.

Axilla
later

Ala } Achsel. *Cic. Orat.* 45. The contrary opinion that *ala* is the older form and *x* inserted is false, because syllables though often struck out are very seldom inserted.

Cor *Cord-s* . .

Herz; English, *heart*; Zendav. *erze*; Swedish, *hjerat*.

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Greek, Latin, &c. *k-l*; Gothic, Anglo-Saxon, &c. *h-l*; denote superposition. Hence numberless words, among which *col-l-is*, *hill*, *collum*, *hals*, *max-um-r-e*, *celare*, Anglo-Saxon *hēlan*, &c. &c. *Hals* is therefore not from *hal-t-en*, but connected with it collaterally only.

The truth of this appears when we take the old form of this New High Dutch *achsel*, Anglo-Saxon *ærel*. In fact the Latin and Anglo-Saxon *x*, New High Dutch *chs*, here have grown out of *h-s*, a vowel being lost between the guttural and sibilant. In Old High Dutch, the word is *ah-s-al-a*, probably for *ahsela*, though the effects of the *i* seem wanting in the Anglo-Saxon *ærel* = *ærel*, which if formed with *i* should make *ærel*.

The *s* here is merely inserted that the Professor may make Latin *d-s* = German *z*: no where else has he given us the sign of the gen. as equivalent to a part of the German *nom*, or if he has, he never should have done so. The Greek *χρῆ*, *χαρῖα*; Latin, *Cor-d-is*; Gothic, *Hairto*; Old High Dutch, *Herz*; Anglo-Saxon, *Hēorte*; follow the law strictly: but it is curious to observe the difference of the genders in the different languages. *krē*, *cor*, and *herz* are (n.); *χαρῖα*, *Hairto*, and *Hēorte*, (f.). With regard to the Zend. as a language, we suspect that its titles are not made out, and decline receiving any evidence from suspicious sources: and once for all, we say, that Swedish and Danish are so modern and thoroughly derivative languages, that we wish the Professor had never appealed to them. Surely Old Norse and Anglo-Saxon would always answer his purpose better than Swedish and English. The older the form, the nearer the true one, is a principle which he himself appears at times to appreciate. Why then not always act upon it where we can?

Clavis . . . *Clunid* . . . Teut. *hlend*, *lende*; Eng. Ioin. (See Rem. 7, in the Introd.)

Um-belis-cus Um-bel . . . Nabel; Pers. *nafe*. In Latin the first syllable is transposed, as in *ungula* Nagel; but on account of the following *b* the *n* went over into the labial *m*.

Armus . . . *Arm* . . . The arm; the upper part of the same, later certainly it was applied to the shoulder of beasts, yet we see from Virg. *Æn.* xi. 644, that it was also used for the human arm. From this also were derived

Arma That which hangs from the arm, defensive weapons, shield, &c.

Manus . . . *Manut* . . . Old High Dutch, *mant*; Anglo-Saxon, *mund*, the hand; whence Anglo-Saxon, *mundboro*, protector.

The word *ar-m* both in Latin and German, Anglo-Saxon, &c. connects itself with a numerous family of words denoting labour, &c. Hence *ar-ere*, *arum*, &c. Gothic, *ar-ma*; Anglo-Saxon, *ærm*; Old High Dutch, *arum*, the arm, &c. i. e. the labouring limb: and adjective of the same form, viz. Anglo-Saxon, *æarm*; New High Dutch, *arm*, laborious, poor. Perhaps also *æarg*, New High Dutch, *arg*, parsimonious, &c. To *ear* a field (Shakespeare) i. e. plough it. But this must not be confounded with *ear* of corn, nor with *ear*, Gothic, *auso*; Latin, *auris*, probably Old Latin *ausis*; *arista* may have to do with *arare*, but Anglo-Saxon *ear*, *spica*, is Gothic *ah-z*; Old High Dutch, *ah-ar*; Old Norse, *ar*, *ak-z*. Anglo-Saxon *ear* for *ahis*, *ear*. In all probability the Old High Dutch *ari* which yet remains in the *er* of some English words may be connected with this root; at any rate the often repeated derivation of it from Anglo-Saxon *wer*, Gothic *vatra*, *homo*, is idle in the extreme.

The New High Dutch *mund*, protection, yet retains this root. In spite of the *t* which Dr. Jäkel chooses to find here in *manut*, it must be doubted whether his view is correct in making *manus* out from *mund*. Both probably belong to the set of words mentioned in our comment upon *homo*, which, as was there observed, involve, first division, next orderly division, intellectual arrangement, &c. By the way read Anglo-Saxon *mund-bora*. It is an interesting

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speculation whether Latin *prehensio*, Old English *hend*, to catch hold of with the hand, does not set forth a perished Latin word of that form: perhaps Dr. Jäkel would say, that *m* in *man-us* is falsely for *h*, and so give us *hend* at once; but if he were to say so it would not do.

If this be true, and we at present see no cause to doubt it, we have a clue to the whole family of words beginning with *Fl*, for *F-l* (*P-l*) as *Planus*, *Platanus*. Anglo-Saxon *fol-d*, *terra*; *fel-d*, *campus*; and according to a well-known etymological law, *whāxæ*, *plē-care*, *pl-er*; Gothic, *fal-bon*, *falps*; Anglo-Saxon, *fealdan*, *fēald*; Old High Dutch, *falt*; New English, *fold*, and *fold* (in manifold).

This is one of the cases in which we should be inclined to assume a direct derivation from the Greek. Col. V. Kennedy gives the following line of words: —Sanskrit, *naksham*; Greek, *noxa*; Latin, *vagus*; German, *aged*; Persian, *nakhan*; English, *nail*. *Jäkel* being desirous of making out his *-el* as well as his root, has given a Latin diminutive. *Unguis*, *un-guin*, should have been instanced, for *ungula* is a hoof, not strictly a nail. The way in which the *o* of the Greek has forced itself into the Latin word in consequence of the omission of the *v*, and consequent contraction of *v-x* into *eg* is obvious, without resorting to a transposition of any sort.

The Gothic and Anglo-Saxon form of this is *h-p*. Hence Anglo-Saxon *hād* for *hādth*, &c. connecting itself with many words; as *hide*, to conceal, &c. *hād*, a hood, &c. &c.

To this belongs Old High Dutch *in-kru-ison*, *abhorresco*? More true to the law is Anglo-Saxon *hrære*, horror, ruin.

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Palma Isidor. *folmo*; Anglo-Saxon, *fohm*; the flat hand; also, any thing flat; hence also *Feld*.

Unguis . } *Un-*
Ungula . } *Na-gul* . Nagel. Persian, *nachun*. A transposition of *na* into *un*, as in the case of *umbellus*.

Cut-is *Cut* Haut; Fränk, *kut*; Swedish, *huden*.

Cruor *Cru* Old High Dutch, *grau*, blood; particularly that which flows out; hence also is derived *grausam*, bloodthirsty, *cru-delis*.

Oratio .
Ratio .

Rede; Teutonic, *redina*; Gothic, *raþjo*; Swed. *råd*, reason, derive from *reden*, and show like the Greek λογος, the connection between speaking and thinking.

This sort of etymology is not to be endured. We have here another instance of the Professor's determination not to distinguish his *root* from the *forming syllable*, when it suits his purpose to confound them. It is as clear as sunlight that the *r* belongs to the root *as*, out of whose *s* it grew; then came *or-are*, to pray, and *or-at-jo*, prayer. This way of twisting words is most unjustifiable. While we are upon the subject we must expose one or two more instances of it, and then we will leave it. In p. 50 he ventures to make *magistratus*=*magist* or *macet-rat*, from *mag*, mighty, and *rat*, a councillor: one would think that the common forms of a thousand words in *atus* and *atio*, where no *r* could be, would have spared us this nonsense. But a far more profligate piece of etymology is in p. 57, where he derives *dea*, a goddess, from Isl. *gi-dia*. Now in this word the *gi-d* contains the root, and it then corresponds to Gothic *Gud* (n), an idol, (but no doubt once a God); *Gudja*, a priest; *ga-gud-ei*, (f.) godliness; *gud-jinôa*, to act the priest; *gud-jinassus*, (m.) priesthood; *gyden*, Anglo-Saxon (f.) goddess; *göttin*, German, ditto; *Gott*, German, God; and so throughout the Teutonic stock. This becomes doubly remarkable, because in p. 56 he had derived *Deus* at great length from *Tuisto*, &c. &c. and *Teut*. German. This is scarcely surpassed by Plato's delightful interpretation of *Δαι* upon *flowing principles*, viz. from *Δα* through *vid*. *Cratyl*. By the way it will not do seriously to quote Plato's Cratylus, in order to prove certain words Phrygian and Barbaric; because when he says this of any word, he is obviously laughing at those who do shelter themselves under such a cloak. He says, "whenever I cannot make out a word, I say it is barbaric;" and as this *flowing philosophy* would not explain all the words, he uses his *κατανα* more than once, and says, "Oh that's barbaric." Now Jäkel, and others too, have quoted these passages as if Plato was in earnest; once for all we beg to say that he

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was not such a blockhead: and that not one of the etymologies which he brings forward from that "hive of wisdom," the Heracleitan Philosophy, but is a slap at the philosophy itself. He has several times insinuated to his reader that he is joking, and his readers must have been very dull not to have found it out for themselves. One more instance of confounding root and formative syllable and we have done: In this case he separates part of the root, and makes it out to be a diminutive, p. 65. *Collis*, *coll*, English, *hill*; *hid-i* from *hoch* (*high*) and the diminutive *el*, a small height. The numerous words, amounting to 90 or 100, which are formed with *k-i*, *h-i*, and classed by the conception of overness, (that which stands over another thing,) reject the supposition altogether of *el* being a diminutive. Where, moreover, did he ever find *hid-i*?

Gk. *nyssa*, *nyssa*; *nyssa*; Lat. *numa*, *numen*, *numen*, *nummus*; Anglo-Saxon, *numan*, *nama*, &c. &c. &c.

This word and the next have their roots in the *sol*, as in *solo*, I will; the *un-t* and *up-t* are common syllables of formation; conf. Gk. *σαλ-ετρε*; Lat. *celo*; Anglo-Saxon, *helan*—to conceal. The *p* being left out by the Italians is no reason whatever for its being so by the Romans; and the German *lust* has nothing whatever to do with the word.

That the root lies in *sop* is obvious, from the verb *sopire* and other forms; the Old Lat. *sompnus*, later *sonnus*, was incorrect. *Sop-er* or *sop-n-us* corresponds then to Old Sax. *suebb-an* (not *sueban*); Anglo-Saxon, *suef-en*, *suefn*; Old Eng. *aweven*, and New Eng. *sworn*. The unorganic *m* in the Swedish word shows that, like French *com-mettre*, it was derived from the Lat. So Span. *sueño*; Ital. *sonno*.

Nomen. Namen; Pers. *nam*; Teut. *nama*, from *nehmen*.

Voluntas. Wille; Ulph. *wilja*; Anglo-Saxon, *wylla*.

Voluptas. *Vol-ut*. Ital. *voluttà*, *wollust*. The *p* cannot have existed in the common people's pronunciation, or it would probably have remained in Italian. Both syllables would then be pure German—*wobl* and *lust*.

Sopor, *Somnus*. } Old Saxon, *sueban*; Old Nor. *suefn*; Swed. *sömn*, sleep.

CONNECTIONS AND RELATIONS OF MEN.

- Pater*. Vater; Pers. *pater*; Swed. *fader*; and so in all the German dialects, from *faea*, *foeda*—to bring forth, nourish.
- Mater*. Mutter; Pers. *mader*; Swed. *moder*, &c., from *magad* gebähren—to bring forth.

- Frater* Bruder; Pers. *berader*; Eng. *brother*; Ulph. *brother*—he who is of the same *breed*, *geburt*.
- Parentes*, } From *baren* gebähren; hence *barend*, the *pro-*
v. parere. } *ducers*, bringers forth.
- Puer*. *Puern*. Kero, *barn*; Teut. *parn*; Fris. and Swed. *barn*, equally from *baeren*, one who is born, a boy; Pers. *puser*; Sansk. *putreh*, a son.

The whole examination of the question of accentuation shows that it is altogether distinct from the ground-forms, i. e. roots of words: in spite of the Professor's objections, we shall therefore still connect *marē* and *maris* with *pater* and *mater*. We shall go further yet, and give, as equally connected, the following line from Grimm—Sansk. *pat-is* (*conjux*); Lith. *pats*; Gk. *pater* (? Dor. *Pát-is*); Goth. *Brudfaps sponsus*—from which, as well as from the Anglo-fath-er, we see that, according to the canon, the Anglo-Saxon *fād-er* should have been, and probably was, *fād-er*. So of *modor* also, for *modh-or*; New Eng. *mother*: but *dh* was always liable to lose its aspiration. We cannot see what *magad* has to do with *mater*. *Mag-ops*, Goth.; in Old High Dutch, *mahad*, *mahadin*; Middle High Dutch, *maget*, *megedin*; New High Dutch, *meit*; Anglo-Saxon, *maeden*, &c., are the English *maid*, *maiden*; and that German *maiden* should be *mothers* would not please Dr. Jäkel, we believe, a whit more than, according to Tacitus, it pleased our forefathers, the chastest as well as boldest of mankind. In what language, by the way, does Dr. Jäkel find *magad*, to bring forth? Perhaps in the *Phrygian* or *Barbaric*!

If this be true, we must assume that the Latin *f* is right in *frater*, and the *p* wrong in *pater*, &c.; because it is to be observed that the word *pater* ought to bear the same relation to *ferre* that it does to Goth. *bairan*, *ferre*. Now *frater* is strictly Gothic *bróþar*; and *parentes*, Gothic *bérugin*. The whole set of words *pario*, &c. either are totally unconnected with *ferre*, *bairan*, or the Gothic *bairan* and Latin *ferre* are mere derivatives, which is in the highest degree improbable. This requires to be deeper investigated. We admit of course that Gothic *bairan* is from *bairan*, but we

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Soror. Schwester ; Got. *suiſtar* ; Fränk. *suestar*. The *st* in the middle was changed into *r*, as in *honor, honos, honestus*.

LAWS, &c.

Rex. *Reg.* Goth. *reiki, recke* ; Old Prus. *reikis*, from *re-* gen, *richten*—to make straight, to lead ; hence in many compounded words, *Theodoricus*, Fähn-rich, &c. &c.

Regnum. Reich ; Swed. *riki* ; Dan. *riqn*.

Senatus. *Senistans* was the Burgundian and Visigothic name for high-priests and old men, from *sneigo, senex* ; also among the *Alem.* according to Amm. Marcell. *Seniscallus* was the eldest and first of the Servants.

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do not find either Sanskrit, Persian, Greek or Latin from *fero*. *Puer* and *videt* (? *Æol. wíq*) comes therefore under the same remark as we have made upon *perem* : we do not entirely understand them ; all that we know is, that there is every certainty of *perem* and *frater* belonging to very different roots ; unless *perem* in Old Latin were *ferem*, which we have hitherto never seen asserted. At any rate we protest against *puer-a*. Whence came the *n* ?

The roots are the same, but only consist in either language of *x-p* = *s-t* : the *t* has nothing to do with them, nor was it ever changed into *r* ; *s* was very often.

Rex connects itself no doubt with *áryas, rectus* ; Anglo-Saxon, *recian*, &c. ; with the English word *rich* ; Spanish, *rico*, *wealthy*, *powerful*, (a Gothic word,) as seen in their *ricos hombres*, i. e. nobles ; with Gothic, *raginreis*, a counsellor, and many other such words. The original conception seems to be *extension*. Should not the Gothic word *ruler* be *reikis*, not *reis* ; and the word *regnum*, Gothic, *reis*, Anglo-Saxon *ric*. Our verb and noun *reign* are derived from the Latin through the French, and were no doubt the easier adopted from their resemblance to our own Anglo-Saxon forms.

Doubts have been thrown upon the derivation of *senatus* from *senex*, but we think that this passage removes them.

Lex. . . . *Leg.* . . . In Swedish and Gothic, laws are named *Lagen*, as formed from *Legen*, to lay foundations, as *Ge-setz* in German, from *Setzen*; Anglo-Saxon, *Lah, Laga*; Isl. *Lag, Laug, Log*; Dan. *Lew*; Eng. *Law*. Many would derive it from *legere*, *lesen* (to read); but partly this very word in its first meaning was *legen*, and partly people had laws long before they could read.

Lacumones. Lucamon. Among the *Tuscans*, and in *Mantua*, men of dignity, the presidents of the *Curia*. In Anglo-Saxon *Lahman, Lawgiver*. According to *Verel, Lagman, Lagmadr*, Governor of a Province; so *Denelage*, Law of the Danes.

Curia. . . . *Curj.* . . . Pers. *Chargah*; Teut. place of meeting, Church. In *Kero, Chirichu*; Danish, *Kirke*; Swed. *Kyrka*, probably from *Kären*, an out-chosen society. In *Rome*, the place of meeting of the dignitaries; in *Germany*, of the religious community.

The derivation of Old High Dutch *kyrhh* and Anglo-Saxon *cyrice*, from *cikans, calat, coven*, is right; it thus immediately represents the Greek *κατακων*, the called or chosen portion.

We have thus given, together with our own comments, a portion (a small one only) of Professor Jäkel's work. If in general we appear to differ widely from him, it must be borne in mind that we have generally selected as the object of our comment the word which appeared to need correction as stated by him: his examples, in this part of his work, extend from page 36 to 126; and after having thus given the resemblances in form between the Latin and German languages, and always, whether right or wrong, asserted the derivation of the Latin from the German, he proceeds to the second part of his argument, viz. the similarity of their inflections and conjugations. Upon the first of these we wish to bestow a few words, because we think that Jäkel has adopted a dangerous heresy, which his authority will help to spread. It was early observed that in Danish and Swedish the article was in certain cases appended to the word; that this occurred when a definite sense was to be given to it, and that then the noun assumed a very different appearance from its plain indefinite form. The Professor, therefore, assumes that this occurred in Gothic and Latin also, and that the whole of the theory of declension depends upon this addition of the article—a conclusion eminently false. He first gives the three following paradigms of the definite article:—

Singular.			Gothic.		
Mas.	Fem.	Neut.	Mas.	Fem.	Neut.
Sa	So	þata	þai	þos	þo
þis	þizor *	þis	þize	þizo	þize
þamma	þizai	þamma	þaim	þaim	þaim
þana.	þo.	þata.	þans.	þos.	þo.

Old High Dutch.		Old Saxon.	
Mas. Sing.	Mas. Plur.	Mas. Sing.	Mas. Plur.
þar	þie	þie	þie
þes	þero	þes	þero
þemo	þem	þemu	þem
þeu.	þie.	þena.	þie.

and pretexting that the substantive declensions would be too long in examining, gives only the paradigm of the Gothic adjective as a convincing proof of the origin of the inflection, viz. the final addition of the definite article.

Singular.			Plural.		
N. Blind-s	Blind-a	Blind-ata	Blind-ai	Blind-os	Blind-a
		{ Blind			
G. Blind-is	Blind-aizos	Blind-is	Blind-aize	Blind-aizo	Blind-aize
D. Blind-amma	Blind-ai	Blind-amma	Blind-aim	Blind-aim	Blind-aim
A. Blind-ana	Blind-a	{ Blind-ata	Blind-ans	Blind-os	Blind-a.
		{ Blind.			

Then asserting that the same thing occurs in Greek by the mere addition of $\delta\varsigma$, η , θ , the true *articulus postpositivus* ($\alpha\rho\sigma\tau\omicron\nu\iota\omicron\nu\alpha\varsigma$ —

* In Gothic *s* generally becomes *z* (not *ts*) in the middle of words.

σόμενον), he instances the nouns ἀερ-ός, τιμ-ή, ῥόδ-ον and ἄλλ-ο. We might object to the relative ός, and not the usual ό, ή, τό being made to correspond with *sa, so, pata*; but as he does his best to confound them, we suspect he was desirous of getting rid of this distinction: he therefore *assumes* that after a time the Greeks forgot that they had already appended one article to their noun, and so found it necessary to use a second; and supposes that the same thing might take place in German. This he illustrates at some length in modern German, and proceeds to apply his theory to the Latin, which he supposes to have had *us, is, a, um* for its article. So *pisc-is, reg-s (rex), dent-s (dens), nomens (nomen), &c. &c., fruct-us, veh-a (via)*. It may also at times be *er*, when it is is not the contracted *vair, vir*.*

To this principle generally we object on two grounds: first, because it leaves the question just where it stood before; for if the adjective and noun have only their inflections by the addition of the relative pronoun, the forms of the pronoun itself equally require to be accounted for; because, in short, the origin of the *-amma* in the *dat. s.* of the adjective, and the *dat. sing.* of the pronoun or article, is equally obscure; and because the general form must have been common to both: we therefore say, not that *blind-amma* was so formed because the pronoun was *pamma*, but that both *blind-amma* and *p-amma* were so formed because *-amma* was in Gothic the form of the dative case. Neither Professor Jäkel, nor we, can tell why it was so; nor can we tell a bit more why *cel* signified to be *over*: just as little do we know why the oak had not the leaves of the tea tree, or the Teuton the thick lips and woolly hair of the Æthiopian: how the life in the man, the sap in the tree, and the principle of language in the tongue have developed themselves into their existing form, we know not. Our second objection is equally fatal; it is connected with the last, and runs thus; that in order to make out the derivation of the declension from the pronoun, he keeps what is the sign of case of both, and throws away the pronoun itself, the *p*, which contains its root: had he found *blind-pamma*, &c. it would have strengthened his case, but *blind-pamma* he never did, nor could find: the case of the Greek appears to make more strongly for him, because the *ος* is *apparently* without a

* We hope we have got rid of this *vair=er*, which we are sorry to see the Professor adopt. It is never to be forgotten that throwing away consonants can only be resorted to when there is no other possible method of explanation, and then only when a comparison of the same word in other languages warrants it: we cannot doubt that *a* has been left out in Anglo-Saxon *sidh*, journey, because we have Goth. *sinþs*; nor in Anglo-Saxon *sedh* because Old Nor. *sunnr*, Anglo-Saxon *gós* because Old High Dutch *kans*, Lat. *anser*, Sansk. *hams-a, cygnus*. ? Does not this loss of a consonant always lengthen the vowel?

consonant; but we beg to restore the important aspirate, to read the word *ĥ*, *Hĥ*, and to ask if in the added syllable of inflection, which he asserts to consist of this only, he finds the working of this breathing, this letter *H*?—He does not.

In considering the forms of the Greek and Latin verb, *i. e.* the personal forms and such of the tenses as are formed by an additional syllable, he makes use of the personal verb of being, in the same way as he before made use of the pronoun. To this we answer as we did before: "Whence came the forms of the personal verb itself?" It is evident that the same secret law which determined them determined the forms of other verbs also. We shall not take to pieces, bit by bit, the various verbs of being which contribute in all these languages to make up the one in use, but content ourselves with the observation, that generally in this method of addition the root is thrown away, and the form only remaining, this (which would have equally been the form of the verb under examination) is called, for the system's sake, the substantive verb.

The portion of his work which embraces from page 156 to 291, is a historical inquiry into the peoples that made up the Latin nation, and a philological investigation of their names. This lies without our province, and in general we avoid such canvassing of names, because we never feel that we have sure footing at first. We will not, therefore, prejudice our author here, but leave him to better scholars, and those who are more deeply versed in the history of the world's migrations.

And with this we take leave both of the Professor and our readers: we do not profess much originality in what we have addressed to them, but we hope and believe that a good deal of it is new to Englishmen, and that it will thus be neither uninteresting nor unprofitable to them. Above all, we know that what we have laid down is true: of our own etymological comments the learned in these matters may judge: of the correctness of the principles on which our comments rest we cannot admit a doubt; we have tried them long and carefully. And here a word or two to young etymologists must not be omitted: we warn them against theorizing too soon; it is a delightful occupation, and one to which the constitution of the mind leads us of necessity; but at one time it is ruinous, while later employed it leads to great and useful conclusions. Generalization implies a previous knowledge of individual cases, and we therefore implore such as seriously incline to these studies, and who feel within themselves that they may thus profitably lay out their talents for the advantage of themselves and of the world, to walk with caution, and to *doubt well*; to rest in hope of seeing at some future time

what the laws are, whose operation they even now observe, yet observe darkly; but not to attempt to classify till they are masters of all the matters to be classed. They will thus aid in rebutting the opinion commonly entertained of our pursuits, and prove to the world that like every other science, the science of words also may be made to weave linked armour for man's soul. At some time to come the works which now appear a mass of indigested crudities and careless guesses, will have some truth worth observing, and contain some knowledge not undeserving to be stored up: not till then must such works as Jäkel's form part of their study, for not till then will they be safe against the attraction of often fallacious appearance. Knowledge of the history of a people, above all, knowledge of the history of their language at every different period, is the great key-stone on which the philological arch depends. The helps which each man may find in his way are numerous, but all valueless unless applied in the spirit of a cautious metaphysic: and that the days in which we live offer advantages without number to the wayfarer in these paths, from the daily discoveries which we are making of precious and long-lost documents, is most true; but even these, if carelessly and incautiously made use of, become arms turned against ourselves, and the occasions of deeper error. These are not matters of light or trivial import, καὶ Κρατύλος ἀληθῆ λέγει, λέγων φύσει τὰ ὀνόματα εἶναι τοῖς πράγμασι, καὶ οὐ πάντα δημιουργὸν ὀνομάτων εἶναι, ἀλλὰ μόνον ἐκείνον τὸν ἀποβλέποντα εἰς τὸ εἶναι φύσει ὄνομα ὃν ἐκάστη καὶ δυνάμενον αὐτοῦ τὸ εἶδος τιθέναι εἰς τε τὰ γράμματα, καὶ τὰς συλλαβάς.

ART. IV.—*The Life of Gouverneur Morris, with Selections from his Correspondence and Miscellaneous Papers, detailing events in the American Revolution, the French Revolution, and in the Political History of the United States.* By Jared Sparks. 8 vols. 8vo. Boston. 1832.

It is almost hard upon us to hold such a man as Gouverneur Morris in the light of a foreigner. In race at least he was British: his youth was spent in allegiance to Britain, the great examples he proposed to himself for imitation were Britons, the very spirit with which he resisted the authority of England, his energy, coolness and perseverance, were all stamped with the true Island character. The decisions of the political world, however, sometimes fix the boundaries of literature, and in this

instance we are authorized to pounce upon this work as foreign, which, neither in genius nor in language, breathes a spark of un-English spirit. In sentiment—in exclusive attachment to the United States—the constitution of which was in part his handy-work, and in a sort of jealousy and suspicious vigilance of England—Gouverneur Morris is as thoroughly foreign, as though he had neither been bred a subject of England, nor spoke its language as an orator, nor wrote it as a legislator and man of letters. Gouverneur Morris was one of the heroes of the American revolution; not in the field, however, were either his courage or his abilities displayed, but in the senate, and the closet, and the cabinet. In the midst of difficulties he was a man of unfailing elasticity; when others despaired, he displayed his resources; amidst the struggles of jealousy and selfishness, and the backsliding and despondency of cowardice and timidity, he always stood up undismayed and undisgusted, beaming with hope, fertile in expedient, and steady of purpose. Finance, the main spring of a new state, was his great forte—in this, his counsel was always as wise as it was ingenious; from the nature of his early pursuits, and the character of his mind, he seems not only to have anticipated the truths of political economy, but to have so well understood their working, that he was not, like many theorizers of the present day exposed to the mischance of applying truth in such a bungling manner as to produce error. Some men have acquired a wider-spread fame than this friend of Washington, but none stood higher in the estimation of his fellow architects of the grand republic of the West. He was a steady and active agent, friend and support, on whom they could always reckon for efficient service. It is such men that can manage the helm of a country in a revolution, and such men alone. Weaker and more inconstant persons are flung aside by the wheel, or swept overboard by the wave; but his firmness, force, and weight of metal maintained him at his post till the storm was weathered; nay, till long after the vessel of the state was safely secured and laid up in harbour.

Gouverneur Morris was descended from a leader in Cromwell's army, who had emigrated to the state of New York, under motives at that time common. Each of his ancestors had enjoyed some degree of eminence in their parent state, and had acquired a property, called Morrisania, where Gouverneur was born in the year 1752. His father, Lewis Morris, was judge of Vice-Admiralty for New York, and had several children, the eldest of whom, Lewis, was a member of the Old Congress, and a signer of the declaration of independence. The second, Staats Long, became a general officer in the British army, was at one time a member of

parliament, and married the Duchess of Gordon. Gouverneur was the fourth son, and by a second marriage. His father died before he was twelve years old, leaving him to the care of his mother. A provision was made for his education, and by a clause in his father's will it was directed that the best to be procured either in Europe or America should be bestowed. His father had even, it seems, at the age of eight years, observed the capabilities of his child. Great pains were accordingly employed under the judicious direction of an affectionate mother, and the result, both in conduct and cultivation, was of the most satisfactory kind. All the eminent men of Mr. Morris's family had been remarkable for their acuteness, their skill in discussion, and power of argument. In addition to these hereditary qualities, Gouverneur possessed an active and excursive imagination, a warm flow of eloquence, and much versatility of character. He had, moreover, a decided propensity to mathematical studies, which is not often found in alliance with the gifts of the imagination. In Mr. Morris, however, the fancy was but the handmaid of his reason; if he drew upon the imagination, it was only for the purpose of dressing up the dictates of the judgment in more seducing colours. His love of mathematical science remained to him all his life, and is said to have been of great service to him in his financial and mercantile pursuits, and more especially in the conduct and management of that splendid national undertaking, on which he occupied himself during his latter years in his retirement in his native state—the great canal which joins the waters of Lake Erie with the Hudson. It was amusement to him to pursue rapid calculations in his mind, and to make out the solution of arithmetical difficulties unassisted by figures; and sometimes he found occasion for his higher skill in solving practical problems in physical science, such as relate to the velocity and force of running water, and the motion of machinery.

Such were some of the intellectual distinctions of this young man; but as in, perhaps, all other successful cases, the part he played in life was made rather by his moral than his mental qualities. The distinctive feature of a thoroughly healthy mind is an accurate and well defined knowledge of its own powers, and, placed on this foundation, a due degree of self confidence. Gouverneur Morris has often been heard to say that in all his intercourse with men he never knew the sensation of fear or inferiority, of embarrassment or awkwardness. A happy temperament, which, though it may sometimes perhaps assume the appearance of boldness or presumption, yet, by giving a man the full command of all his resources, must almost ensure success, when combined with

judgment and spirit, in every affair in which the individual may be called to take a part. Mr. Morris's biographer observes "that although this almost daring self-possession, which never forsook him, may at times have deprived his manners of the charm, which a becoming diffidence and gentleness of demeanour are apt to infuse, yet as a means of advancement in the world, it must be allowed, when properly regulated, to take precedence of every other quality."

Such a man is not slow to distinguish himself even in youth. At eighteen Gouverneur Morris wrote against a plan of issuing a paper currency, entertained by the assembly of New York in 1769: "The first fruits," says Mr. Sparks, "of his financial abilities, afterwards so eminently developed, are clearly seen in these juvenile essays." In October 1771, Mr. Morris, full three months before he was twenty years of age, was licensed to act as an attorney. "His financial discussions and some other proofs of his abilities had made him known to the principal men of the province; and a volunteer address to the jury, about the time of his being licensed, on some occasion in which the community took a deep interest, was represented by the hearers as an extraordinary display of eloquence and skilful reasoning in so young a man. With the advantages of his family name, a fine person, an agreeable elocution, active and industrious habits, talents and ambition, no young man in the province was thought to exhibit a fairer promise of rapid advancement and ultimate eminence in his profession. But providence had destined him to another and wider sphere. It was his fortune to come upon the theatre of action at a time, when events of the greatest moment both to his country and to the civilized world at large were ripening into maturity, and it was likewise his fortune to take a conspicuous part in the accomplishment of those events. For the present, however, his views reached no farther than to the limited distinction of a colonial lawyer, and his chief aim was to attain an elevated rank in the profession of his choice. Bent steadily on his purpose, neither his ambition nor his active spirit would allow him to neglect any means of qualifying himself for the fullest expansion and best use of his powers."—vol. i. p. 16.

When the disputes between the colonies and Great Britain arose, Mr. Morris, young as he was, took a cool and dispassionate view of the affair, which by no means led him to consider the throwing off of the allegiance to the mother country a desirable event. He saw that the consequence would be the destruction of the aristocracy, and the sovereignty of the mob, and he had been neither bred nor educated in such a manner as to lead him to look

forward with satisfaction to what he calls the "worst of all possible dominions—the domination of a riotous mob." Thus Mr. Morris was by no means early in the field as one of the "sons of liberty;" but as soon as the country with a general unanimity had agreed in abandoning the protection of the parent state and asserting its own independence, no unworthy hesitation, no shuffling middle course, no tampering with both sides, was discoverable in him; he immediately took the side of his country, and never once looked back. Mr. Morris was a member of the first Provincial Congress of New York, which was convened in the spring of 1775, and he continued a member of that body under its various names of Congress, Convention, and Committee of Safety, with the exception of a short period, for nearly three years, till he went to the Continental Congress. In the state assemblies, Mr. Morris was distinguished for his sound views in matters of finance, and for the clear-sighted eloquence with which he decried the idea of a reunion with Britain after a revolt had once taken place, and maintained the glorious prospects of an independence. Fragments of his speeches are preserved, and many of them are specimens of a noble eloquence. We have only room for a paragraph of a speech, in which he runs through the common-place and cant phrases by which a case was endeavoured to be made out for returning to their ancient allegiance,—such as protection, security, &c. afforded by the present government.

"Thus, Sir, by means of that great gulph which rolls its waves between Europe and America; by the situation of these colonies, always adapted to hinder or interrupt all communication between the two; by the productions of our soil, which the Almighty has filled with every necessary to make us a great maritime people; by the extent of our coasts, and those immense rivers which serve at once to open a communication with our interior country, and teach us the arts of navigation; by those vast fisheries, which affording an inexhaustible mine of wealth and a cradle of industry, breed hardy mariners, inured to danger and fatigue; finally, by the unconquerable spirit of freemen, deeply interested in the preservation of a government, which secures to them the blessings of liberty, and exalts the dignity of mankind; by all these, I expect a full and lasting defence against any and every part of the earth; while the great advantages to be derived from a friendly intercourse with this country almost render the means of defence unnecessary, from the great improbability of being attacked. So far peace seems to smile upon our future independence. But that this fair goddess will equally crown our union with Great Britain, my fondest hopes cannot lead me even to suppose. Every war in which she is engaged must necessarily involve us in its detestable consequences; whilst weak and unarmed, we have no shield of defence,

unless such as she may please (for her own sake) to afford, or else the pity of her enemies, and the insignificance of slaves, beneath the attention of a generous foe."—vol. i. p. 103.

After the declaration of independence, and the confusion and disasters that ensued from the military operations in the province of New York, the assembly assumed a migratory character, and was held in various spots. Mr. Morris remained a firm and active member; and when it became necessary to form a constitution for the state, and organize its establishment, the burthen chiefly rested upon him, Mr. Jay, Mr. Livingston, and some few others. Mr. Morris was one of the first delegates to Congress under the new constitution of New York. He had now been nearly three years in public life, and he entered Congress with a reputation for talent and general intelligence, zeal, and activity in business, probably not surpassed by that of any other person of his age in the country, being not yet twenty-six years old. On the very day that Mr. Morris presented his credentials, he was appointed on a committee of great importance, which rendered it necessary for him and four others to repair to the army, then encamped at Valley Forge, with a view to its regulation. It was here that the friendship with General Washington commenced; it knew no change until death removed one of the parties from its enjoyment. Mr. Morris was always honoured with the esteem, confidence, and approbation of that great man. Whilst here, he wrote a letter to his friend Jay, dated Valley Forge, Feb. 1, 1778, which we shall quote, as bringing our readers more familiarly acquainted with the spirit and views of the writer.

“ ‘ Dear Jay,

“ ‘ Congress have sent me to this place, in conjunction with some other gentlemen, to regulate their army, and in truth not a little regulation has become necessary. Our quartermaster and commissary departments are in the most lamentable situation. Opportunities have been neglected in the last campaign which were truly golden ones, but omnipotent fatality had, it seems, determined that the American capital should fall. Our sentiments on this occasion are so perfectly coincident, that I will not enlarge.

“ ‘ The mighty Senate of America is not what you have known it. The Continental Congress and currency have both depreciated, but, in the hands of the Almighty architect of empires, the stone, which the builders have rejected, may easily become head of the corner. The free, open, and undisturbed communication with the city of Philadelphia, debauches the minds of those in its vicinage with astonishing rapidity. This State is sick even unto the death. Just before the reduction of the forts, the enemy balanced exactly upon the point of quitting the city, and a straw would have turned in either scale.

" ' Our troops,—*Heu misericors!* The skeleton of an army presents itself to our eyes in a naked starving condition, out of health, out of spirits. But I have seen Fort George in the summer of 1777. Next campaign I believe we shall banish these troublesome fellows.* For Heaven's sake, my dear friend, exert yourself strenuously in the great leading business of taxation. To that great wheel, "a thousand petty spokes and small annexments are mortised and adjoined." I earnestly entreat you, and my other friend,† *fortia opponere pectora* to that fatal system of limitation, which, if carried into execution, would be downright ruin, and in the ineffectual attempt will carry us to the brink of it. York Town and its neighbourhood, although near ninety miles from Philadelphia, already consider our money‡ almost as waste paper.

" ' My love to Livingston. I shall write to him by this opportunity, if I can find time to send a long letter, which indeed I owe him. Remember me to Mrs. Jay, and believe me yours,

GOUVERNEUR MORRIS.' "

In October 1778, the instructions were prepared to be sent from Congress to Dr. Franklin, as minister plenipotentiary at the court of Versailles. It is an honourable testimony to the high standing of Mr. Morris that the task of drawing up these instructions was assigned to him, and the more so, as they were the first that had ever been sent to an American minister at a foreign court.

In February 1779, when a committee of five was appointed by Congress to consider certain important despatches from the American commissioners abroad, and communications from the French minister in the United States, Mr. Morris was placed at its head. The report of this committee, in its character and consequences, was perhaps the most important brought forward during the war. It became the basis of the peace, and embraced all the points then deemed essential or advisable to be urged in a treaty with England. This report was discussed in all its multifarious bearings from time to time for upwards of six months. In these debates, Mr. Morris took a large share and a prominent lead. When they came to an end, the results were embodied by him in drafts of instructions to the ministers, afterwards to be appointed for making peace, and were unanimously adopted by Congress without change.

These occupations, it may be supposed, utterly consumed the time and labour of Mr. Morris; but it was likewise necessary that he should provide the means of his support, by following in some

* "That is, the British troops in Philadelphia."

† "Doubtless Robert R. Livingston."

‡ "The paper money issued by the state of New York."

measure the business of his profession. When applied to, not many years before his death, for written materials respecting events of the revolution in which he had been personally engaged, he gave the following account of the manner in which he was employed during the time he was a member of Congress.

“ ‘I have no notes,’ said he, ‘or memorandums of what passed during the war. I led then the most laborious life which can be imagined. This you will readily suppose to have been the case, when I was engaged with my departed friend, Robert Morris, in the office of finance. But what you will not so readily suppose is, that I was still more harassed while a member of Congress. Not to mention the attendance from eleven to four in the House, which was common to all, and the appointment to special committees, of which I had a full share, I was at the same time Chairman, and of course did the business of three standing committees, viz. on the commissary’s, quartermaster’s, and medical departments. You must not imagine that the members of these committees took any charge or burden of the affairs. Necessity, preserving the democratical forms, assumed the monarchical substance of business. The chairman received and answered all letters and other applications, took every step which he deemed essential, prepared reports, gave orders, and the like, and merely took the members of a committee into a chamber, and for the form’s sake made the needful communication, received their approbation, which was given of course. I was moreover obliged to labour occasionally in my profession, as my wages were insufficient for my support. I would not trouble you with this abstract of my situation, if it did not appear necessary to show you why I kept no notes of my services, and why I am perhaps the most ignorant man alive of what concerns them.’ All the papers he has left pertaining to that period, as well as the printed records, confirm the accuracy of this picture of his life in Congress.”—vol. i. pp. 217, 218.

Mr. Morris was twice elected by his state to Congress; the third time he was superseded. During the whole period of his official duties he had not been able to make a single visit to his native province; and it was alleged against him that in urging the general interests of the country, he was forgetful of the peculiar objects of the state for which he was a member. The state, however, had other members, against whom this charge could not be made, and who were sufficient for the dispatch of its business. In all probability the charge was a mere manœuvre, and his displacement is to be attributed to the preponderance of private intrigue. Be this as it may, Mr. Morris once more became a private individual—was adopted as a citizen of Pennsylvania, and established himself as a lawyer in Philadelphia.

Though Mr. Morris retired from a public situation, he by no means abandoned public affairs. He found leisure to take into

minute consideration the finances of the country, which in the year 1780 had assumed a very gloomy aspect. The doctrines of Mr. Morris were mostly adopted in practice, and many of the truths which he then announced have become familiar. The topics he discussed, the currency, the coinage, the Banks of America, though deeply interesting to the States, even to the present day, would scarcely bear analysis in a work intended for European readers. Suffice it to say, they convinced the whole of the republic of Mr. Morris's thorough mastery of that subject, and probably led, when the different departments of the executive came to be organized, to his appointment as assistant financier to his friend Robert Morris, a man of great ability and sterling integrity. This office seems to answer to a Secretary to the Treasury, or deputy Chancellor of the Exchequer with us. In this position Mr. Morris remained some time, and was occupied in many useful labours. One of the ablest of his publications was on the establishment of a bank; and he was, in fact, the planner of the first bank in the United States. The situation of assistant financier Mr. Morris retained till the end of the war, when he retired from that office, and betook himself anew to the practice of the law. He was also more or less associated with Robert Morris in his mercantile affairs and other speculations, sometimes acting as his agent, at others devising plans of new adventure, purchases of stocks, of lands, or any other projects which promised successful results, and the means of accumulating property. By their long intimacy, though not at all related, they had acquired a perfect knowledge of each other's character, which, strengthened by a mutual confidence, enabled them to co-operate with double effect in executing the splendid schemes of enterprise which marked the career, both private and public, of the great American financier.

Mr. Morris now found some leisure to visit his birth-place. His father had only slenderly provided for Gouverneur after taking care of his education, but with the assistance of his friends he now became the possessor of the paternal estate of Morrisania, which falling to his elder brother, General Morris, who had no intention of residing in America, he was naturally glad to transfer to Gouverneur.

Somewhere about this time too, Mr. Morris had the misfortune to be thrown from his phaeton in the streets of Philadelphia. The accident was attended by a severe fracture of the leg, and subsequent amputation. He bore the operation with the utmost coolness, and the day after, made some remarks upon the subject that have been thought worth preserving.

"The day after the accident occurred, a friend called to see him,

who thought it his duty to offer as much consolation as he could on an event so melancholy. He dwelt upon the good effects which such a trial would produce on his character and moral temperament, and the diminished inducements it would leave for seeking the pleasures and dissipations of life, into which young men are too apt to be led. 'My good Sir,' replied Mr. Morris, 'you argue the matter so handsomely, and point out so clearly the advantages of being without legs, that I am almost tempted to part with the other.'

"To another person, who visited him on the same occasion, and gave utterance to his feelings of sympathy and regret, he replied; 'O Sir, the loss is much less than you imagine; I shall doubtless be a *steadier* man with one leg than with two.'

"A plain wooden leg, or what was scarcely more than a rough stick properly fitted to the limb, was the remedy for this loss, and he soon acquired such a facility in its use, that it gave him little trouble, either in walking, or in other movements of his body. After he arrived in Europe, he saw people walking about with cork legs, and making a figure as he conceived so much more graceful than his limb of oak, that he resolved to try the experiment. A leg maker was sent for, and various contrivances fabricated, but he found fault with them all, and after a short trial he dismissed the artist and his cork inventions, and returned to the simplicity of his original substitute, which he never again laid aside. On one occasion he asked a favour for his wooden leg, which was readily granted, although a serious encroachment on court etiquette; and this was, that when he should be introduced to the king of France, as Minister from the United States, he should be allowed to appear without a sword."—vol. i. pp. 224.

Mr. Morris resided seven years in Pennsylvania, and was elected a delegate for that extensive state to the Convention appointed for drawing up a constitution. Of this Convention, which sat for four months, Mr. Morris was one of the most useful members, and his share in the formation of the constitution may be considered as the greatest work in which he was called to co-operate. After long and arduous discussion, the Convention at length agreed upon the articles, and placed the drafts in Mr. Morris's hands to receive their final form. In the words of Mr. Maddison, "the talents and taste of the author were stamped on the face of it."

On the promulgation of the constitution, Mr. Morris retired to Morrisania, and afterwards was called by his mercantile affairs into Virginia. Large contracts had been entered into by Robert Morris for supplying France with tobacco, and as Virginia was the centre of that traffic, it was necessary to have an agent on the spot. After staying a great portion of a year there, Mr. Morris determined on a voyage to Europe. He was amply supplied with the proper introductions by Washington, and set sail, in a private capacity, for France at the latter end of the year 1788.

Mr. Morris arrived in Paris on the 3d of February, 1789, a period of general excitement: the revolution was in the act of fermentation. The first persons he sought out were Mr. Jefferson, the American minister, and La Fayette, with the latter of whom he had been well acquainted in America; and they, of course, now communicated freely with him on the great subject of politics, which at that time engrossed the thoughts of every reflecting man in the country. Mr. Morris, fresh from the establishment of an independent republic (after having spent his youth and best energies in resisting the rule of a mild monarchy), and the Marquis de La Fayette, one of the heroes of the American war, and a most strenuous advocate of the cause of liberty, might have been expected to fall in heartily with each other's views. Least of all could it have been anticipated that the practical republican of America should look with coldness on theoretical republicanism in France. It is nevertheless true, that Mr. Morris deprecated revolutionary projects and principles, and never could coincide in the sentiments of his friend La Fayette. The first mention of him in the Diary of Mr. Morris relates to their first interview. "La Fayette," he writes, "is full of politics: he appears to be too republican for the genius of his country." When La Fayette showed him a draft of the celebrated *Declaration of Rights*, which he first proposed to the National Assembly, Mr. Morris writes—"I gave him my opinions, and suggested several amendments, tending to soften the high-coloured expressions of freedom. It is not by sounding words that revolutions are produced." Mr. Morris had borne the brunt of a revolution; he knew the character of its workings; experiment had taught him its tremendous chances; and he saw few about him in France qualified to conduct them to a favourable termination. La Fayette had been an amateur in the same great business; a military volunteer in a successful war: his imagination had been gratified by beholding the grand spectacle of a nation rise up in freedom; but his share in getting it up had not admitted him to the anxieties and apprehensions of those behind the scenes. The *Declaration of Rights* has long been abandoned as a piece of legislative folly; and Mr. Morris, of all the truths he spoke, never uttered a sounder opinion than that revolutions do not come about by fine words.

But Mr. Morris viewed with equal distaste the principles and opinions of other leaders of the revolution. They were paper-politicians. He saw that there was not one of them who was aware of the practical results of his opinions, nor of the practical steps which led to their being put into actual execution. The revolution was an affair of sentiment and passion, and by these he well knew that much might be overturned, but that in its place

nothing good was likely to be established. Every man had his project, every man had his speech, though none had ears for other eloquence than their own. But amidst all this oratory and all these plans, there were no leaders acquainted with the management and conduct of a nation; and in the nation itself there were no definite objects, no settled opinions, in short, neither knowledge nor moral force. Mr. Morris never considered these as arguments for a denial of justice, against a redress of grievances, or a thorough reform of the old system of misgovernment; but he saw enough of the most prominent promoters of the revolution, and knew enough of the genius of the country, to be well aware that the new order of things was not to be abandoned to the pleasure of either leaders or people. With these opinions, Mr. Morris, all through the various crises of the revolution—and his residence at Paris continued till its most violent scenes had passed, when he was recalled in 1794, and superseded by Mr. Munroe—leaned to the weaker side—that of the monarchy, nominally only the side of power; and had he had the guidance of the King of France's counsels, or had a man of equal firmness, sagacity, liberality, and energy been in that post, we are strongly inclined to think, that the French might have obtained as good, or a better constitution, under Louis XVI. than they now have under Louis Philippe, after all the changes of dynasty, after all the bloodshed and warfare, after all the loss of treasure, the wreck of private happiness and the agony of public misery, that have been experienced for forty years, not by France alone, but it may be said by all Europe. The gross misconduct of the government was only to be equalled by the intemperance of its opponents. Mr. Morris had his eyes open to the faults of both parties, and never concealed his sentiments, and as little his sympathies. They were, moreover, expressed with that temper, point, and force, which carries weight, and never fails to produce an impression. The high qualities of the American republican gave his disapproval of the French ones a stinging power, which in such times of passion was little likely to be overlooked or forgiven. His appointment as minister after some residence among them in a private character, was therefore not popular, and the reports which the French patriots communicated to their American brethren appear to have made some sensation in the States. But the high character of Gouverneur Morris was unassailable, and Washington and the depositaries of power at home were as convinced of his wisdom as his worth.

The Diary which Mr. Morris kept during the revolution, until the time came when it was dangerous to do so, is a very interesting document. Large extracts are given from it in this publication; we should say, judging as well as we can without having

seen the original, that the whole ought to have appeared, and the objection made respecting the limits of the work might have been obviated by publishing the *Diary* in a separate form. We have reason, however, to be thankful for what we have got. It has clearly been intended solely for private use—a circumstance which confers an additional value on its contents, and reflects a higher credit on the writer, when we find so many valuable remarks among the unstimulated efforts of a private journal, and so many just views among the first impressions and mere aids to the author's future reflections.

The position of Mr. Morris was an admirable one for a spectator. His ministerial functions (after he assumed them) gave him immunity, while they brought him into contact with the various representatives of government; his connection with a republic gave him access to the leaders of a nation of citizens; his known sympathy with the perishing monarchy opened the court to him; while his own social powers and high character made him a favourite in the best society that Paris then afforded.

The *Diary* is illustrated by his correspondence during the revolution, chiefly dated from Paris and addressed to Washington, Jefferson, and others, to whom, either privately or officially, he felt bound to convey accurate notions of the state of the country and the progress of the revolution. This correspondence occupies the principal part of the second volume, and will be considered indispensable by all future students of the history of the period. The letters, as well as the *Diary*, contain the opinions of the author on current affairs, and are formed on the best information that he could procure at the moment. In the midst of raging party and a confusion of interests and designs, it would necessarily be difficult to disentangle truth from falsehood, and still more difficult, among so many elements at work, to foresee the exact results of any particular event. But we must remember that Mr. Morris was fresh from a revolution, and he approached the subject with a deep learning in the ebbs and flows and currents of a highly excited political atmosphere. It is not a little remarkable that in these writings he has scarcely ever taken a single view of the course of events, or passed a judgment on any character, that time has not confirmed. By following his remarks, we get as luminous a view of the springs of the revolution as from any work whatever, of course reckoning upon a knowledge of the mere chronicle of events, such as any historical gazetteer will supply.

The first letter from Paris is dated a very few weeks after his arrival in France; but he reached that country at the time when all the world was preparing to send the States-General to the

capital, and of the character of that excitement it did not require long to judge. Writing to the French minister to the United States to thank him for his letters of introduction, Mr. Morris introduces a paragraph which supplies a complete picture of France between the summons of the States and their election.

"Your nobles, your clergy, your people, are all in motion for the elections. A spirit, which has been dormant for generations, starts up and stares about, ignorant of the means of obtaining, but ardently desirous to possess its object,—consequently, active, energetic, easily led, but also easily, too easily, misled. Such is the instinctive love of freedom, which now grows warm in the bosom of your country. That respect for his sovereign, which forms the distinctive mark of a Frenchman, stimulates and fortifies on the present occasion those sentiments, which have hitherto been deemed most hostile to monarchy; for Louis the Sixteenth has himself proclaimed from the throne a wish, that every barrier should be thrown down, which time or accident may have opposed to the general felicity of his people. It would be presumptuous in me even to guess at the effects of such causes, operating on materials and in situations of which I confess to you the most profound ignorance."—vol. ii. p. 60.

In a letter (Feb. 25th, 1789,) to Mr. Carmichael, at that time the minister of the United States at Madrid, Mr. Morris touches upon the singularity already alluded to, that the American republican in Paris should stand up for a falling monarchy.

"A republican, and just as it were emerged from that assembly, which has formed one of the most republican of all republican constitutions, I preach incessantly respect for the prince, attention to the rights of the nobility, and moderation, not only in the object, but also in the pursuit of it. All this, you will say, is none of my business; but I consider France as the natural ally of my country, and of course, that we are interested in her prosperity; besides, to say the truth, I love France, and, as I believe the king to be an honest and good man, I sincerely wish him well, and the more so, as I am persuaded that he earnestly desires the felicity of his people.—vol. ii. pp. 62, 63.

In a letter, written a month afterwards to Washington, Mr. Morris notices the well known Anglo-mania which raged among the French nobility a short time previously to the explosion of the revolution. It is another characteristic of the time.

"This country presents an astonishing spectacle to one who has collected his ideas from books, and information half a dozen years old. Everything is *à l'Anglais*, and a desire to imitate the English prevails alike in the cut of a coat, and the form of a constitution. Like the English, too, all are engaged in parliamenteering; and when we consider how novel this last business must be, I assure you their progress is far from contemptible."—vol. ii. p. 63.

A letter to Washington, dated April 29th, 1789, is pregnant with numerous important conclusions. The elections were just

finished, and the instructions (*cahiers*) given to the representatives, (and which in England it is just now the fashion to call pledges,) were calculated to secure certain points, which had the representatives secured, France would have become perfectly free as to the principles of her constitution. But the representatives, instead of being intent upon their *cahiers*, chose to try contests of strength with the other orders *in limine*, and prevailed; then came necessarily a confusion from which the issue mainly depended on the character of the king, the morality of statesmen and leaders, and the steadiness and constancy of the people. We shall find abundant instruction generally in these letters as to the nature of the materials for a revolution then existing in France; and in this letter to Washington the deficiencies, in a moral point of view, are exhibited with great clearness.

“The materials for a revolution in this country are very indifferent. Every body agrees that there is an utter prostration of morals; but this general position can never convey to an American mind the degree of depravity. It is not by any figure of rhetoric, or force of language, that the idea can be communicated. A hundred anecdotes, and a hundred thousand examples, are required to show the extreme rottenness of every member. There are men and women who are greatly and eminently virtuous. I have the pleasure to number many in my own acquaintance; but they stand forward from a back ground deeply and darkly shaded. It is however from such crumbling matter, that the great edifice of freedom is to be erected here. Perhaps, like the stratum of rock, which is spread under the whole surface of their country, it may harden when exposed to the air; but it seems quite as likely that it will fall and crush the builders.

“I own to you that I am not without such apprehensions, for there is one fatal principle which pervades all ranks. It is a perfect indifference to the violation of engagements. Inconstancy is so mingled in the blood, marrow, and very essence of this people, that when a man of high rank and importance laughs to day at what he seriously asserted yesterday, it is considered as in the natural order of things. Consistency is a phenomenon. Judge, then, what would be the value of an association, should such a thing be proposed, and even adopted. The great mass of the common people have no religion but their priests, no law but their superiors, no morals but their interest. These are the creatures who, led by drunken curates, are now in the high road *à la liberté*, and the first use they make of it is to form insurrections everywhere for the want of bread. We have had a little riot here yesterday and the day before, and I am told that some men have been killed; but the affair was so distant from the quarter in which I reside, that I know nothing of the particulars.”—vol. ii. pp. 68, 69.

In a letter to Mr. Jay, not long after the former one, is a remark which accounts for the extremes run into by the French. They had smarted under all the evils of an absolute executive;

they rejoiced in its destruction, and fell into the natural error of confounding the use of an executive with its abuse; from having felt it tyrannical, to believing it unnecessary.

"The *Gardes du Corps* are as warm adherents in general to the *Tier* as any body else, strange as that may seem; so that, in effect, the sword has slipped out of the Monarch's hands without his perceiving a tittle of the matter. All these things in a nation not yet fitted by education and habit for the enjoyment of freedom, give me frequently suspicions, that they will greatly overshoot their mark, if indeed they have not already done it. Already some people talk of limiting the king's negative upon the laws. And as they have hitherto felt severely the authority exercised in the name of their princes, every limitation of that authority seems to them desirable. Never having felt the evils of too weak an executive, the disorders to be apprehended from anarchy make as yet no impression.—vol. ii. pp. 70, 71.

In this same letter it is stated that "the king acts from terror only." Louis XVI. was a moral coward; they who had the king's person had his will; his weakness was greater than has ever been suspected. Mr. Morris was not likely to exaggerate it; on the contrary, much as he despised his want of decision and condemned him for his culpable pliancy, he sympathised strongly in his fortunes, suggested and took part in some schemes for his relief and escape, and at the same time became a depository of his money.

Mr. Morris's opinion of Necker was far from being high, and in spite of Madame de Staël's flattery he could not join in her vain and almost wild adulation of her father. Under the date of July 1st, Necker's position is thus defined, and it is as just as if a historian, on a full survey of minute facts, unhappily not always accessible to the historical student, had drawn it up.

Mr. Morris is speaking of the Comte d'Artois and the courtiers.

"In their anguish they curse Necker, who is in fact less the cause than the instrument of their sufferings. His popularity depends now more on the opposition he meets with from one party, than any serious regard of the other. It is the attempt to throw him down, which saves him from falling. He has no longer the preponderating weight in counsel, which a fortnight ago decided every thing. If they were not afraid of consequences, he would be dismissed; and on the same principle the King has refused to accept his resignation. If his abilities were equal to his genius, and he were as much supported by firmness as he is swayed by ambition, he would have had the exalted honour of giving a free constitution to above twenty millions of his fellow creatures, and would have reigned long in their hearts, and received the unanimous applause of posterity. But as it is, he must soon fall; whether his exit will be physical or moral, must depend on events which I cannot foresee."—vol. ii. pp. 71, 72.

The doubt between his physical and moral exit we deem to have been profound; circumstances of a very slight kind decided between them. Had Necker remained a few months longer in office, his exit would probably have been physical; it was only moral. But the character of the Swiss minister was one which Mr. Morris was peculiarly qualified to fathom, from the mastery he had himself obtained of the science of finance. Space will not admit our quoting his examination of Necker's various schemes, the hollowness of which he clearly demonstrates; but we may add a characteristic paragraph.

"As to M. Necker, he is one of those people, who has obtained a much greater reputation than he had any right to. His enemies say, that as a banker, he acquired his fortune by means, which, to say the least, were indelicate, and they mention instances. But in this country, every thing is so much exaggerated, that nothing is more useful than a little scepticism. M. Necker, in his public administration, has always been honest and disinterested, which proves well, I think, for his former private conduct, or else it proves that he has more vanity than cupidity. Be that as it may, an unspotted integrity as minister, and serving at his own expense in an office which others seek for the purpose of enriching themselves, have acquired for him very deservedly much confidence. Add to this, that his writings on finance teem with that sort of sensibility, which makes the fortune of modern romances, and which is exactly suited to this lively nation, *who love to read, but hate to think*. Hence his reputation. He is a man of genius, and his wife is a woman of sense; but neither of them have talents, or rather the talents of a great minister. His education as a banker has taught him to make tight bargains, and put him upon his guard against projects. But though he understands man as a covetous creature, he does not understand mankind; a defect which is remediless. He is utterly ignorant of politics, by which I mean politics in the great sense, or that sublime science, which embraces for its object the happiness of mankind. Consequently, he neither knows what constitution to form, nor how to obtain the consent of others to such as he wishes. From the moment of convening the States-General, he has been afloat upon the wide ocean of incidents."—vol. ii. pp. 93, 94.

In a letter dated July 4th, to Mr. Carmichael, Mr. Morris makes a report of the state of things after the victory of the *Tiers* in the assembly, which he considered as the crisis of the revolution, and speaks of it as having passed without being recognized as such. After this, he considered a free constitution sure, if they would have the good sense to give the nobles some share of the national authority. "Otherwise," says he, "it will degenerate into a pure monarchy, or become a vast republic—a democracy—can that last? I think not, I am sure not, unless the whole people are changed."—vol. ii. p. 78.

The National Assembly had already secured their existence by

decreeing that taxes should cease when they dispersed. Mr. Morris observes, as was lately held out in a great English political movement, that no army can move against a general resolution to this effect.

Under the head of July 31st, the position of the king is thus accurately appreciated. It was very early for that monarch to think of deserting his throne, and the scheme clearly indicates how very unworthy Louis XVI. was to put himself at the head of a revolution.

"The King has actually formed the design of going off to Spain. Whether the measures set on foot to dissuade him will have, as I hope, the desired effect, time only can discover. His fears govern him absolutely, and they have of late been most strongly excited. He is a well meaning man, but extremely weak, and probably these circumstances will in every event secure him from personal injury. An able man would not have fallen into his situation, but I think that no ability can now extricate him. He must float along the current of events, being absolutely and entirely a cypher. If, however, he should fly, it would not be easy to predict the consequences, for this country is at present as near to anarchy as society can approach without dissolution. There are some able men in the National Assembly, yet the best heads among them would not be injured by experience, and unfortunately there are great numbers who, with much imagination, have little knowledge, judgment, or reflection. You may consider the revolution as complete, that is to say the authority of the king and of the nobility is completely subdued; yet I tremble for the constitution. They have all that romantic spirit, and all those romantic ideas of government, which, happily for America, we were cured of before it was too late. They are advancing rapidly. But I must check myself, or my reflections will occupy too much space both for you and for me."—vol. ii. p. 79.

Mr. Morris does not raise our ideas of the members of the National Assembly; they have too often been appreciated by persons who were dazzled by their eloquence, or too ignorant of affairs to form a just conception of their merits. We have seen what is said of them above; frequent mention of them is made in the course of the correspondence, but always in the same tone.

"They are admirable fellows upon paper; but as it happens, somewhat unfortunately, that the men who live in the world are very different from those who dwell in the heads of philosophers, it is not to be wondered at if the systems taken out of books are fit for nothing but to be put into books again.

"Marmontel is the only man I have met with, among their literati, who seems truly to understand the subject. For the rest, they discuss nothing in their assembly. One large half of the time is spent in hallooing and bawling. The manner of speaking to a question is as follows. Such as intend to hold forth write their names on a tablet kept

for that purpose, and are heard in the order that their names are written down, if the others will hear them, which very often they refuse to do, but keep up a continual uproar till the orator leaves the pulpit. Each man permitted to speak delivers the result of his lucubrations, so that the opposing parties fire off their cartridges, and it is a million to one if their missile arguments happen to meet."—vol. ii. p. 89.

In the same letter the King is spoken of with as little respect for his abilities as the members for their knowledge of business.

"If the reigning prince were not the small beer character that he is, there can be but little doubt, that watching events, and making a tolerable use of them, he would regain his authority; but what will you have from a creature who, situated as he is, eats, and drinks, and sleeps well, and laughs, and is as merry a grig as lives? The idea that they will give him some money, which he can economize, and that he will have no trouble in governing, contents him entirely. Poor man! he little thinks how unstable is his situation. He is beloved, but it is not with the sort of love which a monarch should inspire. It is that kind of good natured pity which one feels for a led captive. There is, besides, no possibility of serving him; for at the slightest show of opposition, he gives up every thing and every person."—vol. ii. p. 92.

To the inaptness of the assembly Mr. Morris often turns with some bitterness. On one occasion he says: "They have taken genius instead of reason for their guide, adopted experiment instead of experience, and wander in the dark because they prefer lightning to light."

In a subsequent letter, dated November 22d, 1790, he again refers to the Assembly and thus registers their progress. They had gone on dissolving and destroying, and in the mean time secured no guarantee for a steady obedience in the people, or a regular course of action on the part of the government: they had broken all the ancient idols to pieces, and in their zeal were pulling down the edifice upon themselves: the noise, the eagerness, the confusion of all parties concerned rendered it impossible for a person of the sharpest vision to detect a ray of light through the obscurity. The following passage has a solemn sound, and let it be observed that it proceeded from the author before the events it seems to count upon.

"This unhappy country, bewildered in the pursuit of metaphysical whimsies, presents to our moral view a mighty ruin. Like the remnants of ancient magnificence, we admire the architecture of the temple, while we detest the false god to whom it was dedicated. Daws and ravens, and the birds of night, now build their nests in its niches. The sovereign, humbled to the level of the beggar's pity, without resources, without authority, without a friend. The assembly, at once a master and a slave, new in power, wild in theory, raw in practice. It engrosses

all functions, though incapable of exercising any, and has taken from this fierce ferocious people every restraint of religion and of respect. Sole executors of the law, and therefore supreme judges of its propriety, each district measures out its obedience by its wishes, and the great interests of the whole, split up into fractional morsels, depend on momentary impulse and ignorant caprice. Such a state of things cannot last.

"But how will it end? Here conjecture may wander through unbounded space. What sum of misery may be requisite to change popular will, calculation cannot determine. What circumstances may arise in the order of Divine Providence to give direction to that will, our sharpest vision cannot discover. What talents may be found to seize those circumstances, to influence that will, and above all to moderate the power which it must confer, we are equally ignorant of. One thing only seems to be tolerably ascertained, that the glorious opportunity is lost, and (for this time at least) the revolution has failed. In the consequences of it we may however find some foundation of future prosperity."—vol. ii. pp. 118, 119.

The letter to his friend and partner, Robert Morris, of the date of July 16th, 1791, alludes to the king's attempt at escape from the Tuileries and his recapture at Varennes. We mention it as confirming Dumont in his "*Recollections of Mirabeau*," who dates this as the epoch at which the idea of dispensing with a king altogether first occurred to the nation. The step alluded to is the flight of the king.

"This step was a very foolish one. Public affairs were in such a situation, that, if he had been quiet, he would have soon been master, because the anarchy which prevails would have shown the necessity of conferring more authority, and because it is not possible so to balance a single assembly against a prince, but that one must prove too heavy for the other, or too light for the business. The assembly also, very strongly suspected of corrupt practices, was falling fast in the public estimation. His departure changed everything; and now the general wish seems to be for a republic, which is quite in the natural order of things."—vol. ii. pp. 136, 137.

This species of *mal-apropos* attended every proceeding of the unfortunate monarch: if the scheme was good in itself, it was adopted at the wrong time, and often a firm adherence to even a bad course would have secured both the good of the nation and himself. Here we see he took an opportunity of leaving all behind him when men were getting tired of opposing each other, and drove them to republicanism at the instant they were reverting to the monarchy.

In the autumn of 1791, the king accepted the constitution, which none condemned more than the makers, and which nearly all pronounced *inexecutable*. The king however accepted it, and swore to maintain it, maintainable or not, and the sittings closed

leaving the way open to a new assembly still more inexperienced than the previous one, and still wilder and more unsettled in its principles. Of the departed assembly Mr. Morris makes this pointed remark to his correspondent Washington.

“ You doubtless recollect that the now expiring assembly was convened to arrange the finances, and you will perhaps be surprised to learn, that after consuming church property to the amount of one hundred millions sterling, they leave this department much worse than they found it. Such however is the fact, and the chance now is, in my opinion, rather for than against a bankruptcy.”—vol. ii. p. 143.

The king was discharged from arrest in September; early in October we learn that he had already become a favourite once more, and that the Assembly, afterwards called the Legislative, had become an object of contempt.

“ My dear Friend,—The people of this city are become wonderfully fond of the king, and have a thorough contempt for the assembly, who are, in general, what used to be called in Philadelphia, *the blue stockings*. There is, however, this difference between the two capitals, that with you virtuous poverty is respected, but here splendour is indispensable. Judge the consequence, and to enlighten that judgment, know that at this moment they stand on the brink of bankruptcy, which can only be avoided by increasing the vigour of the executive magistrate. This becomes daily more and more apparent; and Paris exists, as it were, on the interest of the national debt.”—vol. ii. p. 147.

It is impossible for us to trace with Mr. Morris the history of parties in the Legislative Assembly, or even indicate the successive steps, which, according to him, led to the despotism of the populace, as established by what is called the second revolution, when the Tuileries were attacked, and the king became a prisoner of state. There is one letter, however, of so masterly a description, and which, at the same time, in a brief compass, gives so luminous a view of this great second act in the revolution, that we should do wrong not to transfer it to our pages in part at least.

“ The late revolution has for its remote cause that excess in the human temper, which drives men always to extremes, if not checked and controlled. For its proximate cause, it has the vices and defects of the late constitution, and particularly that an executive without powers was rendered responsible for events, and that a legislature composed of a single chamber of representatives was secured by every precaution, and under no control, except some paper maxims and popular opinion. That the people, or rather the populace, a thing which thank God is unknown in America, flattered with the idea that they are omnipotent, and disappointed from necessity in the golden prospects originally held out to them, were under no restraint, except such as might be imposed by magistrates of their own choice. It resulted inevitably, that the executive

must be in the power of the legislative, and this last at the mercy of such men as could influence the mob.

"By reducing the royal authority below all reasonable measure, the constitution-makers had created a moral impossibility that the people should believe the king sincere in his acceptance, even if it had been possible that he should without regret have beheld himself reduced from the first place allotted to man, to a state so low as to be exposed to insult from the lowest. It was evident then, that the constitution could not last, and in the overturn three things might happen, viz. the establishment of despotism, the establishment of a good constitution, or the institution of a democracy. The first under an able and ambitious prince was inevitable. The second was extremely difficult, not in itself, but because the chiefs of different parties all found themselves committed to different points and opinions. The last was only a natural continuation of the progress of men's minds, in a necessary succession of ideas from the bill of rights. The advocates for republican government therefore had an easy task, although both to themselves and others it appeared difficult.

"From the moment that the second assembly met, a plan was formed among several of the members and others, to overturn the constitution, which they had just sworn to observe, and establish a republic. This arose in part from the desire of placing themselves better than they could otherwise do, and in part from a conviction that the system could not last, and that they would have no share in the administration under such a pure monarchy. As they had a strong hold upon the lowest class of people, as the aristocratic and constitutional parties were at open war, as these last avowed openly their wish to amend, in other words, to change the constitution, which at the same time they assumed to venerate, it was not a difficult matter to assault a monarch, who adhered to that form which he could not be supposed to approve, and whose faults became daily more and more apparent.

"Add to this, that the court was involved in a spirit of little paltry intrigue, unworthy of any thing above the rank of footmen and chambermaids. Every one had his or her little project, and every little project had some abettors. Strong manly councils frightened the weak, alarmed the envious, and wounded the enervate minds of the lazy and luxurious. Such councils, therefore, if perchance any such appeared, were approved, but not adopted, certainly not followed. The palace was always filled with people whose language, whose conduct, whose manner were so diametrically opposite to everything like liberty, that it was easy to persuade the people that the court meant to destroy the constitution, by observing strictly the constitution. Some persons avowed the tactics, which from the moment of such avowal were no longer worth a doit. The king, whose integrity would never listen to anything like the violation of his oath, had nevertheless the weakness to permit those, who openly avowed unconstitutional sentiments, to approach his person, and enjoy his intimacy. The queen was still more imprudent. The republicans (who had also their plan to destroy the constitution by the constitution) founded on the king's personal integrity, their operation

to destroy his reputation for integrity, and hold him out to the world as a traitor to the nation which he was sworn to protect.

“ They in consequence seized every occasion to pass popular decrees, which were unconstitutional. If the king exercised his *veto*, he was accused of wishing a counter-revolution. If he sanctioned the decree, he was so far lost with those who were injured by the decree, and of course became daily more and more unprotected. The success of his enemies was beyond their own expectation. His palace was assaulted. He took refuge with the assembly, and is now a prisoner of state with his family.

“ But now the ideas of revolt, which had been fostered for his overthrow, are grown very troublesome to those who have possessed themselves of the authority. It is not possible to say either to the people or to the sea, so far shalt thou go and no farther; and we shall have, I think, some sharp struggles which will make many men repent of what they have done, when they find with Macbeth, that they have but taught bloody instructions, which return to plague the inventor.”—vol. ii. pp. 240—243.

The mystery of the revolution was now over; it became an anarchy and reigned for a while. The authority of an unorganized populace sooner or later centres in an individual—one who leads, or one who defeats them—the way may be shorter or longer, bloody and dangerous, turbulent but not sanguinary, as suits the character of the country; but the end is certain—a dictator’s throne is the altar on which men wearied of contention, disgusted with dangerous power, and longing for the blessings of security, offer up their liberty as the price of peace.

The only foreign minister who continued to reside through the revolution was the Ambassador from the United States. It was a task of the utmost difficulty to remain without a compromise of national honour; and the personal safety of the ambassador was not unfrequently insecure. Nevertheless, a sense of national utility and a very sincere love of France seem to have supported Mr. Morris under all his trials, and he remained until recalled at the request of the *Comité du Salut Public*, a recall which he, naturally enough, considered an honour. His successor arrived shortly after the death of Robespierre. In the month of December, 1794, long before Bonaparte was even thought of, Mr. Morris thus writes, on quitting his functions.

“ In France, they have been lured by one idle hope after another, until they are plunged in the depth of misery and servitude; servitude so much the more degrading, as they cannot but despise their masters. I have long, you know, predicted a single despotism, and you have seen how near they have been to that catastrophe. Chance, or rather the want of metal in the usurper, has alone saved them to the present moment; but I am still convinced, that they must end their voyage in that port, and they would probably reach it, should they make peace with

all their foreign enemies, through the channels of a civil war."—vol. ii. p. 459.

On leaving France, Mr. Morris travelled over a great part of Europe, partly with mercantile views, and partly under the interest he took in political affairs, then becoming more and more eventful, and also with a view of cultivating the very distinguished connexions he had formed while at Paris. Many generous efforts were bestowed on an attempt to procure the liberation of La Fayette from his dungeon at Olmutz. Mr. Morris had likewise to surrender a sum of money to the Princess of France, as she was called, and which had been deposited with him by her unfortunate father. He had likewise the opportunity of greatly assisting the present King of France, some of whose letters are inserted in this biography, and which either apply for, or acknowledge to a considerable extent, the receipt of money, which at that time there could be little probability of ever being repaid.

Ultimately, Mr. Morris returned to his native country, retired to his estate of Morrisania, and professed his intention "to lead a private life, not meaning to embark again on the stormy ocean of politics." He was, however, elected to a seat in the Senate, and does not appear to have hesitated to serve his country in that honourable post. As might have been expected, he soon distinguished himself as a zealous Federalist, and stoutly adhered to opinions that have long been declining in popularity in America, where popularity is the rule of right and wrong. His opposition, though termed *ultra*, was never factious; though results might be come to which he could not approve of, or the consequences of which he feared, he never failed to terminate his resistance at the point marked by the constitution. We shall not venture to pronounce on the correctness of his principles, as applied to the constitutional government of the States; though we cannot help observing that the statesmen of that country would have done well to listen to Mr. Morris's opinions on the important questions of finance and commercial revenue that were agitated in his time, and respecting which, the public opinion of North America remains as yet unenlightened.

The later years of Mr. Morris's life were spent in retirement, if that may be so called which was occupied with correspondence with the most celebrated persons of both hemispheres, in the publication of his opinions on great questions, and during the last six years of his life in incessantly labouring in his character of commissioner, in execution of his great project of *tapping Lake Erie*.

Mr. Morris retained his health and vigour to within a short period of his death, assailed only by occasional attacks of his

early and tenacious enemy, the gout. He died on the sixth of November 1816, in the sixty-fifth year of his life.

We wish that our limits would permit us to insert a character of Mr. Morris, drawn by Madame de Damas, a French lady, who was intimately acquainted with him during his residence in France. It is perhaps somewhat too eulogistic, but still so eloquently discriminative as to convey to the reader of the entire work the exact echo of his own sentiments. We must make room for the commencing paragraph.

“ ‘ I attempt to delineate the character of a man,’ says Madame de Damas, ‘ who so little resembles other men, that one should hardly say anything of him which has already been said of them. Like others however, he has virtues, defects, and talents; but their nature, their use, mixture, and results, form a whole entirely different from anything I have seen. Were I called upon to distinguish him by a single trait, I should say *he is good*. They, who do not well understand the meaning of these words, may not be satisfied; but as for me, who include much in the term *goodness*, and who have seen the exercise of this virtue in every action of Mr. Morris’s life, I repeat, that it is this which gives him the first place in all honest hearts, and entitles him to their lasting admiration and gratitude. The love of order is his strongest passion, the rule of all his acts, the aim of all he utters. A true philanthropist by the natural impulse of his soul, he considers every object under the possibility of its becoming useful. His penetrating, elevated, quick, and luminous mind is never idle, and he constantly employs his numerous and diversified attainments, either in doing good, or inspiring in others the love of goodness. I have never known a person to approach Mr. Morris, whatever might be his intentions, circumstances, or situation, who did not on leaving him find himself enriched by his gifts, or enlightened by his counsels; who did not feel grateful for some soothing consolations, a profitable hint, or a kind reception.

“ ‘ He is charged with some faults by his friends. So much enlargement of soul may not be compatible with a quick sensibility, yet one cannot help regretting, that reason and wisdom should assume a control so powerful over his feelings. Brought up with the almost rustic freedom of a republican country, he is remarkable for great simplicity of manners, sustained by a nobleness, which has its seat in his soul, but tinged with a slight shade of self-complacency. If I eulogize him, it is only because I attempt to draw his true portrait, and I seek not to weaken defects, which, after all, may be no other than qualities little in fashion with us. We call him self-complacent, because it is our custom to expect, that every one will abase himself to procure elevation, and that merit shall wait for its place to be assigned, instead of taking it. Mr. Morris knows his proper station, and assumes it; sacrificing no person to himself in secret design, and in reality sacrificing himself to no other; thus inattentive to the petty tokens of complaisance, which self-love dictates in our social intercourse, he

sometimes offends those who expect and demand them. He is fond of his ease, does his best to procure it, and enjoys it as much as possible. He loves good cheer, good wine, and good company. His senses as well as his mind have a high relish of perfection, and strive to attain it. He never eats a bad dinner without a severe censure upon the cook, as he never listens to folly without a keen rebuke. A little dissimulation would save him from many harmless enemies, who are not more to be regarded, however, than the small faults, which excite their enmity; but every species of deception, from whatever motive, is incompatible with the elevation, integrity and frankness of the man, whom I delineate.

“ ‘ One of his most remarkable, and, if I may so say, one of his fundamental qualities, is his regard for truth, so constant, so absolute, so scrupulous, that it might seem carried to an exaggeration, were it not for the importance of its principle. Never, under any circumstances, in the excitement of an animated story, or in the lively flow of pleasantry, does a word escape him, not a single word, that is not strictly conformable to truth. He has no conception of the pliancy of truth; he yields to her on all occasions, because nothing is more beautiful in his eyes than truth; and because, also, a mind so much enlightened by her rays, so capable of discovering her charms and extending her reign, is naturally inclined to uphold and defend her.’ ”
—vol. i. pp. 506, 507.

Mr. Morris married late in life Anne Carey Randolph, a connexion formed with his usual judgment, and which greatly contributed to his happiness. He left one son, who, after his mother's death, is to inherit the property. Astonishment has been expressed at the vast amount of Mr. Morris's accumulations. The secret is to be found in the accuracy of his judgment, the clearness of his foresight, and in his integrity and industry. Numerous volumes of business letters, copied in Mr. Morris's own handwriting, unfold a series of enterprizes, commercial schemes, and transactions in various countries, from which may be gathered a detailed history of the sources of his wealth, and the progress of its acquisition. But the chief basis of Mr. Morris's property was his successful speculations in new lands, continued for a long term of years. It may be mentioned as a last trait of his generosity, that he leaves in his will an additional income to his wife in case she should re-marry, “ in order to defray the increased expenditure which may attend that connexion.”

ART. V.—1. *Parnaso Lusitano, ou Poesias Selectas dos Auctores Portuguezes Antigos e Modernos, illustradas com Notas. Precedido de uma Historia abreviada da Lingua e Poesia Portugueza.* 5 tom. 24mo. Paris. 1826. (Lusitanian Parnassus, or a Selection of Poetry from Ancient and Modern Portuguese Authors, illustrated with Notes. Preceded by a short History of the Language and Poetry of Portugal.)

2. *Adozinda, Romance.* Pelo Auctor da Historia da Lingua e Litteratura Portugueza, na Collecção intitulada *Parnaso Lusitano*, &c. &c. &c. 12mo. Londres. 1828. (Adozinda, a Romance. By the Author of the History of the Language and Literature of Portugal, in the Collection intituled the Lusitanian Parnassus. London.)

It is a very common idea amongst persons who know nothing about the matter, that the Portuguese language is merely a dialect of Spanish, spoken by a bigoted, illiterate people, and possessing no work worth reading except the *LUSIAD* of Camoens. This idea is altogether erroneous. That Portuguese and Spanish are closely allied, is beyond dispute, and might be asserted *a priori*, seeing that they are sister tongues, born of the same parents;—of which relations by the way they enjoy double the usual number, that is to say, four, the Latin, Celtic, Gothic and Arabic languages. But, as is often the case in families, they differ widely in character, and Portuguese is the elder sister. By national authors it is called the eldest daughter of the Latin, and the claim would be irrefragable, could we give full credit to the high antiquity ascribed to a fragment, still extant, of a poem, which is said to have been found in the year 1187 in a condition so injured by time that little more than thirty lines were legible. This poem is believed by Portuguese scholars to have been written by Roderic, the last Gothic King of Spain, and thus to be coeval with the Arab conquest of the Peninsula in the beginning of the eighth century; a date and author which would prove Portuguese to have once been the general language of the whole country.* But though the poem should not be the work of King Roderic, a MS. which was consumed by age in the twelfth century must be reasonably old in comparison even to the Romance or *Provençal* language, and we have some internal evidence of its not being much posterior to the earliest date assigned, in the paucity of words of Arab origin which it exhibits, *Almirante* and *Gibraltar*

* In conformity with, if not in corroboration of, this idea, we may observe that Portuguese writers consider the denomination of Spain as comprehending the whole Peninsula, which they divide into the Castilian and Portuguese nations or provinces.

being, as we recollect, the only two. The language of this fragment is not much more difficult to be understood than that of Chaucer or Gower; and a little song, written during the reign of the first sovereign of Portugal, Count Henrique, who died in 1112, is perfectly intelligible even to us foreigners of the nineteenth century. Having thus established the antiquity of the Portuguese language, we must further observe that it is entirely free from the abundant gutturals that characterize the Spanish, and would rival the Italian in softness were not its melody somewhat disfigured by certain terminations in *am*, *em* and *ão* or *om*, the nasal enunciation of which, although bearing some affinity to the sound of the French words *vin*, &c. is averred to be utterly unattainable by any but native organs.

That Portugal has for a considerable length of time been to a great degree bigoted and illiterate, must, we fear, be conceded, but in the 14th, 15th, and 16th centuries, she ranked at least amongst the most cultivated and adventurous nations in Europe. Then was it that the scientific ardour and enterprise of one of her princes, Don Henrique, gave birth to those voyages of geographical research which led her bold and able mariners to the East Indies, inspired the genius of Columbus with the daring idea of reaching the desired point by sailing in a contrary direction, and thus occasioned the first discovery of the New World. And when the astronomical science and nautical skill of the Portuguese had effected this grand object of their ambition, their intrepidity and military efficiency, acquired in contests with the Moors, enabled the small numbers sent out by the smallest of European kingdoms, to triumph over those dreaded Mahometan warriors who had conquered Asia, and to add an immense and wealthy empire to the dominions of Portugal. It was during this period of political splendour that the writers, still regarded as the Portuguese classics, flourished. But the greatness of Portugal was not permanent. The boyish imprudence of Sebastian drenched the sands of Africa with the best blood of his kingdom; his crown, despoiled of its hardy defenders, dropt helplessly, a burthen rather than a prize, upon the head of his great-uncle, the Cardinal Henrique, a man, if not actually imbecile, at least unfit, from advanced age and monastic habits, for governing under circumstances of difficulty; and upon this old monarch's death, it fell a prey to the power, the gold, and the craft of Philip II. of Spain. Portugal, thus enthralled, lost her vigour. Her colonies were conquered by Holland, and her authors took to writing bad Spanish. It appears surprising that the same energy which subsequently enabled Portugal to burst her fetters, seat her lawful hereditary King, in the person of the Duke of Braganza, upon the throne, and recover some of

her colonies from the Dutch, should not have revived her intellectual powers; our recollection of the coincidence of martial and literary glory in Greece, being rather too vivid to allow of our agreeing with Francisco Manuel de Nascimento, who (in an epistle, *Da Arte Poetica e Lingua Portugueza*, or of the Art of Poetry and the Language of Portugal, prefixed as a second poetical introduction to the compilation before us) ascribes it to the long wars induced by the necessity of maintaining the newly recovered independence of Portugal. He says—

“ The tumult, the disorder, that belong
To brazen cannon and to mortar hoarse,
Agree not with Minerva's studious ease,
Or the staid Muses' sweet tranquillity.
Apollo's votaries leave him for Mars,
Flinging their books away to grasp the shield;
And in those most melodious numbers' stead
That clothe magnificent ideas, they
To nought but clashing arms direct their ears,
Upon no object fix their angry eyes
Save on the glowing ball, the murderous breach.”

But, alas! the terrible Inquisition, with its despotic authority and its innate hostility to mental illumination, offers too ready a solution of the difficulty. We might be tempted to add, as a second cause, the neglect which letters and science long experienced from the court and higher nobility of Portugal. But this neglect existed when Camoens wrote, and was not confined to literature. If Camoens died in an hospital, so did some of those generals who conquered half India for their ungrateful country. Yet other generals regained or enlarged the Indian empire, whilst Camoens had no successor for upwards of a hundred years after the recovery of Portuguese independence. If, soon after that revolution, several authors did once more write in their mother tongue, they transplanted into it all the faults (especially the inflated bombast termed *Gongorism*, from its first inventor Gongora,) then disfiguring the literature of Spain, to which they added the conceits introduced by Marini into that of Italy; and it was not till the middle of the eighteenth century that Portuguese genius revived, fostered apparently by the vigorous and national administration of the Marquez de Pombal, and the efficiency which, amongst his other reforms, he gave to the course of instruction, previously almost null, of the University of Coimbra.

We now come to the third point of the vituperative opinion we are endeavouring to refute, and perhaps the five little volumes before us may be thought sufficiently to answer the question, whether there be any Portuguese work besides the *Lusiad* worth

reading? We must, however, premise a word or two upon the general character of Portuguese literature, or rather poetry, to which upon the present occasion we shall confine our attention, ere we proceed to offer our readers a few specimens, which may, we should hope, awaken some interest in the language and writings of a country, one of England's oldest, and long one of her most faithful, allies.

The poetry of Portugal differs altogether from that of the sister peninsular kingdom. It is entirely free from the extravagance and frequent absurdity with which the latter is usually taxed by strict classical critics; but we must confess that in our estimation it pays a high price for an exemption purchased with the sacrifice of originality and nationality. In all countries, we apprehend, poetry has been the spontaneous offspring of native genius. In Spain, as in England, the authors of a more enlightened era were too deeply imbued with the same spirit and impulses that gave birth to the first attempts at song, to reject the rude strains of their untutored predecessors, and devoted their higher cultivation and classical knowledge to the improving and polishing the national muse. In Portugal, on the contrary, as in Italy, the study of the classics seems to have inspired a disgust for every thing else. The early simple *Chacra*, analogous to the *Romance* of Spain and the English *Ballad*, was contemptuously rejected, as fit only for the nursery; and the mutilated fragments of them that remain, exist, we believe, chiefly in those store houses of legendary lore, the memories of village crones. These *Chacras*, like the Spanish *Romances*, were written in a metre peculiar, as far as we know, to the peninsula, called *asonancia*, an imperfect rhyme in which the vowels only are considered; e. g. *air* and *maid* are *asonante*; and the effect to the ear arises chiefly from the constant recurrence of the same vowels, one *asonancia* running through the whole or great part of a poem. In Portugal, the metre has perished with the *Chacra*, which has not, until within the last few years, been deemed worthy the attention of a single scholar. The very utmost stretch of patriotism and of national feeling went no farther than to endeavour to adapt the vernacular idiom to the perfect models of antiquity, and in such classical Portuguese strains to sing national subjects. Similarity of design has produced a great similarity of character in many points at least in the literature of the two countries; the Portuguese being chiefly distinguished from the Italian by an occasional tone of imaginative and philosophical melancholy, more akin to the warblings of the northern muse. This resemblance has, probably, induced Portuguese poets to borrow from their Italian brethren whatever the great masters of both did not yield them, namely, many of their metrical forms, as

the *ottava rima*, the *terza rima*, the *canzone*, the intermixture of short lines in blank verse, &c. The only surviving really national measure with which we are acquainted is the *redondilha*, and that is but little cultivated.

Portuguese literature, accordingly, abounds in odes, eclogues, idyls and sonnets, with some dull epics; but the drama, so rich in Spain, is here almost a barren field. One classical national tragedy indeed we have by Ferreira, one of the first of the writers who undertook to teach the classical muses Portuguese, professing this to be the main object of his life, and the character to which he aspired to be that since given him by Francisco Manuel, of—

“The good Ferreira, of our tongue the friend.”

Ferreira likewise, as well as his friend Sa de Miranda, wrote some comedies that display considerable comic powers, and superseded Gil Vicente, the early and real Portuguese Plautus, whose national, comic, but extravagant and very gross pieces, now fell into disrepute. But the cold classical simplicity of form adopted by these authors was too uncongenial to modern taste to awaken that passion for scenic representation, without which no theatre can flourish. Ferreira had few followers. His contemporaries and immediate successors preferred the epopea to the drama; the stage was supported by translations, and it is only since the last revival of Portuguese literature that original dramatists have arisen.

Portuguese epic poetry is generally held to be identical with *Os Lusiadas* of Camoens; and the reputation of this great author stands so deservedly high in European esteem, whilst his works are so universally known through the medium of translations, (though perhaps only Lord Strangford's beautiful version of some of his minor pieces can be deemed really to afford the means of appreciating his merits,) that of him we do not propose to speak here, where our object is to give information concerning what is unknown. The Lusian poets, who emulated his success, were, however, so immeasurably inferior to him, that we shall not fill our pages with critiques upon Cortereal, Quevedo, Lobo, Castro, &c. &c. The species of composition in which Sa de Miranda, Bernadim Ribeyra, Bernardes, Pereira, Fernão Alves de Oriente, Lobo, (whom we have condemned as a writer of epics,) the dramatist Ferreira, and many others of lesser note excelled, were especially eclogues and idyls. After these, their favourite strains were lyrics and *cartas*, a kind of didactic epistle.

Concerning the authors of the 17th and the first half of the 18th century, it is needless to add any thing to what has been already said. Of those who, some seventy or eighty years since,

first suddenly started up to show that Lusitanian genius, if it had long slumbered, was not dead, the most celebrated were Garção and Diniz. They were followed by Domingo dos Reis, Quita, a successful pastoral poet, by Claudio Manoel da Costa, (chiefly distinguished as the first Brazilian candidate for literary fame,) and his countryman Gonzaga. But these American authors forfeited the advantages they might have derived from their local situation, by writing merely as classical Portuguese, instead of giving poetical pictures of a new world. Another Brazilian avoided this rock. The URAGUAY of J. Bazilio de Gama is an American epic, and if the genius of the author was unfortunately not equal to his ambition, the Brazilian subject and colouring bestow an interest upon his production. It was at this period too that Antonio José, a Jew, gave to the stage a number of national comedies, or rather comic operas, which, though certainly not to be compared with the stock plays of the French or English stage, are by no means deficient in wit, humour, and comic effect.

The authors already deceased, who have adorned the end of the last and the beginning of the present century, are so numerous that it would be tedious to name them all. We shall mention a few who bear the highest reputation, and give some extracts from those whom we prefer. Manoel Barbosa du Bocage* was the most celebrated of *improvisatores* in a land where that peculiar talent is almost as common as in Italy. Francisco Manuel do Nascimento is considered as the Boileau, or rather, perhaps, the Horace of Portugal, combining great lyrical powers with keen satirical and critical talents. Joam Baptista Gomez was the first tragic writer of modern times, and his *Nova Castro*† still holds the highest rank upon the Portuguese stage: it is far inferior to Ferreira's *Castro* in poetry, but surpasses that classical tragedy, perhaps, as far, in dramatic and theatrical effect. To these names we must add those of Nicolau Tolentino, a peculiarly national satirist; of Domingos Maximiano Torres, who excelled in eclogues and canzonets; of Antonio Ribeiro dos Santos, an elegant imitator of Ferreira; and of the Brazilian A. P. Souza Caldas, esteemed one of the best of the modern lyric poets.

Of the living authors of Portugal, the most eminent are J. M. da Costa e Silva, J. A. de Macedo, J. F. de Castilho, who lost his sight at six years of age, B. M. Curvo Semedo, J. Evangelista de Moraes Sarmiento, J. V. Pimentel Maldonado, and his sister Marianna; three other ladies, the Viscondessa de Balsamao, of the

* Foreign names are not of uncommon occurrence,—English, French, and Germans having settled in Portugal, whose descendants are considered as native Portuguese.

† An account of this tragedy has appeared in Blackwood's Magazine.

Villa Pourcas de Guimaraens family, a lady, who, at upwards of seventy years of age, excels in amorous lyrics, Dona Francisca de Paula Pozzolo da Costa, and Dona Leonor d' Almeida; M. C. S. d'Aguiar, a very prolific tragedian, not without merit, D. A. J. Osorio de Pina Leitaõ, a Brazilian, F. de Paula Medina e Vasconcellos, a native of the island of Madeira, J. B. Leitaõ d'Almeida Garrett, and Luiz da Silva Mozinho de Albuquerque. The writings of this last writer are already so various and voluminous that we hope ere long to introduce him to our readers' notice in a separate article. Of some of the others we shall here give specimens, and we may observe generally, that although by no means deficient in the more ordinary tuneful strains, a large proportion of the works of the above mentioned living authors consists of invectives against French ambition, and of lyrical tributes of admiration and gratitude to England's great captain, to whom Portugal owes her independence. We have heard of an epic upon his peninsular wars by Vasconcellos, but have never been able to procure a sight of it.

Without apologizing for the length of this introduction, rendered necessary by the novelty of the subject, we proceed to the compilation under review. The introductory prose sketch is from the pen of Almeida Garrett, and affords much valuable information, although somewhat tinctured with national partiality, and more perhaps with national feelings, which to foreigners detract from the weight of its criticism. It need not detain us after the ample statements we have given. The compiler, P. J. de Fonseca, appears to be very inferior in judgment to his coadjutor, and might have made, we suspect, a better selection. He has divided and classed the pieces contained in these volumes as is usually done, according to the character of the poetry; but we shall deviate from this rule in arranging our extracts; and Portuguese poetry being so distinctly divided into two distant eras, we shall first give specimens of two or three of the numerous poets of the sixteenth century, and then proceed to the modern school.

The first poet we shall introduce to our readers is our principal favourite, Antonio Ferreira, a nobleman and eminent lawyer, who was born in 1528, and died before he had completed his fortieth year. In most kinds of poetry Ferreira was, we think, fully equal to his rivals and friends, with the exception, perhaps, of Camoens; but his tragedy is so decidedly considered as the masterpiece upon which his reputation rests, that we shall take our specimens of his powers from it. The *Castro* is the second tragedy written in any modern language, and Ferreira's compatriot admirers lay much stress upon its being so little posterior to the first (Trissino's

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Sofonisba)* as to render it improbable that the Portuguese poet should have seen the Italian piece. We ourselves think that a previous knowledge of the *Sofonisba* would detract but little from Ferreira's merit. Both tragedies are modelled after the Greek masters of the art, and should we allow that Trissino suggested to our author the idea of imitating them in a modern language, the conception of founding a tragedy upon the history of his own country, as Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides, did upon the history of theirs, was entirely Ferreira's, and this is, to our minds, sufficient to establish his claim to originality. His tragedy is, moreover, very superior to Trissino's. The *Castro* is founded upon the story, or rather the catastrophe, of the loves of Don Pedro, *Infante* of Portugal, and Dona Iñez† de Castro. After a long attachment during the life of Pedro's first wife, they were privately married upon her death. Iñez lived in retirement upon the banks of the Mondego, (the spot still bears the name of the *Quinta das Lagrimas*, the Villa or Garden of Tears,) and there became the mother of four children, passing with the world for her husband's mistress; but the enemies of her family discovered the secret of her marriage, and dreading her future influence as queen, persuaded the king that the interest of the country required the death of his son's wife or mistress. She was accordingly murdered by them, with the old king's concurrence, during the *Infante's* casual absence, and the widower's despair sought alleviation in a sanguinary vengeance that branded him with the surname of Cruel; though after he had solaced his exasperation with the tortures and death of the assassins, his insane violence subsided into a tranquil and just, however inexorable, sternness, which was marked by the more laudatory epithet of the Justiciary. This story is highly tragical, and Ferreira's conception of it is dramatic, notwithstanding that to his zeal for classical simplicity he has sacrificed what should have been tragical and dramatic scenes. He has no interview between the wedded lovers, no efforts of the husband to save an idolized wife. The first act exhibits the ardent love of both, and on the part of Iñez, fear of her enemies, anxiety for the declaration of her marriage, and reliance upon her husband's firmness. In the second act, her enemies persuade the reluctant king to sanction her death; in the third she is warned of her impending fate; and in the fourth it is consummated, despite the seeming success of her attempt to soften her royal father-in-law. The fifth act is wholly occupied with Don Pedro's

* It will be remembered, that France and England in those days knew nothing of the drama beyond Mysteries and Moralities.

† The ñ so marked is pronounced as if followed by a y.

despair and vengeful menaces. A chorus forms part of the *dramatis personæ*, and sings appropriate lyrical strains between the acts. We shall take our specimen from the third act. The chorus thus addresses Iñez:—

“ Tidings most sad and cruel, death-fraught tidings,
I bring thee, Dona Iñez. Oh woe, woe!
Oh most unhappy one, that merit'st not
A death so cruel!

Nurse. How? What say'st thou? Speak.

Chorus. I cannot speak for weeping.

Iñez. Wherefore weep'st thou?

Chorus. I look upon that face, those eyes——

Iñez. Woe's me!

Alas! What ill? What ill so terrible
Is this thou bringest me?

Chorus. It is thy death.

Iñez. Is he then dead? my husband? mine *Infante*?

Chorus. You both must die, ev'n now.

Iñez. Oh woful tidings!

They'll murder my beloved! Why murder him?

Chorus. Because they'll murder thee. In thee he lives,
In thee will quickly die.

Nurse. Now God forbid
Such ills' befalling!

Chorus. They are imminent,
And linger not. Fly, thou unhappy one!
By flight secure thee. I already hear
The clashing of the iron instruments
That hither hasten with thy death. Armed men,
Lady, in search of thee, are hastening hither.
The king himself is seeking thee, resolved
On thee t' avenge* his rage. If possible,
Rescue thy children with thyself, nor suffer
Thine evil fate t' infect them.

Iñez. Woe is me!
Sad, lonely, persecuted! Oh, my lord,
Where art thou, that thou comest not? The king
Seeks me.

Chorus. The king.

Iñez. And wherefore should he slay me?

Chorus. Oh cruel king! and cruel those who urge
Such monstrous cruelty! For thee they seek,
For thy fair bosom, that with savage steel
It may be furiously pierced through and through.

* This expression, however singular, is Ferreira's; the word *vingar* cannot, we believe, be translated otherwise than to revenge or retaliate. A similar use of revenge frequently occurs in the old German of the middle ages.

Nurse. Thus are thy dreams fulfilled.

Inez. Unhappy dreams!
 Oh cruel dreams! so miserably true
 Why would ye prove yourselves? Spirit of mine,
 Why didst not more believe the frightful woes
 Thou hadst conceived and knewest? Fly, good nurse,
 Fly thou the dreadful wrath that threatens us.
 I stay, alone I stay, but innocent.
 No succour I desire,—let my death come,—
 Let me die innocent. You in my stead,
 My little, little children, here shall live,
 You, whom so savagely they'll tear from me.
 God is mine only stay. Ye maids of Coimbra,
 Succour me! Men, who see mine innocence,
 Oh succour me! My children, do not weep,
 I weep for you. Be happy in your mother,
 In your sad mother, whilst she yet survives.
 You, gentle friends, surround, encircle me,
 And save me, if you may, from coming death."

The chorus that follows we think the least poetical in the play, besides being written in Sapphic and other metres, uncongenial to the English language. We shall therefore translate in its stead that which divides the first and second acts.

SEMI-CHORUS.

"When first young Love was born
 Earth was with life imbued;
 The sun acquired his beams, the stars their light;
 Heav'n shone in Nature's morn;
 And, by the light subdued,
 Darkness revealed long-hidden charms to sight;
 And she, the rosy-hued,
 Who rules Heaven's fairest sphere,
 Daughter of Ocean rude—
 She to the world gave Love, her offspring dear.

"'Tis Love adorns our earth
 With verdure and soft dews;
 With colours decks the flow'rs, with leaves the groves;
 Turns war to peace and mirth;
 O'er harshness softness strews;
 And melts a thousand hates in thousand loves.
 Incessant he renews
 The lives stern death consumes,
 And gives the brilliant hues
 In which earth's beauteous picture ever blooms.

“ The raging of his flames
'Twere cowardice to fear;
For Love is soft and tender as a child.
His rage entreaty tames;
And passion's starting tear
He kisses from the eyes, tenderly mild.
Within his quiver hear
The golden arrows ring;
They deadly shafts appear;
But love-fraught, love-impelled, their flight they wing.

“ Love sounds in every lay
In every tuneful quire;
Tempestuous winds are lulled by his sweet voice;
Sorrow is chased away,
And in his genial fire
The limpid streams, the hills and vales rejoice.
Love's own harmonious lyre
In Heav'n is heard to sound;
And whilst his flames inspire
Thy heart, thou, Castro, by Love's God art crown'd.”

SECOND SEMI-CHORUS.

“ Rather, a tyrant blind,
Forged by the poet's brain,
Desire, deceit unkind,
Offspring of idleness, god of the vain;
The never-failing bane
Of all high thoughts inspire.
His arrows, tipt with fire,
Madly he hurls around;
Apollo, Mars, groan with the scorching wound.

“ Aloft in air he flies,
And the earth burns below;
His deadly shafts he plies,
And, when he misses, causes bitterest woe.
He glories foe with foe
In passion's chains to bind;
And those by Fate designed
For union, those he parts;
Unsated he with tears, blood, breaking hearts.

“ Into the tender breast
Of chastely blushing maid,
As time and chance suggest,
He'll steal, or furiously her heart invade.
The fire, by reason's aid
Extinguished, will revive;
In cold blood, scarce alive,
In age's snows will blaze,
Kindling the inmost soul with beauty's rays.

" From thence the venom streams
 Through the erst healthy frame :
 The slumbering spirit dreams
 In self-delusion, weaving webs of flame.
 Then disappear chaste shame
 And generous constancy ;
 Then death and misery
 Enter in softness' guise,
 The heart is hardened, and the reason dies.

" From great Alcides' hand
 Who snatched the iron mace,
 At foot of maiden bland
 Marking the lion-conqueror's maid-like place ?
 The spoils of that dread chase
 Who turned to delicate
 Attire of female state ?
 And fingers, wont to hurl
 War's weapons round, the distaff forced to twirl ?

* * * *

" What other fire consumed
 The glories of old Troy ?
 Or Spain, the mighty, doomed
 To groan beneath a paynim yoke's annoy ?
 A blind and wanton boy
 The noblest minds o'erthrew,
 Mangled and maimed, and slew ;
 Triumphant over lives and blood,
 The prey of appetite's remorseless mood.

" Blest, oh how wond'rous blest,
 Who 'gainst the fatal dart
 Has known to guard his breast,
 Or quench the flames whilst kindling in his heart !
 Such grace doth Heav'n impart
 But to a favoured few.
 Vain joys, that quickly flew,
 Thousands with tears lament,
 And their submission to Love's power repent."

We have given precedence to Ferreira on account of his poetical merit and the loftier strain of his muse, although Sa de Miranda ought to have stood first, as well in point of time as on account of his rank, and of the sort of supremacy ceded to him by contemporary poets. He is called by Senhor Garrett "the true father of our poetry—the poet of reason and virtue," and was the introducer of the Italian metres, in which he wrote eclogues, idyls, &c. &c. Nevertheless, his poetical reputation now rests chiefly upon his *Cartas*, didactic epistles written in the native Portuguese *redondilha* measure. We translate a few *quin-*

tilhas, or five-lined stanzas, from an epistle addressed to King John the Third, which is esteemed his master-piece. The reader will observe that the arrangement of the rhymes is twofold, regularly alternating.

“ Great King of Kings, one single day,
One hour of yours, in idle mood
Should I consume, it would betray
That guiltily I did not pay
Due reverence to the general good.

“ For in a distant hemisphere,
Where other stars gem other skies,
Nations of various form and cheer—
By God till now hid from our eyes—
Submit your mandates wait to hear.

“ You in all subject hearts abide,
Oh monarch powerful as just,
You who will knots the hardest tied
Untangle, or with sword divide;
Great living law in whom we trust.

“ Where men are, Covetise is ever;
All she bewilders, all deceives;
Less foil'd by justice' firm endeavour,
The web that fraudulent malice weaves,
Or to unravel or dis sever.

* * * *

“ Your ships that boldly navigate,
Sailing this solid globe around,
'Midst their discoveries no state
Ungoverned by some king have found.
What were a headless body's fate ?

“ Kingdoms confessing two kings' right
Inevitable ills o'erwhelm.
Earth from one sun receives her light,
One God upholds her by his might ;
One monarch only suits one realm.

* * * *

“ With privileges high as these,
Conscientiously should kings beware
Of looks deceptive, arts to please,
Practised their justice to ensnare,
And cobweb laws to break with ease.

“ Who cannot 'gainst the law prevail
By force or art, or favour, Sire,
Is deemed in interest to fail :
If valueless at public sale,
None will to fav'ritism aspire.

* * * *

" The man who bears a single mind,
A single face, a single truth,
Uptorn, not bent by stormiest wind,
For all besides on earth's designed,
But for a courtier—no, in sooth."

This last *quintilha* is in the mouth of every well-educated Portuguese; and with it we shall take our leave of the more philosophical than poetical Sa de Miranda, turning to the third and last of the poets of this brilliant early period, from whom we intend giving extracts. Diogo Bernardes is celebrated for the simple and melancholy sweetness of his pastoral strains. But the shepherd's reed is so uncongenial to this excitement-loving age and country, that we fear the Portuguese Theocritus stands little chance of enjoying such admiration in England as at home, or even of having his best eclogue, *Mariãa*, patiently read through; more especially as we deem it right to adhere in our translation to his *terza rima*, the monotony of which, although in the original it seems to heighten the mellifluous sadness of his shepherdess's complaints, is ill suited to our more robust language. We shall therefore give but little of it; the opening stanzas, as characteristic of the style, and a few of the more pathetic.

" How sweetly 'midst these hazel bushes rose
Ev'n now the nightingale's melodious lay,
Whilst the unhappy Phyllis mourned her woes !

I came to drive my lambs, idly that stray,
From yonder wheat, and caught, as I drew near,
Either's last cadence, ere both fled away.

Sad Phyllis cried ' Alas ! ' in tone so drear,
So inly felt, that sorrow's voice I knew,
And my heart bled such suffering to hear ;

Complaining thus, she mournfully withdrew ;
The bird flew off, and my regrets are vain.

* * * * *

Those nymphs who from their bosoms love exclude
Are happy—Oh how enviable their state !

How wretched those whose hearts he has subdued !

How often do they vainly call on Fata !
How often cruel love invoke, and wail,
And lavish sighs and tears on an ingrate !

Vainly their eyes disclose the tender tale
Of a lost heart. In us, fore-doomed to grief,
Beauty and grace, alas ! of what avail ?

If we're disdained, 'tis sorrow past relief !
In which, if curelessly the heart must pine,
The term of life and suffering will be brief.

* * * * *

I loved thee holily as the chaste dove ;
If other thoughts within thy bosom dwell,
Thine own heart must that wrongful thought reprove.

But wherefore do I here my sorrows tell,
Where Echo only to my sad lament
Can answer, and not him I love so well ?

Across these mountains since his course he bent,
Never again revisiting our plains,
By what dark jealousies my heart is rent !

So little room for hope to me remains
Despair were haply lesser misery ;
But love resists despair, and love still reigns."

We shall now leave the poets whom Portugal still esteems her classics, for those who in the last half of the last century revived her poetical spirit. The first of these was Pedro Antonio Correa Garção, who started up, amidst the intellectual night that had long oppressed his native land, in the full vigor of manly genius. Garção wrote lyrically and satirically, but his two satires in this collection turn so entirely upon Portuguese literature that they would be nearly unintelligible, and quite uninteresting to English readers. We take as our specimen of his abilities his Cantata of Dido, which is esteemed by his compatriot critics, one of the most sublime conceptions of human genius, one of the most perfect of human works. In our translation we shall closely imitate the metre of the original, thus affording a sample of that admixture of short lines in blank verse of which we have spoken.

DIDO, A CANTATA.

" Already in the ruddy east shone white
The pregnant sails that speed the Trojan fleet,
Now wafted on the pinions of the wind
They vanish midst the golden sea's blue waves.

The miserable Dido
Wanders loud shrieking through her regal halls,
With dim and turbid eyes seeking in vain

The fugitive Æneas.
Only deserted streets and lonesome squares
Her new-built Carthage offers to her gaze ;
And frightfully along the naked shore
The solitary billows roar i' the night.

And midst the gilded vanes
Crowning the splendid domes
Nocturnal birds hoot their ill auguries.

In fancy now she hears
Amaz'd, the ashes cold
Of dead Sichæus, from his marble tomb,
In feeble accents mixed with heavy sighs,
' Eliza ! mine Eliza ! ' ceaseless call.

To the dread gods of hell
A solemn sacrifice

Prepares she; but dismayed,
 Upon the incense-fuming altars sees
 The sacred vases mantling with black scum,
 And the libation wine
 Transformed into abhorrent lakes of blood.
 Deliriously she raves;
 Pale is her beauteous face,
 Her silken tresses all dishevelled stream,
 And with uncertain foot, scarce conscious, she
 That happy chamber seeks,
 Where she with melting heart
 Her faithless lover heard
 Whisper impassioned sighs and soft complaints.

There the inhuman Fates before her sight,
 Hung o'er the gilded nuptial couch, displayed
 The Teucrian mantles, whose loose folds disclosed
 The lustrous shield, and the Dardanian sword.
 She started—suddenly, with hand convulsed,
 From out the sheath the glittering blade she snatch'd,
 And on the tempered, penetrating steel
 Her delicate, transparent bosom cast.
 And murmur'ring, gushing, foaming, the warm blood
 Bursts in a fearful torrent from the wound.
 And, from th' encrimsoned rushes spotted red,
 Tremble the Doric columns of the hall.

Thrice she essayed to rise,
 Thrice fainting on the bed she prostrate fell,
 And writhing as she lay, to Heaven upraised
 Her quenched and failing eyes.
 Then earnestly upon the lustrous mail
 Of Ilium's fugitive,
 Fixing her look, she uttered these last words.
 And hovering midst the golden vaulted roofs,
 The tones, lugubrious and pitiful,
 In after days were often heard to moan.

'Ye precious memorials,
 Dear source of delight,
 Enrapt'ring my sight,
 Whilst relentless fate,
 Whilst the gods above
 Seemed to bless my love,
 Of the wretched Dido
 The spirit receive!
 From sorrows whose burthen
 Her strength overpowers,
 The lost one relieve!
 The hapless Dido

Not timelessly dies;
The walls of her Carthage,
Loved child of her care,
High towering rise.
Now a spirit bare
She flies the sun's beam,
And Phlegethon's dark
And horrible stream,
In Charon's foul bark,
She lonesomely ploughs.'"

Antonio Diniz de Cruz e Silva was, as we have said, the contemporary of Garção, and is esteemed a writer of more force, though less elegance and high finish. He tried almost every description of poetry, and his Pindaric Odes are held in very high estimation. They undoubtedly display great lyric powers, but are not considered by Portuguese critics as the chief ornaments of his laurel wreath. *O Hyssope*, or the Holy-Water-Sprinkler, is universally allowed to be his master-piece. In this heroi-comic poem Diniz has imitated, or rather emulated Boileau's *Lutrin*, and we shall give a few extracts, not only because its very different strain affords an agreeable variety from our other selections, but as it exhibits at one and the same time the talents of a much-admired poet, the character of Portuguese humour, and the freedom with which, despite of bigotry and the Inquisition, Portuguese writers venture to ridicule the clergy, who share with the *Gallo-mania*, then beginning to prevail, the indignation of the satirist. The subject of the poem is a dispute betwixt a bishop and a dean respecting some innovation in the mode of presenting the *Hyssope* to the former by the latter. During the hours universally dedicated to the *siesta*, or after-dinner nap, the agitated dean climbs a mountain, upon which stands a monastery of Capuchin Friars, and presents himself at the door, when the porter, amazed at such unwonted exertions, asks—

" ' How now, my lord? What wonderful event
Can have befall'n your lordship, that through heat
So sultrily intense, should to our house
In such disorder bring you: Have you chanced
To murder one of your colleagues? Or rob
The sacristy? Or, tempted by the fiend,
Have you turned virgin violator, whence
You in our Church must an asylum seek?'

' Not one of these misfortunes, Heaven be praised,'
Said Lara, ' has befallen me: nought would I
But with the *Padre Guardiano* speak—
On urgent business, soon as possible.'"

The *Padre Guardiano*, or Superior of the Monastery, is taking his *siesta*; and the dean awaits his awaking in the garden. There our dignitary meets with a *Padre Jubilado*, that is to say a Father who, in consideration of long service, is excused from all professional duties—in fact, a retired friar. The dean, after descanting upon the beauty of the garden, pauses before a statue, and thus questions his companion :

“ ‘ Who is this *Monsieur Paris*, as he’s called
In the inscription on his pedestal?
If from appearances I judge, the name,
Count’nance, and well-dressed hair, bespeak this beau
A Frenchman, and perhaps a cavalier,
The great inventor of his own *toupee*.’

The learned Father cautiously replied,
‘ Nor Frenchman, as you judge, nor cavalier
Was he this statue represents. In Troy,
One of Troy’s royal family, he lived.’

— ‘ If Frenchman he was not,’ the Dean rejoined,
‘ Why called *Monsieur*?’ And the ex-Doctor thus,
Smiling, made answer: — ‘ Let not that surprise,
Since at each step recurring. Now-a-days
At every corner are we Portuguese
Shamelessly treated as *Monsieurs*. This, sir,
Is now the fashion, and the fashion must
Be followed. Above all, is’t requisite
We should convince the world that we speak French?’

— ‘ Oh *Padre Jubilado*,’ asked the Dean,
‘ Is’t then of such importance to speak French,
That your proficiency your rev’rences
Must thus display? Without this sacrament
Were neither wisdom nor salvation yours?
For I must tell you here, under the rose,
The savage Boticudo jargon’s not
More unintelligible to me, than French.’

— ‘ Do not confess it, sir, for in these times,
Oh times! oh morals! French is all in all.’
The father said.

• • • • •
‘ Of this audacity, this impudence,
Raging unchecked amongst us, sir, th’ effects
Most terrible, most noxious, those appear
That fall on our chaste mother-tongue; that tongue,
Wasted upon translations meriting
Most richly to be burnt, is there defiled
With thousand Gallicisms of word and phrase.

• • • • •
As though our language, beautiful and rich,
The eldest born of Latin, stood in need
Of foreign ornament.’ ”

The Dean inquires, after the same fashion, into the names and histories of divers mythological personages, including *Madama Pena Lopez*, as he reads the inscription on Penelope's statue. The Friar concludes his eulogium upon the pattern of widows bewitched in these words :

" ' And at the loom all weavers of those days
Surpassing, on one web ten years she spent.'

— ' What say you, father-master? Do you jest? '
Th' astonished Dean exclaimed, ' What, ten whole years
Warping and weaving at one single web
Did this *Madama* spend? And will you say
She was a famous weaver? Why my nurse—
And she's decrepid—spends not on one web
More than nine months.'

* * * * *

— ' Even in this her great ability,'
The Father said, ' consisted; since by night
She carefully unravelled each day's work.'

— ' Still worse and worse,' rejoined the Dean; ' why this
Is going, crab-like, backwards. I would swear
Upon an hundred pair of gospels, she,
Your famed Penelope, had lost her wits.'

* * * * *

— ' This is Alcides, whose tremendous arm,
Whose mighty feats, your lordship must have heard
Father Arronches* in his sermons laud
With exquisite discretion.'

— ' You mistake,
Good father,' Lara said; ' for in my life
I never heard a sermon. Though i' the choir
Too oft, by reason of my dignity,
I'm placed against my will, and doomed to hear,
I always, whilst the Father prosed, sleep,
For by no other means can I appease
The hunger at such times tormenting me.
But now, returning to the point, I've heard,
Father, that this Alcides in his day
Was a sad profligate.'

— ' He loved the girls!
And what of that?' the *Jubilado* asked.
' I, as you see me, bearing seventy years,
I spare no damsel I may light upon.'

— ' I cannot say the same. Alas! what grief,
What shame does the confession cost!' exclaimed
The Dean, ' and I've scarce numbered sixty years.' "

* A book then existed, and perhaps still exists in Lisbon, entitled the *Church Hercules*, and this Hercules is St. Dominick.

We cannot proceed with this conversation, and indeed have translated the last few lines reluctantly; but they were indispensable to the portraiture we wish to exhibit of both Portuguese drollery and Portuguese clerical satire: they are moreover considered in their native land, we believe, as displaying the very quintessence of delicacy. We shall now leave the Dean's inquiries into, and comments upon, mythological history, observing *en passant* that Fonseca does not seem to think his ignorance extraordinary, as he has deemed it requisite to append notes to his compilation explaining every thing, from the siege of Troy to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and shall close our extracts from *O Hyssope* with a specimen of its marvellous. The Dean and his partizans are feasting, and rejoicing in the prospect of a triumph over the obnoxious Bishop, who is the butt of many jests and witticisms,

* * * * *

“ When suddenly, (tremendous incident,
Which my flesh quivers even to relate!)
The venerable Cock, larded and stewed,
That lay 'midst doves and chickens in a dish,
Uprises on his feet; his naked wings
Thrice solemnly he flutters, and these words,
In voice distinct though sad, articulates:
—‘ Vainly, inhuman Dean, vainly dost thou
Celebrate in our life-blood the success
That promises thee future victory.
Thou to thine enemy perforce shalt yield.’

“ He said, and falling back within his dish,
Unmoving lay. That instant a cold sweat
Bathes the pale faces of the banqueters.
The hair upon their brows stands upright; long
Motionless, speechless, staring, they remain.
But when they had recovered life and sense,
Trembling, they started up, and overthrew
The richly loaded table on the ground.
Three times with open hand they crossed themselves,
Three times, but vainly, did they exorcise
The fatal Cock, who now lay still in death;
And the unlucky feast a thousand times
Devoting to the Devil, thence they sped.”

But highly as Garção and Diniz are esteemed, no modern Portuguese writer has enjoyed a celebrity approaching to that of Manoel Barbosa du Bocage. It was, however, as an *Improvisatore* that he principally excelled, and it were consequently vain to expect that his published works should enable posterity or foreigners to sympathise in the enthusiasm of his contemporaries.

trymen. Du Bocage, as might be expected from an *Improvisatore*, and still more from a man who, by the unbridled indulgence of his passions, died of old age when he had barely numbered thirty-five years, disdained the labour of revision; consequently, his works abound as much in faults as in beauties, and the longest and most important are the worst. We shall translate two or three of his smaller pieces, beginning with the following apologue, which we think pretty and original.

THE WOLF AND THE EWE.

"Once upon a time great friendship
Twixt a wolf and ewe there reigned,
What saint's influence wrought such marvel
Has not rightly been explained.

"She forgot the guardian shepherd,
Fold, flock, dog, she all forsook,
And her way with her new comrade
Through the tangled thicket took.

"Whilst she with her fellows pastured,
Gall-less she as turtle dove,
But her new friend quickly taught her
Cruel as himself to prove.

* * * * *

"And when the ferocious tutor
Saw the poor perverted fool
Make so marvellous a progress
In his brutalizing school,

"Vanity with pleasure mingled,
Till his heart within him danced;
And his fondness for his pupil
Every murd'rous feast enhanced.

"But one day, that almost famished,
Master wolf pursued the chase,
Of the victims he was seeking
He discovered not a trace.

"Mountain, valley, plain and forest,
Up and down, and through and through,
Vainly he explored, then empty
To his den led back his ewe.

"There his weary limbs outstretching
On the ground awhile he lies,
Then upon his weak companion
Ravenously turns his eyes.

"Thus the traitor inly muses,
'Ne'er was known such agony!
And must I endure these tortures?
Must I out of friendship die?

- “ ‘ Shall I not obey the mandate
Nature speaks within my breast ?
And is not self-preservation
Nature’s holiest behest ?
- “ ‘ Virtue, thou belong’st to reason,
Let proud man confess thy sway !
I’m by instinct merely governed,
And its dictates must obey.’
- “ Thus decided, swift as lightning
Springs he on the hapless ewe,
Fangs and claws deep in her entrails
Plunging, stains a crimson hue.
- “ With a trembling voice the victim
Questions her disloyal friend ;
‘ Why, ingrate, shouldst thou destroy me ?
When or how could I offend ?
- “ ‘ By what law art thou so cruel,
Since I never gave thee cause ?’
Greedily he cried, ‘ I’m hungry,
Hunger is the first of laws.’
- “ Mortals, learn from an example,
With such horrid sufferings fraught,
What dire evils an alliance
With the false and cruel brought.
- “ If the wicked are your comrades,
I’ll engage you’ll imitate
Half their crimes, and will encounter
Wolves like ours, or soon or late.’”

But it is in sonnets, anacreontics, and dithyrambics, that Boccage is deemed pre-eminent, and we regret that most of these are too warm in their colouring for an English version. We select a sonnet upon a historical subject, and therefore unobjectionable, as is the amatory anacreontic which follows.

SONNET ON THE FALL OF GOA.

- “ Fall’n is th’ Emporium of the Orient ;
That stern Alfonso’s arms in dread array
Erst from the Tartar despot tore away,
Shaming in war the god armipotent.
- “ Goa lies low ! that fortress eminent,
Dread of the haughty Nayre, the false Malay,
Of many a barb’rous tribe.—What faint dismay
In Lusian breasts the martial fire has spent !

" Oh bygone age of heroes ! days of glory !
Exalted men ! ye, who, despite grim death,
Still in tradition live, still live in story,
Terrible Albuquerque, and Castro great,
And you, their peers, your deeds in memory's breath
Preserved, avenge the wrongs we bear from fate !"

TO THE ROSE, AN ANACREONTIC.

- " Thou darling of Venus,
Thou bright-tinted Rose,
Whose beauty so fragrant,
So delicate glows ;
- " That cover'st with blushes
Inferior flowers,
Confess that Marilia
Thy charms overpowers !
- " Ev'n as to the Day-star
In majesty bright,
Must yield the inconstant
Fair planet of night ;
- " Ev'n thus to Marilia
In purity, thou,
Fair rose, Nature's darling,
Submissive must bow.
- " For Love, o'er his vassals
His pow'r to bespeak,
With livelier colours
Has painted her cheek :
- " Thy beauty's surrounded
By sharp piercing thorns ;
Each gentle endearment
Marilia adorns :
- " Thou heed'st not the wishes
Thy beauty inspires ;
Not Zephyr's fond kisses
Can waken love's fires.
- " In beauteous Marilia
Kind sympathies rise,
My verses of passion
She hears and she sighs.
- " The mother of flowers,
Spring, genially sweet,
Thy beauties producing,
Is vain of the feat.

" But from my sweet Marilia's
 Delight-breathing laugh,
 All the raptures of Eden
 Seems Nature to quaff.

" Then which is the fairer,
 Marilia or thee,
 And which is the purer,
 Let Cupid decree.

" Be Venus the umpire,—
 She comes to approve ;
 Ah no ! 'Tis not Venus—
 'Tis she ! 'Tis my love !"

If Bocage be the most enthusiastically admired of Portugal's modern poets, the most influential upon her literature was Francisco Manuel do Nascimento, who, banished from his native land through ecclesiastical persecution, spent forty years in Paris, where he died not very long ago, at upwards of eighty years of age. This prolific writer, as we have already stated, mainly dedicated his energies to the castigation of the absurd practice of interlarding Portuguese with French words, and to the inculcation of a due reverence for the Portuguese classics. Unluckily, we think, his veneration for his great countrymen was mingled with so ardent an admiration for the real classics, as, although not disproportionate to their merits, appears to have vitiated his sense of the genius of modern languages and of modern poetry. It is to this that we must needs ascribe the hostility he declared against rhyme, for he so virulently repelled and resented the charge brought forward by some of his rivals, of deficiency in the rhyming faculty, that we apprehend our insinuating such a suspicion, which we confess haunts our mistrustful temper, might provoke his indignant ghost to scare away our midnight slumbers. But whatever were his motive, Francisco Manuel, not content with employing blank verse in his epistles, satires, and tales, was pleased to indite even his odes either in classical lyric metres, or in stanzas differing from those in common use, chiefly by being unrhymed; and this last improvement, as it relieved poetical tyros from many difficulties, was more readily adopted than the rigid adherence he enjoined to the classical purity of the Portuguese language. Part of one of these odes we shall translate, as something new to English readers: moreover, Francisco Manuel's critical effusions are interesting only to Portuguese scholars, whilst his impetuous genius was peculiarly adapted to lyrical strains. The following ode, of which we imitate the metre, is one of his finest efforts.

NEPTUNE TO THE PORTUGUEZE.

“ Wave-wandering Armadas people now
The Antillean ocean,
And strands for centuries that desert lay.
Lo ! here d’Estaing the fearless,
And there the prosperous Rodney cuts the plains
Subject to Amphitrite.
Already at each hostile banner’s sight
Enkindles every spirit ;
The sails are slacked, the cannon’s thunders roll ;
From numberless volcanoes
Death bursts, on scattering balls borne widely round.
The rocks that tow’r sharp-pointed,
Bristling the shore of many a neighbouring isle,
Are with the din fear-shaken
Of the hoarse brass rebellowing that roars.*
Tremulously the waters
Amidst the placid grottos crystalline
Proclaim the news of terror.
Their green dishevelled tresses streaming far,
The Nereids, affrighted,
Fly to the shuddering ocean’s deep’st abyss.
Neptune exasperated,
Flings on his biped coursers’ necks the reins,
And in his conch upstanding,
With straining eyes the liquid azure field
Explores, seeking, but vainly,
The bold, the conquest-loving Lusian ships.
Lilies he sees, and Leopards,
Of yore on ocean’s confines little known,
Triumphantly now waving
From frigid Thule to the ruddy East.
He sees the dull Batavian
In fragrant Ceylon, and Malacca rich,
His grasping laws promulgate.
‘ Offspring of Gama and of Albuquerque !’
Thus Neptune, deeply sighing,
Exclaims : ‘ Encrimson ye with deathless shame !
Where is the trident sceptre
I gave to that adventurous hero, first
Who ploughed with daring spirit
The unknown oceans of the rosy morn ?

* In the original, this line—

“ De bronze rauco, che rimbomba e brama,”

is intended to be descriptive of the sounds, in emulation of Tasso’s famous line—

“ E l’aer cieco a quel rumor rimbomba.”

No Lusitanian Argos
 With heroes filled, in Mauritanian schools
 Created, trained, and hardened,
 Now furrows with bold nimbleness my realm."

But we begin to be weary of this unwonted metre, and must take the liberty of omitting most of Father Neptune's *resumé* of Portuguese conquests and defeats, lyrically poetical as we acknowledge it to be. We, however, translate the following passage of it, which we think really fine.

" ' The great Pacheco's ashes
 Demanded vengeance, and the Fates, too just,
 Flung a thick veil of blindness
 Over the watchful eyes of Portugal.
 Virtue's attire assuming,
 Professing zeal, (Oh! days calamitous!)
 Rash Ignorance grasped boldly
 The keys of all the Lusitanian states;
 Intemperate zeal then kindled
 In Europe and in Asia bonfires dread;
 The flames wild flashing, blazing,
 Scorching the feathers of free genius' wing,
 Of Lusitania's glory
 Burnt irrecoverably the ripened hopes."

After an enumeration of the disasters consequent upon this usurpation of Ignorance, extending to between thirty and forty lines, the ode thus concludes:—

" ' Lusians ye were; and your forefathers' fame
 Dimly the shields illumines
 Of their neglectful sons, soon to be quenched
 With dark and misty fingers
 By coarse Barbarity, Fanaticism's
 Constant and meet associate.'
 Dorindo, wearied is the muse, and hoarse
 With tunelessly recording
 All the cerulean Despot's cruel taunts,
 All Lusitania's sad reverses."

We shall now introduce our readers to some of the living poets of Portugal, but must preface our extracts from them by expressing our regret that Fonseca has indulged us with specimens of so few out of the long list we have given. We know not whether to attribute this exclusive system to that reluctance to meddling with living members of the *genus irritabile*, intimated in the Introductory Sketch, or to the circumstance of Fonseca's having made and published his compilation at Paris, where Portuguese books might be difficult to procure. Amongst other con-

temporary bards he has altogether omitted Almeida Garrett, whom, from the *Parnaso Lusitano*, we should know only as a critic. It is to make amends for this neglect that we have included that gentleman's *Adozinda* along with the *Parnaso*, in the present article. We begin our selections from the living writers with J. A. Macedo; an author who has tried the epic, tragic, and lyric lyres, but excels only upon the didactic. We shall give a rather copious extract from *A Meditação*, (Meditation,) both because we think it one of the best of the recent pieces in the present collection, and because the tenor of its philosophy happily illustrates the immeasurable superiority which the exact sciences enjoy under despotic governments, where, what Bonaparte called ideology is esteemed dangerously revolutionary.

“ Portentous Egypt! I in thee behold
And studiously examine human kind,
Learning to know me, in mine origin,
In the primæval and the social state!
A cultivator first, man next obeyed
Wise Nature's voice internal, equal men
Uniting, and to empire raising law,
Th' expression of the universal will,
That gives to virtue recompense, to crime
Due punishment, and to the general good
Bids private interest be sacrificed.
In thee the exalted temple of the Arts
Was founded, high in thee they rose, in thee
Long ages saw their proudest excellence.’
The Persian worshipper of Sun or Fire,
From thee derived his creed. The Arts from thee
Followed Sesostris' arms, to th' utmost plains
Of the scorched Orient, in caution where
Lurks the Chinese. Thou wondrous Egypt! Through
Vast Hindostan thy worship and thy laws
I trace. In thee to the inquirer's gaze
Nature uncovered first the ample breast
Of science, that contemplates, measuring,
Heav'n's vault, and tracks the bright stars' circling course.

* * * * *

From out the bosom of thine opulence
And glory, vast imagination spreads
Her wings. In thine immortal works I find
Proofs how sublime that human spirit is,
Which the dull Atheist, depreciating,
Calls but an instinct of more perfect kind,
More active than the never-varying brute's.
More is my being, more. Flashes in me
A ray, reflected from th' eternal light.
All the philosophy my verses breathe,

Th' imagination in their cadences,*
Result not from unconscious mechanism.

* * * *

Thebes is in ruins, Memphis is but dust,
O'er polished Egypt savage Egypt lies.
Midst deserts does the persevering hand
Of skilful antiquary disinter
Columns of splintered porphyry, remains
Of ancient porticoes; each single one
Of greater worth, Oh! thou immortal Rome,
Than all thou from the desolating Goth,
And those worse Vandals of the Seine, hast saved.
Buried beneath light grains of arid sand,
The golden palaces, th' aspiring tow'rs
Of Meris, Amasis, Sesostris, lie,
And the immortal pyramids contend
In durability against the world.
Planted 'midst centuries' shade, Time 'gainst their tops
Scarce grazes his ne'er resting iron wing.

" In Egypt to perfection did the Arts
Attain; in Egypt they declined, they died.
Of all that's mortal such th' unfailing lot.
Only the light of science 'gainst Death's law
Eternally endures. The basis firm
Of the fair Temple† of Geometry
Was in portentous Egypt laid. The doors
Of vasty Nature by geometry
Are opened, to her fortress she conducts
The sage. With her beneath the fervid sun
The globe I measure; only by her aid
Could'st thou, learned Kepler, the eternal laws
Of the fixed stars discover: and with her
Grasps the philosopher th' ellipse immense,
Eccentric, of the sad, and erst unknown,
Far-wandering comet. Justly if I claim
The name geometrician, certainly
Matter inert is not what in me thinks."

O Passeio, or the Walk, of J. M. da Costa e Silva, is a descriptive poem, highly esteemed; and we would willingly translate the passage relative to Portuguese zoology. But we really cannot fill our pages with didactic blank verse; and there is one more extract of the kind that we must needs give, or show ourselves even more ungallant than Fonseca, who has admitted into his collection only a single production of female talent, *i. e.* a

* If Macedo be not more vain than his tuneful brethren, he is certainly more indiscreet.

† We are not answerable for these repetitions of words, images, or ideas, and indeed our interpolated asterisks have marvellously curtailed their number.

complimentary epistle to the rhyme-aborring Francisco Manuel, by Dona Leonor d' Almeida. We think the following lines spirited, though not unblemished by some portion of that incorrection and confusedness which of old were deemed characteristic of a lady's writing.

" But thou, in raptured trance, hear'st not my words.
 Thy bosom with poetic fury filled,
 Panting and agitated, thou impart'st
 The fire inflaming thee to thine high verse.
 The torrent of ideas, springing thick
 Within that fruitful mind, together strive
 Oppress'd, oppressing; ever casting forth
 Portraits of disorder, fervid, bright,
 And varied, which they offer to thine eyes
 Most prodigally. By enthusiasm
 Guided, the curtain of the awful scene
 Thou liftest, levelling all mysteries.
 Cæsar's audacious hand dost thou recal,
 Felling those forests, terror's home, revered
 By Druids, who at their destruction faint.
 From myst'ries that to Lusitania thou proclaim'st,
 The heroes whom our nation celebrates,
 Averted fearfully their eyes—Ev'n so
 The thunderbolt from those black forests turned
 Its path aside, far flew th' affrighted bird,
 And, at safe distance, did the fugitive winds
 Murmur their terror in hoarse whispering blasts.
 Cæsar audaciously the torch applies;
 And lo! the flame, devouring the old grove,
 In lieu of Deity, shows spectres foul—
 Teutatis, ever gnawing entrails raw—
 Coil'd dragons, fixing in themselves their fangs—
 Loathsome Erinnyes—Scyllas horrible,
 Whose roarings through the crackling flames are heard."

We turn to the living lyrists, and shall offer our readers two specimens of this loftier strain, embellished, we are happy to say, in conformity to our old-fashioned, insular notions, with rhyme. The pieces are, however, too long to be inserted whole. The following stanzas are from an Ode upon War, by João Evangelista de Moraes Sarmiento, written during the French invasion.

" Shaken, convulsed with fear intemperate,
 Breaks my hoarse sounding lyre;
 And sinking on the chords, in woful state,
 See holy Peace expire,
 Whilst yet far off tumultuously rave
 The progeny of Mars, cruel as brave.

* * * * *

" Their hot white foam is by the chargers proud
 Scattered in fleece around ;
 Uprises from their nostrils a dense cloud ;
 And as they paw the ground
 A thick dust blackens the pure air like smoke,
 Through which sparks glimmer at each eager stroke.

" The stately cedar and the res'nous pine
 No more, on mountain's brow,
 The feathered mother and her nest enshrine ;
 Felled by rude hatchets now,
 The briny deep to people they repair,
 And for green leaves fling canvass on the air.

* * * * *

" War, monster dire ! what baleful planet's force
 Tow'rds Lusitania marks thy path ?
 Away ! away ! quick measure back thy course ;
 Glut upon those thy wrath
 Who joy in burnished mail, whose ruthless mood
 With blood bedews the earth, banquets on blood !

* * * * *

" But unavoidable if war's alarms,—
 Lusitania, our cause is just !
 In battle will we crimson our bright arms ;
 To battle's lot intrust
 All hope of future years in joy to run ;
 Only in battle may sweet peace be won.

" The Albuquerque and Castros from the tomb
 Arise on Lusitania's sight ;
 Although for centuries they've lain in gloom
 Unvisited by light,
 Portugal they forget not, of whose story
 Their names and their achievements are the glory."

We shall close our selections from the *Parnaso Lusitano* with part of B. M. Curvo Semedo's long Dithyrambic Address to his Mistress, which is highly spoken of by Portuguese critics, though we must confess we do not ourselves very much delight in it. We imitate the irregularity in rhyme and metre of the original. It begins thus:—

" Sword-armed Orion rains destruction down,
 Th' affrighted world assailing ;
 Rebellious howling whirlwinds,
 Terrible thundering tempests,
 Constitute his wild army.
 Savagely winter peers through murky air,
 Flapping each gelid wing,
 Horrible storms, loud roaring, round him cling ;
 His matted, icicle-bestudded hair,

By fierce north-easters raging now,
Is stiffened upright on his brow.
Ah Celia, loveliest Celia! we are victims
Of his inhuman fury.
Beneath the palsying influences shed
From his cold blast thy del'cate white limbs tremble,
Thy cheeks are purple, and thy hands are red.
What shall we do?
The bitter season how eschew?
Gay Bacchus will we merrily woo,
And brimming goblets whilst we quaff,
At winter's cruelty we'll laugh."

This comfortable winter-mastering process occupies some pages, which we pass over. The fortunate result is thus commemorated:—

"A vine wreath placed
On either' head,
Come, come, let us haste
To the banquet spread
By the god of the thyrsus—
But what do I see? Two Celias and two me's!
Evohe! Bacchus! Evohe!
If mine eyes, by cloudiness troubled,
Present me all objects doubled,
'Tis not that my state is vinolent.
Oh happiness! Oh miraculous event!
Oh strange transformation!
Oh glad elevation!
Into Bacchus transformed am I!
In me of the sparkling wine
The god adore!
In nectar divine
Will I evermore
Seek the joys of ebriety.
To the azure sphere
I fly amain;
Expect me awhile, sweet Celia, here,
Until, from thunder-hurling Jove,
A refulgent throne in the realms above
I obtain.
Oh Heav'ns! what raptures in me blaze!
Celia, adieu!—no more delays!
Evohe! Bacchus! Evohe!"

If we do Almeida Garrett injustice in presenting his tale immediately after this tipsy rhapsody, the fault is not ours. Had Fonseca included any of his earlier verses in the *Parnaso Lusitano*, we should have placed our specimens of them in happy juxtaposition.

position to the blank verse; but his poem being taken as a separate book, we know not how to locate it otherwise. We shall, however, try to sober our readers down to the temperature of narrative poetry by a few prefatory words of prose. We have already intimated that the long slighted *Chacra* has at length found a cultivated admirer; and this admirer is the Senhor Almeida Garrett, whose attention seems to have been recalled to what formed the delight of his infancy, by the universal modern rage for old national legends and songs. He has collected the fragments of many mutilated *Chacras*, and in the introduction to *Adozinda* speaks of publishing them, with versions so far modernizing them as to render the language and stories intelligible. We earnestly pray him not to let this design make itself air. We are great lovers of such lore; and the Portuguese nature is so essentially poetical, that we are satisfied Lusitanian lisplings in numbers must be amongst the sweetest of early remains.

Adozinda is not exactly a specimen of what this work would be; in it the *Chacra* fragments having grown into a poetical romance in four short cantos, and being altered, as well as dilated and completed. They could not else have appeared in these days of refinement; for the tale is founded on a passion revolting to human nature, and requires the utmost delicacy of management to render it endurable. Our author has done much to soften its offensiveness; indeed, as much as in most parts of the continent will, we conceive, be thought sufficient. English readers are, however, more fastidious; and there are parts of his poem which we could neither translate nor even insinuate comfortably. We must therefore tell the story briefly in our own way; first giving the description of Don Sisnando's return home from the Moorish wars, and concluding with extracts from the catastrophe. As usual we imitate the metre of the original, to which belongs the intermixture of unrhymed lines.

“ Lo ! what crowds seek Landim Palace
Where it towers above the river !
Sounds of war and sounds of mirth
Through its lofty walls are ringing !
Shakes the drawbridge, groans the earth
Under troops in armour bright ;
Steeds, caparisoned for fight,
Onward tramp :—o'erhead high flinging
Banners, where the red cross glows,
Standard-bearers hurry near,—
Don Sisnando's self is here !
From his breastplate flashes light ;
Plumes that seem of mountain snow

O'er his dazzling helmet wave ;
"Tis Sisnando, great and brave!

" Open, open, castle portals !
" Pages, damsels, swiftly move !
" Lo! from Paynim lands returning
" Comes my husband, lord, and love !"
Thus the fond Auzenda cries
Tow' rds the portal as she flies.
Gates are opened, shouts ring round ;
And the ancient castle's echo
Wakens to the festive sound ;
" Welcome ! welcome, Don Sisnando !"
* * * * *

Weeps her joy Auzenda meek,
Streams of rapture sweetly flow ;
Down the never-changing cheek
Of the warrior stout and stern,
Steals a tear-drop all unheeded—
Stronger far is joy than woe !"

Recovering from his conjugal transports, Don Sisnando asks
for his daughter:—

" At his side his daughter fair
Trembling stands with downcast air.
Like some modest star she seems,
In the hot and vivid beams
Of the sun, uprising bright,
Seen as beautiful as ever
But pale, dim, bereft of light.

Three long years had Don Sisnando
Fought against the Moorish crew ;
And unknown in this fair dame
Now his daughter met his view—
" See her here !" the mother cries,
Round her waist an arm entwining ;
" See her here, my Lord !"—What flame
Blazes in the father's eyes
Fixed upon his lovely daughter ;
Wonder with delight combining,
Long he stands in rapture mute.
Adozinda sighs and blushes,
Whispers " Father !" tremblingly,
Bends in languid guise her knee,
And on the paternal hand
Breathes with icy lips a kiss.
Whilst of tears a torrent gushes,
Tears she may no more command."

Our hint as to the revolting character of the story may, perhaps,

have prepared the reader to perceive that the father has fallen in love with his own daughter. Adozinda had been forewarned of the horrors awaiting her by a hermit, to whom she, as a child, had persuaded her ungentle father to grant hospitality, and she has ever since habitually passed her nights in solitary prayer in a haunted grotto. Here her father surprises her, and she only escapes the impetuosity of his loathsome passion by promising to admit him to her chamber the following night. Her still beautiful mother takes her place; and the father, enraged at discovering the holy fraud, shuts up Adozinda, without clothes or drink, for seven years and a day, in a roofless tower, where a Moorish king had so imprisoned a faithless wife. He then retires to his chamber where none may intrude:—

“ And the father is alone.
He alone? With him remain
They that ne’er desert their own:—
Sin, remorse and gnawing pain.

* * * * *

Dawns at length th’ appointed day;
Adozinda’s years of doom,
Years and day, at eve expire.
Scorched i’ th’ sun’s meridian ray
Seems the solid earth on fire.
From yon prison’s sullen womb
Hark! what accents force their way?
Accents seven long years unheard.
’Tis a voice that asks compassion;—
Hearken to each piteous word—
“ Give, Oh give a draught of water!
One sole draught for mercy’s sake;
Here unsheltered I am burning
And my very heart will break.”

“ That was Adozinda fair,
All her accents recognize;
To her prison throngs repair,
On the loop-hole fix their eyes,
And “ she lives! she lives!” they shout;
“ Lives the innocent oppressed!”
Then amidst the wond’ring rout
Stories of her patience spread;
All the virtues are confessed,
Of the Angel mourned as dead.—
Hark! again those sounds are heard!
Hark! again each piteous word
Seems the prison walls to shake.
“ Give, Oh give a draught of water!
One sole draught for mercy’s sake;

Here unsheltered I am burning
And my very heart will break."

"Every breast was moved to grief,
But her father who might brave?
Weeping they this answer gave—
"Angel, yet a while endure;
Swift deliverance is sure,
He, thy Sire, must bring relief.
Now the seven long years are gone,
And the day is well nigh done;
Yet an hour 'gainst death contend,
Then thy sufferings must end."

Adozinda answers that she cannot hold out another hour. She tells how she has been supported against thirst, heat and cold, through the seven years by a continued miracle, but that the hand of God has been withdrawn from her for the last three days, and she can endure no more. She concludes by again repeating her stanza of supplication. The tidings reach Don Sisnando:—

"And within his stony breast
Cruelty has died away,
Dawns of pity a faint ray:
From his parched, sepulchral eyes,
Terror, that on all impressed,
By the hand that will chastise
Touched, burst tears of human anguish.

* * * * *

To the tow'r he rushes, shouting
"Water! quick, bring water here!
Hasten, hasten all to aid
Th' innocent ill-fated maid,
Murdered by her father's hands!"
Shouting thus he hurries near;
And beneath the prison stands,
Where sad Adozinda moans,
"Daughter! yet 'tis time—Oh live!
Daughter, daughter, Oh! forgive
This vile murd'rer!"—Passion's force
Choaks his accents, choaks his groans;
Voice, strength, breath, have sudden failed him—
On the earth he lies a corse."

These events raise Auzenda from what was thought her death-bed. She totters to the foot of the tower, and orders her daughter to be released. But no exertions can burst the prison doors, till the Hermit who had forewarned Adozinda arrives. At his word the tower opens.—Adozinda is dead—and dead he leaves her. But Don Sisnando he recalls to life, that the sinner may, by

long and painful penitence, atone his crime. The guilty father departs with the hermit, and is seen no more; but even to the present day,

“ Still at midnight’s solemn hour
Underneath that ruin’d tow’r,
Through th’ adjoining chapel, sound
Voices mingling words and groans—
“ Pardon ! pardon ! ” echoes round.—
Those are Don Sisnando’s tones.”

It would appear misplaced to introduce any political reflections or discussions on the present state of Portugal, or the result of the present struggle, at the close of an article which has been hitherto so strictly confined to literary criticism, to biographical notices, and poetical translations. But we cannot help reminding our readers how inauspicious the late events in Portugal have been to the cultivation of the muses, and preparing them for still expecting a long interval of sterility in the “ Lusitanian Parnassus.” The political changes and civil commotions—the rebellions and insurrections—the alternate establishment of schemes of freedom too wild to suit the temper or secure the tranquillity of the nation, and of a despotism under which no national art or accomplishment could flourish—have been more fatal to the culture or progress of Portuguese literature, than even the uncontroled sway of the Inquisition itself. During the war of independence, the whole energy which the inglorious tyranny and deadening superstition of the last three sovereigns had left the people or the nobility, was devoted to the field. The lecture-halls of Coimbra were deserted for the camp—and a few patriotic songs or other poems of no great merit constituted nearly all the literary harvest which could be reaped in the sight of the Gallic legions. On the return of peace the muses were not allowed to repose under the laurels of victory. The absence of the court and the great nobility in Brazil, the play of the factions at home, and the necessarily provisional state of affairs which thence resulted, kept the people in a ferment of political discontent or of political expectation, unfavourable to the secure leisure and quiet pursuits of literature. The insurrection of Oporto in 1820, and the consequent revolution which established the Cortes for nearly two years and a half at Lisbon, converted every man who could write into a political partizan, and totally withdrew the minds of the nation from the enjoyment or the cultivation of poetry and literature. It is needless to say that the combined powers of superstition and of absolutism, which were strong enough to overturn the inverted pyramid of constitutional freedom, (which had no basis in national

institutions,) was more than enough to oppress any feeble commencement of literary independence, and to extinguish every spark of literary ambition. In a country where a little earthen image of two or three inches long, said to have been discovered by a dog in a rabbit hole, was proclaimed a miracle-worker, and escorted by the royal family and the civil and military authorities to the cathedral of Lisbon, where it wrought so many miracles as to give its guardians a power of overthrowing the constitution—in such a country, what could be expected from the renewed ascendancy of the monks and priests? Where almost every man who had learned to read, or who professed a wish to read any thing more than his missal, was liable to be denounced as a freemason, a revolutionist, or an atheist, what encouragement could there be for the cultivation of intellect in any liberal walk of exertion? A considerable number of the most enlightened men of the nation were driven into exile, and those who remained were obliged to conceal their literary acquisitions, or their liberal tastes, under the penalties of something worse than banishment. The death of King John, the absence of Don Miguel, and the confinement of the intriguing old queen, gave another interval of unquiet freedom to Portugal under a constitutional charter. The hopes of the enlightened portion of the nation (embracing many of those who were most opposed to the Cortes of 1820, 1821 and 1822) were unbounded, and as the political ferment, or the rage for political innovation, was less violent than at the former period, a better prospect was held out for the cultivation of science and letters. Some books of merit, previously prepared, were then published, literary criticism began to be indulged, and two or three of the poetical writers whose productions have been alluded to with praise in the preceding part of this article, distinguished themselves by the publication of their works. These (for instance, Mozinho de Albuquerque and Almeida Garrett) and many more, are now in exile, or in the ranks of civil conflict, having been driven from their homes and their pursuits by one of the most brutal and brutalizing despotisms that ever disgraced or degraded mankind. They may re-publish collections of their works in the land of their exile, but poetry does not, like thistle-down, take root on every soil on which it may happen to be blown by a tempest.

The prospects of Portuguese literature at the present moment are dreary in the extreme. In whatever way the contest terminates, the genius of the people cannot be directed with energy to liberal pursuits for many years. If Don Miguel succeeds, unheard of horrors must be perpetrated to celebrate his triumph. Farewell then to every exertion of mind during his reign, but in

the ravings of fanaticism or the justification of tyranny. The press will then remain, as it is now, the instrument for publishing the lies of the court, the tales of pretended miracles, and the sentences of arbitrary judges. Should, on the other hand, victory declare for the standard of the young queen, now upheld by the hand of her father, there must still be a long interval of poverty, anxiety, and agitation, before the muses can be recalled. This, however, is incalculably the best alternative of the two, in this Thebaic contest—this unnatural war between the two brothers; and no lover of Portuguese literature can say, with the patriotic indifference of the mother of Polynices,

“ — Rex sit e vobis uter,
Manente regno.”

ART. VI.—1. *Un Mariage sous l'Empire*. Par Madame Gay. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris. 1832.

2. *Madéleine*. Par Ch. Paul de Koch. 4 tom. 12mo. Paris. 1832.

THE difference between a French and an English novel of the present day is sufficiently marked. The novels of this country turn chiefly on material distinctions: they strive to show the forms which luxury takes in the privileged classes, and to exhibit the differences between the initiated in fashionable life and the pretenders to it—between the regularly trained and thorough-bred contenders in the race of pleasure, so called, and the ridiculous efforts of those whom neither breeding nor education have qualified to enter the lists of fashionable celebrity. In our novels the man is but a part of his equipage; he is the principal person in his establishment, but not more necessary to its completeness, than the butler or the coachman. His characteristics are the street he lives in, the wealth he inherits, the company he keeps, the rank he is born to. The play of his feelings, the lights and shadows of his mind, are of no more account than the peristaltic motion of his bowels, or the systole and diastole of his heart. His character is like his livery, a family affair. The only means of distinction permitted, is that of pursuit;—a senator is domestically dull; an exquisite is disproportionately attentive to dress; a roué sits up all night at hazard, or spends all day in seduction. On the other hand, in a French novel, it is difficult to say whether a man drives a pair, or lives in a garret: if distinctions are made, they are those of sentiment, language, or manners. The grand business of French fiction is the feeling excited by certain situations and relations of life: all men dine—in French fiction dinner is understood—in the

English it is a main business, during which the capabilities of the host are fully developed. We have in French novels experiments upon the moral or sentimental codes in peculiar cases, or else we have exhibitions of character as displayed by individuals in ordinary life. In English ones we have clever sketches of fashionable follies, or able pictures of particular eccentricities. They who look to what in England is called the world, find their account in considering its modifications in our novels; they who study human nature, who love to learn its play in certain given circumstances, to ascertain with exactness, and describe with delicacy, will resort to the chef-d'œuvres of French fiction. Character is a favourite study with the novelist of both countries; a difference however exists in this case as wide as in the other. Our writers occupy themselves with national character, or with character of a broad and general description, such as may be taken as the representative of large classes influenced by causes common to the whole class, but only to that class. In the French novels character is thoroughly individual; the effects described are such as arise from ordinary experience acting upon common natures, showing in full relief, however, all those shades of variety that necessarily distinguish every human being from his fellow creatures. In another class of novels, for which English literature is distinguished, the French have nothing to show, except some paltry imitations—we mean the novels of adventure. Here the roaming genius of Britain reigns triumphant; every wild shore or semi-barbarian realm has had its novelist, as well as its traveller and its merchant, and from the appearance of *Anastasius* down to that of Mr. Trelawney's *Younger Son*, there is an uninterrupted series of works, of unequalled variety, interest and instruction, which are not to be equalled by the fictitious treasures of any other country in the world.

The two works placed at the head of this article we have selected for notice from the late publications of Paris, as models of two great classes of French works of fiction, as contradistinguished from English ones; they are each able in their way, and moreover let us into the private morality and tone of sentiment prevalent in France by a very easy and agreeable process.

"*Un Mariage sous l'Empire*" is a novel of sentiment; that is to say, it is a history of the feelings under peculiar circumstances—of an experiment upon the heart. "*Madeleine*" has also its sentiment,—has also its trials of the heart; but is mainly a medium for the exhibition of character as it exists in Paris and its provinces among the middle ranks of France. The novels of Paul de Koch have already been characterized in our pages, and we take the

latest of his subsequent publications, not with a view of amending our opinion, but because his novels are the best and most amusing representatives of a larger class of fiction. They are always the same, and always different; the frame work is invariable, but the characters are almost infinite in variety, while, however, the shades of distinction are exceedingly minute, and most nicely softened off. We read every succeeding novel with an assurance of the exact kind of pleasure we are to expect, and a perfect certainty as to its amount. The author seems to say—"I will introduce you into a pleasant little view of life; pass through the portal of my little page, and you shall immediately be introduced into a small circle of society, in which you shall exist for a time invisibly, but which shall not be less real for being the creation of my own brain." There are few works in the perusal of which the reader so wholly forgets his own identity and that of the author as in the works of Paul de Koch.

Madame Sophie Gay is a writer of a very different class. Her characters are romantic; her incidents border on improbability; her story is overstrained; but the whole fabric is animated by true passion. She is deeply acquainted with the nature of feminine feelings under every variety of circumstance, and she has observed man too with the discriminating eye of a woman of great sensitiveness. The nature of the passion of love, as modified by every accident of artificial society, is thoroughly known to her. She is familiar with every phase of female character, as it appears in French high life. She understands well all the motives of intrigue, and all the *ambages* of selfishness and ambition; with all this, her sympathies fall in altogether with the pure, the noble, and the disinterested. She dwells with peculiar delight on the sad joy of self-sacrifice; her soul seems purified and exalted, and her genius stimulated, by the grand spectacle of silent suffering, of the noble revenge of charity, of the deep pangs of never-dying remorse agitating a noble spirit for one false step. This is what is called romantic, but the ability of the writer produces her effect without adopting the style of exaltation or even enthusiasm. Her story is told in the tone of refined society; and, in the course of it, exhibits traits of all species of characters as they existed under the all-compelling sway of the emperor.

The "Marriage under the Empire" is a union *par ordre*, such as is frequently found described in the Memoirs of Napoleon's generals; more than one is described in those of the Duke of Rovigo, with all their curious details. The motto of this book indicates the principles on which Napoleon acted: "*Mon système de fusion le demandait.*" This system of fusion was the

creation of a species of hybrid aristocracy; partly military, partly *ancienne noblesse*, partly of wealth. Where these three elements could be combined in the union of two persons, a match was ordained; sometimes only two were to be met with, military glory in that case was joined to millionaire fame, and an aristocratic *tige* of the new and imperial *regime* was thus understood to be put forth. This was Napoleon's idea of supporting the throne. It may well be supposed that these marriages *par ordre* were disagreeable to both parties, and domestic felicity was little likely to be the result of such capricious junctions. This was not a matter of concern to the emperor; at the same time that he commanded a strict morality, and willed that his court should be moral, at the same time he pursued a system which, in its nature, was provocative of extreme laxity of conduct. His military conquests, however, armed him with power to effect moral ones, and the court of Napoleon was chaste.

The marriage supposed in the novel is that of a distinguished young aide-de-camp, the representative of an ancient family, named Adhémar de Lorency, and the daughter of a wealthy army-contractor, or some such thing, M. Brenneval. The young lady, whose name is Ermance, is at the celebrated *pension* of Mad. Campan at Ecouen, which was established under the patronage of the emperor, and served him as a sort of *pépinière*, or seed-bed for young heiresses, as well as the daughters of deserving officers, whom, on the other hand, he selected as the partners of the millionaires of his realm—all in pursuance of his grand system of fusion. When the idea of the union in question occurs to the imperial mind, all it considers necessary to be done on the occasion, is to summon the general to whose staff Captain de Lorency is attached, and to communicate his wishes that the business should be transacted without loss of time. The order was given as much as a matter of course as if it had been for a military movement, but not received as such; the general was mightily perplexed, as he well knew his aide-de-camp was a person who did not admit the emperor's right over his heart as well as his life. The affair is however brought about by the intervention of courtiers, who are ready to undertake any thing for the sake of cultivating an imperial smile, so pregnant with solid advantages. A convenient duchess fetches Ermance from the "pension," and an equally convenient general prepares Adhémar to undergo the ceremony. Now such are the character, persons and dispositions of these two young folks, "thus matched and not paired," that the "mariage de convenance" might easily have been converted into a *mariage d'amour*;" but the sense of restraint on each side, when joined also to the rupture of some tender reminiscences of others,

on the part of both the lady and the gentleman, prepare the parties for repugnance. The qualities of both are, however, such as to make disgust impossible, esteem nearly necessary, but subject to all the palpitations and anxieties of coldness and distrust. It may be conceived that in such a union every movement is liable to misinterpretation. Friends are never wanting to inflame and flatter each party. So circumstanced, the conduct of the gentleman in this instance furnishes abundant food for jealousy; while paying mental homage to the virtues of his wife, he is passionately devoted to the very duchess who had unconsciously brought about his marriage. Intrigue brings together all necessary evidence, circumstances place the school-girl's ancient flame within the influence of the wife, and during a paroxysm of disappointment, tenderness, and vengeance, the foundation is laid for much misery. A distant, a careless, nay, a flagrantly unfaithful husband is betrayed. The object of the lady's early but transient attachment, bent upon the sacrifice of her honour, is assisted in his scheme by a neglected and disappointed mistress; he is enabled to produce an impassioned note, declaratory of the husband's continued devotion to another, dated on the very morning of his marriage. The infidelity is but of a moment, but it is followed by years of bitter remorse, increased by the knowledge that under the apparent coldness of her husband there has been growing up in his mind a strong and powerful feeling of attachment, based upon the sure foundation of esteem for her good qualities, as well as admiration for her personal charms and accomplished manners. Adhémar de Lorency, now a colonel in the imperial army, has in the mean time been following the glorious career of the imperial arms. It is the epoch of Wagram; peace follows, and the husband is expected to return. Remorse becomes a passion, and there is no sacrifice which the unhappy woman is not willing to make. She has no mother, her father is a worldly person, and in the absence of all other confidants, she avows her fault to an elderly relative, the president Monvilliers, a fine specimen of the union of purity of sentiment tempered by charity. He imposes upon her the hardest and most painful task to a delicate mind—concealment—hypocrisy—the child is to pass for the husband's, and she is bound to meet him as if she deserved his embraces. The reasoning by which the president is induced to prescribe this course is certainly not English. It is a thorny path for the sinner, while such is the absurdity of the code of honour, avowal would have heaped disgrace and misery on the injured husband. The part is a hard one to play for a young female of extreme sensitiveness and who, in spite of this one wild fault, for such is it represented, is a person of habitual purity of mind. On

the return of Colonel de Lorency, he finds his wife an enigma; his own love and respect for her have grown apace; her attachment to him is become also devoted, yet she receives his attentions with regret, and holds off from marks of tenderness with an apparent horror. His self-love is wounded, his imagination is perplexed: he tortures himself into fancying secret causes of her disgust, and fixes upon every possible cause of jealousy. Her conduct is before the world a model of propriety, she is the ornament of the court—a retired, elegant pensive woman—the pattern of her sex. The jealousy of the husband is held to be unreasonable abroad, for no one sees the secret cause of disunion at home. The position of the erring wife is one series of bitter experience: apprehension, remorse, disappointed affection, happiness blighted, with all the means of enjoyment appearing before her, jealousy, for she has to submit without repining to the open infidelity of a man who wrongs her out of his very passion for her. The severest moralist will allow that the punishment of her crime is severe. But this is not all of it. The child dies—the creature who, in spite of the sinfulness of his birth, has been her sole hope and consolation. He dies in the night of fever; his mother, worn out with sorrow and watching, is sitting by his side alone, and attempting to resist the idea of the little creature's death. Her husband she imagines is with the army, and she is at the chateau of her relation, the president, near to which the battle of Montereau has lately taken place. In this battle Colonel de Lorency has been severely wounded, is brought silently into the house, and his presence kept a secret from his half-frantic wife, in order that grief for his state may not be added to sorrow for her afflicted child. Feeling better, or being restless and anxious, he resolves upon visiting the sick chamber: pale, exhausted, suffering, he stalks into the apartment, just as the unhappy mother has convinced herself that the soul of the poor child has taken wing. It must be remembered that this is the child of guilt, that her nerves are shattered by grief, anxiety and fatigue—the unexpected vision of the husband at that hour and on that spot at so fatal a moment affect her faculties. She imagines that he comes in the shape of an accuser: that he comes to deprive her of the remains of the now lifeless evidence of her guilt, and she bursts into wild exclamations, which disclose to the unhappy man the long concealed crime. In the end she sinks into insensibility, the house is alarmed, and means are taken to revive her. Determined however not to survive the disclosure of her shame, and having now no child to live for, she resolves upon suicide. She is taken from one of the ponds in the gardens, apparently dead.

The task of the novelist now becomes one of extreme delicacy. If the heroine is thus permitted to die, the sentence seems ruthless. The offence is one of the deepest die; but is it inexpressible? This is the question the authoress had to answer: she has given it a feminine solution. The unfortunate Ermance is restored to life; and in consideration of her long suffering—of her ardent attachment and inviolable respect for her husband, shown in a thousand ways—and, moreover, inasmuch as her heart had at least never strayed after she became enamoured of the man who had been forced upon her in the first instance, without the slightest regard to her feelings—she is pardoned. The justice of this pardon would be wholly denied in England; and a work which proceeds on the principle of such offences being, under any circumstances, expiable, will scarcely find favour in England. The authoress is well aware of the delicacy of her position, and has left no means of palliation unexhausted. Such excessive anxiety will, perhaps, be considered prudery in France.

The popular notions on the subject are probably more exactly represented in the other work before us, "*Madeleine*," wherein the heroine is guilty of the same offence, and with the poor excuse of difference of age and dissimilarity of sentiment between the parties; this having been too, as marriages too frequently are in France, a marriage of convenience. Madame de Noirmont, in "*Madeleine*," suffers indeed from remorse, apprehension, and loss of self-respect; but she only ceases to be guilty by the infidelity of her lover; and when he falls in love, and marries before her face, she is represented as somewhat repiningly resuming the ancient matrimonial path. All this is endeavoured to be represented as venial; the husband is made repulsive; and the wife, if we could shut our eyes to her iniquity, would be one of the most elegant and interesting creations of romance. The tendency of such a work is in the highest degree reprehensible. It is, however, absolutely common in French romance; and in spite of the very high estimation in which, on many accounts, we are inclined to hold the women of France, we cannot help thinking that Paul de Koch is in this, as well as in other parts, a very exact painter of the national *mœurs*.

In other respects, "*Madeleine*" is not only amusing, but moral. The trials of Madeleine, who risks fame and name, and stands even obloquy with quiet satisfaction, rather than betray her benefactors, are well described, and the whole character conceived in a high tone, not, we say, unusual in Paul de Koch, when other virtues than those of chastity are concerned. The

peasant, Jacques, is admirable, and gives us a satisfactory idea of the integrity and independence of the rural Frenchman. Dufour, the suspicious artist, is a delicious full-length. The true hero of the whole is, however, M. de Saint Elme, the fashionable swindler. The impudence, the ease, the volubility, the vivacity, the dexterity, of this *chevalier d'industrie*, are altogether marvellous. It is nearly impossible to give satisfactory extracts from this writer, or we should be tempted to exhibit some traits of this truly Parisian adventurer. But Paul de Koch spreads a character over the whole of his four volumes; scarcely a page occurs without a characteristic stroke of humour, and every successive trait fills in with the rest, and harmonizes the whole picture; whilst the extraction of any one would forcibly remind the reader of the brick and the house-vendor. There is nothing more remarkable in this writer than the thorough-going consistency of his characters: the conception is one and entire; and every speech, word and action is as true to the genius of each personage as it is found to be in real life.

- ART. VII.—1. *Considérations sur les Chemins de Fer, et sur les Machines Locomotives*, par M. J. Cordier. Paris, 1830. 8vo.
 2. *Traité pratique sur les Chemins en Fer, et sur la Théorie des Chariots à Vapeur, &c.*, traduit de l'Anglais de M. Tredgold, par J. Duperré. Paris, 1831. 8vo.

THE substitution of the power of steam for the strength of horses in propelling carriages, coaches, and waggons, has now been the subject of general and sustained interest for more than twenty years; the expectations, even of the less sanguine, have been raised periodically, and after intervals of nearly equal duration, to the full assurance of perfect confidence, by the reported and apparently entire success of some fortunate projector in effecting the complete solution of the grand problem; expectations that have only deepened the total disappointment by which they have been invariably succeeded. There is not at this moment, in this country or in any other, a single instance of a regular land communication satisfactorily sustained by the agency of steam. On common roads we have never seen anything better than short-lived and unproductive experiments; on rail-roads (*chemins de fer*) they can scarcely be said to have been more successful. On the Liverpool and Manchester line they are only retained by an enormous sacrifice of money and of the interests of the proprietors. The steam-engines used on it are huge, disproportioned, clumsy masses of mechanism, better

adapted in their size and structure to the staid and sober pace of an elephant, than to the rapid flight for which they are used; and, though by being urged to the uttermost, they have attained velocities approximating nearer to aerial flight than earthly trudge, yet, like a cart horse goaded to a gallop, they founder themselves, and knock the road to pieces. From all that has yet been made public, we are only warranted to deduce this one conclusion,—that every attempt yet made to render steam-carriages the means of economical and regular inland communication has totally and absolutely failed.

Reduced to this condition, it may be well to inquire into our prospects. Is there, we may ask, any peculiarity in the nature of land locomotion, to prevent that power which turns the wheels of a boat, from propelling with similar effect, the wheels of a *britchka*? Is there anything in the nature of a carriage so peculiar, that, while a steam-engine can do the work of a hundred horses, it cannot do the work of “four-in-hand”? Have we attained the “hitherto and no further” of the power of steam? Knowing, as we do, that the proposed substitution would bring about a great and beneficial change in the moral, political, and commercial state of the empire, are we at last, after hopes so long and so fondly cherished, so long pregnant with apparent fruition, doomed to discover that we have only been tantalized? Are we to find that we have been hunting after nothing more attainable, than an alchymist’s stone for converting steel and steam into oxen and corn, and baking the bread of the poor from the dust of the highway? Is all the mechanical skill of Great Britain at last foiled? Is all her science, all her ingenuity, unequal to the evolution of this little problem,—“with an engine of sixteen-horse power, to propel a four-horse coach?” Where is the present race of the Belks, the Boltons, and the Watts? Can the government do nothing to foster the invention and bring it to maturity? These questions are serious:—the answers to them weighty, all important to us—to Great Britain. We think they can be answered fully and satisfactorily, so as to show, that not in the nature of the thing to be done, but in the mode of setting about it, is the cause of failure to be discovered. We may be able to detect in each invention omissions and elements of self-destruction necessarily involving total failure, and these not in mere details, but in the great principles of structure and arrangement. By asking the question, *What has been done?* we may elicit the answer to its successor, *What is to be done?* For the more perfect understanding of the subject, we shall arrange our observations under the following heads:—

1. The nature of steam,—the manner in which it may be made

to produce the direct motion of a carriage—the various peculiarities that are requisite to form a good steam-carriage, and the difficulties in the way of their effective combination.

2. The causes of failure in such attempts as have been most nearly successful.

3. The ways and means of attaining success, and the advantages to be expected from it.

I. Of inventions, as of infants, some are occasionally observed shooting rapidly up to precocious maturity, and, like the infant *Lyra*, or the young *Roscus*, attaining an early perfection of power, which subsequent training and extended experience never enable them to surpass. Like *Richard III.* born with a full set of teeth, they come forth from the hand of creation in possession of amply developed capabilities. Such exactly has been the history of the steam-engine. Till the time of *Watt*, it scarcely existed in a form more important than a philosophical toy. He produced it at once—what he has left it to us—a perfect engine. Since his day we have done nothing, added nothing, improved nothing. We may have multiplied its duties, and assigned to its performance a variety of tasks; we may have effected a trivial saving in the amount of the fuel it consumes, or the quantity of space it may occupy; but no new feature have we added to the engine itself. We have made no improvement in its construction greater than we produce in the mechanism of a man, when we set him to a variety of trades and occupations. Steam was made a water-pumper, but has now become a miner and a mariner, a coal-heaver and a cotton-spinner, a cook and a coffee-mill, a universal agent and jack-of-all-trades.

By separating carefully in our minds the structure of the steam-engine itself from the machinery of its applications, we shall very materially contribute to the clearness and accuracy of our notions on the subject. In regard to most of the latter, steam is only superior to water, or wind, or horse-power, in being more easily, or uniformly, or economically obtained. The means by which steam is made to produce uniform and continuous motion are nearly the same in all its varieties: at least there are only two great species of the engine that differ in any important point; the High Pressure, and the Low Pressure engines; the former consisting of two great members or parts, and the latter of three. The two parts of the first are the boiler for generating steam—and the cylinder with its piston, and apparatus of cocks and passages admitting the steam above and below the piston, and allowing its escape into the air alternately. We take it for granted that our readers are sufficiently acquainted with these to

render any detailed description of them in this place unnecessary. In the Low Pressure Engine, instead of allowing the steam to pass off into the air, there is added a third part, a condenser, or cooling apparatus for condensing the steam and reconverting it into water, by which a considerable saving of heat, fuel and power is effected.

It is the High Pressure Engine alone which is used in steam-carriages: the great quantity of cold water, and the weight of the cooling apparatus, render the condensing engine too cumbrous for light and rapid motion. The proximity of cold water, and the buoyancy of a ship, make it much more suitable to the purposes of navigation.

The adaptation of steam to the purposes of propelling carriages is made in this way:—a steam-engine and a boiler, with a supply of water, are set in the body of the carriage, or placed upon it above the hinder axle, so as to be in the vicinity of the great wheels of the vehicle; a rod is then attached at one extremity to a moving part of the engine, and the other end clasps a handle, either in the axis or upon a spoke of each wheel, so that, as the piston of the engine moves up and down, the wheels are forcibly turned round, and the engine with its carriage moves forwards.

These simple steps are all that are necessary to the construction of a steam-carriage. Having ascertained that the general use of a steam-engine is to turn the wheels of machinery, we place it on four wheels, and make the wheels which it turns identical with those which carry it, so that by turning them it carries itself forward; the passengers either sit in the same carriage with the engine, or are carried in a separate vehicle which it draws after it.

That an application so simple should have been suggested and executed at a very early period in the history of steam, appears not at all wonderful. The first suggestion is said to be due to Professor Robison of Edinburgh, the friend of Watt. The execution of the plan remained to Richard Trevithick of London, who, in 1802, perfectly solved the problem by producing a steam-carriage that ran on the common road, and was perfectly manageable, but, owing to the state of the roads at that time, the machinery was jolted so severely in a rapid motion as to be speedily rendered useless.

Even previous to this period, towards the end of the last century, experiments were still more successfully made in Pennsylvania by Oliver Evans, an American mechanic of considerable ingenuity. Having made, or rather invented, a particular modification of the steam-engine, he first used it to grind flour, then placed it in a carriage to drive the same flour to market, and,

having to cross a river on the way, he substituted paddle-wheels for those of the carriage, the body of which was formed as a boat, and having crossed the ferry, the load was safely marketted by the same engine. We have not learned why this conveyance was discontinued.

It appears therefore, that, so long as thirty years ago, steam-carriages were constructed both on a large and a small scale, by which the practicability of the application was perfectly proved, and its efficiency established, in so far as progressive motion by turning round the wheels was concerned; while on the other hand, the fact that they have never yet taken the road as regular conveyances, stares us in the face. Every man who is moderately familiar with the public prints of the last twenty years, must be well aware that labourers in the field of invention have been neither "few nor far between," but that each invention, as it has followed its predecessor in public favour, has succeeded it also, after no long interval, in total failure. Even now, we hear daily of successful experiments—of mountains ascended and descended at 10 and 50 miles an hour with enormous loads of 5 and 8 tons, and the power of 30 or 40 horses gained by pressures of millions of pounds.* We see them advertised as shortly to run—as about to be started on the common road. Yet the person who knows this must also know that *there does not exist at this moment in Great Britain a single public road upon which a conveyance is carried on by steam at even the ordinary moderate velocities.*

These constantly-repeated failures, and the large sums of money squandered in them, point with no ambiguous indication to the existence of radical errors or fatal oversights that cannot lie immediately on the surface of the subject, but must lurk deep in some recess not hitherto penetrated. A few simple considerations may perhaps lead us to form some idea of the obstacles to success, and the amount of the obstructions they may oppose.

1. The first of these may lie in the boiler. Common boilers are generally made of thick iron plates, forming a strong chest or close box, about half full of water, the fire being placed under the bottom of the boiler, and the chimney around its sides; the quantity as well as the power of the steam depend on the largeness of the fire, and the extent of the surface of the boiler exposed to it. An engine for a carriage will require at least a surface of seven yards in length, and one yard in width, to be directly exposed to the fire; so that, supposing the boiler and

* A late speculator states that his carriage has 30 horse power, and yet we find that its greatest velocity on the level was 12 miles. Query, if 4 horses take a carriage 10 miles an hour, at what speed shall 30 horses take it?

fire-place to be three or four feet high, here we have first of all a tolerably large item of bulk to be conveyed along with the vehicle.

But besides the inconvenient size of the boiler, its weight is necessarily considerable; for, in order to prevent explosions, its sides must be thick and strong iron plates, and by so much the stronger and the heavier, as the engine is made larger and more powerful. First of all then, the boiler must have size to give power, and weight to give strength. These two circumstances form the horns of a dilemma between which the invention long stuck fast. The boiler was first made large to gain the necessary power, but in making it strong it became so heavy that the engine had scarcely power sufficient to drag its own weight, and became of no practical use. On the next experiment, having found the boiler too heavy, it was made smaller to diminish the weight, and thus its dimensions were inadequate to work the engine; or lastly, being made both large enough and light enough, but on that account too thin and weak, an explosion was the consequence, and the machine was blown to pieces. How then is a boiler to be made large enough and light enough without being dangerously weak? This is the difficulty of the first part of the problem.

Several methods have been adopted to render boilers at once powerful, light, and safe. Indeed the improvement of them in these respects has been the subject, perhaps, of more inventions and patents than any other part of the steam-engine. The majority of these inventions are arrangements upon this principle, that the power of a boiler does not depend so much upon its own size, as upon the size of the fire and the extent of the part of the boiler on which it acts: that if the fire be put not only below the boiler, but around it, so as to heat it on every side, it will generate a quantity of steam by the sides as great as that which is produced from the bottom; that, in short, the effect of a boiler is proportioned, not to the quantity of water it contains, but to the surface it exposes to the action of the flame, and the manner in which the waste of heat is prevented. This is effected in the simplest possible way, by passing the flame round the sides of the boiler before allowing the hot air and smoke to ascend the chimney. A more compact form of boiler has been made by placing the fire and chimney within the boiler itself, so that the boiler should surround the fire, instead of being surrounded by it, and thus the escape of useful heat has been very much avoided; this is the method used in constructing the boilers of steam-ships, in which the fire-places and ash-pits may be seen in the middle of the boiler,

and the smoke passage is made to wind round the inside of it, before it joins the upright chimney. In this method and the former one the boiler is very large in its outer surface, and being on that account weak, requires to be thick, and consequently heavy. A further improvement upon these boilers forms what have been called, from their construction, tubular boilers. These consist of numerous small pipes containing water, some of them passing through the middle of the fire in its hottest part, others forming the bars on which the fire rests, and a third class receiving the heat of the flame immediately above the fire; all of these send their supply of steam to a reservoir above, from whence it passes to the engine. An equal effect may be obtained by penetrating a boiler of considerable dimensions by a number of small tubular passages or flues, along which the flame may be conducted to the chimney, and give its heat to the water in its course. By multiplying the number of small surfaces exposed to the fire in tubes or thin small chambers, mutually connected by various ways, boilers are in fact made strong, powerful, and light; and it is by one or other of these methods that the boilers of steam-carriages have been rendered more nearly perfect than any other part of their mechanism.

2. On the supposition that all difficulty in generating a supply of steam has been conquered, the next object will be to make the best use of it in moving the carriage, so that the quantity wasted may be the smallest possible. It is only when the steam passes from the boiler into the cylinder that it comes to act upon the solid machinery, and put its parts in motion. The cylinder confines the action of the steam to the surface of the solid piston, which it presses first downwards and then upwards, thus turning round the wheels. Now the steam is conducted from the boiler into the cylinder at the top and bottom by means of a pipe, which is often made of considerable length, for the convenience of having the weight of the boiler in one place and that of the cylinder at another, and in this passage the pipe frequently makes more than one turn. A fresh difficulty here arises; the nature of steam is such, that a passage, if it be either long or narrow, or have any turns, greatly diminishes the force of the steam, and a very serious loss may be thus incurred; a single turn in the direction of a pipe will deprive the steam of one-tenth of its power, and every successive turn of a similar portion. If, therefore, the direct pressure of the steam in the boiler be such as would raise 1000lbs., and it had to turn one corner before entering the cylinder, it would only raise 900lbs.; while four or five turns would reduce that amount to one-half.

No engines have yet been made that have less than two or three such turns to encounter, and hence one-fifth or one quarter of their power is always wasted; so that in an engine of 500 horse power, the power of more than one hundred horses is nearly thrown away. In the construction of steam-carriage engines this principle has been lost sight of so monstrously, as in one case to have deprived the engine of its proper power to the extent of four parts out of five of the whole.

3. On the supposition that an inventor has succeeded in mastering these difficulties, greater and more serious ones still present themselves. The form and size of the cylinder will materially affect the speed of the engine. The present rage appears to be for long and narrow cylinders. We have seen a carriage as large as one of Wombwell's caravans, and not less weighty, furnished with two little cylinders, each 4 inches in diameter and 15 inches long; and this carriage consisted of two floors, one above another. In general the cylinders are made too long and too narrow, thus exposing much unnecessary surface to the effects of friction and cooling. It is also usual to give the engine two cylinders instead of one. We are of opinion that one cylinder is equal in capacity and preferable to two. We know, both from theory and experience, that it is more powerful; and as we know that it is impossible for two horses to pull as much together as either would separately, so is it also impossible that two cylinders can act together with perfect precision. If one cylinder do not in each stroke give power enough to pass the line of centres, there is very little use in trying the experiment at all.

4. There is yet another requisite which is quite indispensable to the success of the steam carriage—namely, an arrangement for supporting the carriage-body and the whole of the moving machinery upon perfectly flexible springs, so as to vibrate freely in every direction, and yet admit of being impelled forwards with uniform power and velocity. To apply a continuous force to a pair of wheels through a set of springs, from a machine that is permitted to swing backwards and forwards, as to be now nearer to them and then farther off, implies a combination of stiffness with flexibility that seems an absolute contradiction; it requires that those parts should be rendered moveable which it is of the greatest importance in a stationary engine to preserve immovable. From the necessity of this provision, it has been attempted, and professed to have been accomplished in almost every instance of the invention; but in every carriage hitherto brought on the road (as we shall afterwards show) the attempt has failed. We say failed, not in the circumstance that there are no springs, but in the fact that

either the whole of the weight does not rest upon them, or their action is not permitted. In some, the body of the vehicle is set on springs, but not the machinery; in others, the whole is first set on springs, and then, upon finding their action inconsistent with the other mechanism, these are trammelled and tied down to prevent their bending, or so strengthened, thickened and shortened, as to be little more than rigid blocks of metal. We shall not at present give the solution of this difficulty, but we think it may not be impossible to put our readers in the way of comprehending its precise nature. They already understand how it is that the engine propels the carriage in turning round its wheels by a rod or arm proceeding from the engine, and acting on a handle of these wheels, as the arm of a man would act on the wheel of a crane to turn it round. Now if the engine rested on springs placed between it and the wheels, it would sometimes approach, and at other times recede to a variable distance from them; otherwise, each jolt, by drawing the engine on one side or other of the wheel, or backwards and forwards, has the effect of pulling the wheel first in one direction and then in another, rendering the motion unequal, and the progress of the vehicle irregular and desultory. The only plan introduced to prevent this is imperfect suspension, and imperfect suspension has been the ruin of every machine that has yet been constructed. When a heavy mass like a carriage of from four to eight tons weight is put in motion on a rough road, every stone which it meets communicates a shock to the whole of the machinery and the vehicle; this shock is productive of two evils: first, it deprives the mass of a part of its motion, so as both to diminish its velocity, and render a greater force necessary to continue the motion, and then it is obvious that a series of shocks constantly repeated upon machinery so delicately adjusted, and yet so heavily strained, as the steam-engine, must greatly injure the parts, and rapidly destroy them. Continued jolting, indeed, is the most certain mode of separating and deranging the parts of solid mechanism, as it loosens the bolts and screws that keep them together; it is in fact the operation of the same principle resorted to when we wish to detach the stopper of a wine decanter that may have stuck fast in its place, we give it a few smart taps with the handle of a knife on alternate sides, and find this more effectual in loosening its hold than a great force directly applied to draw it out. The effect of springs ought to be, to detach the vehicle and its load from the wheels and axles so effectually that the jolts received by them shall not be communicated to the superincumbent weight; and unless this be fully and extensively done in every case, future experiments will share

the fate of the past. The carriage may make one trip successfully, and perhaps a second one if short, but disabled by the series of jolts it has sustained, it will proceed no further till thoroughly repaired, and so on for every journey till it is shaken to pieces.

5. Another difficulty, the last we shall mention, is to construct an engine of variable power like that of a horse, which shall proportion its exertion to the resistance to be overcome, using on a level road no more force than will move the given load with the requisite velocity; increasing this force in the degree necessary to ascend an elevation; using a greater for a greater degree of steepness, and a less for one more moderate, and again reserving the force going down hill, so as to use it with effect on the next emergency. This has never yet been done. Do we require to say, that such an accommodation is indispensable to success?

These five parts of the problem must, therefore, be separately accomplished in the highest degree of perfection, and then combined in one compact and uniform whole, before we can expect perfect success in any attempt at the construction of steam-carriages. If any one of these circumstances be neglected or imperfectly accomplished, even although all the others should be completely obtained, that one omission will be fatal. We must have a boiler at once strong and light, containing space for a large fire, an extensive heating surface, and a capacious reservoir. The supply of steam must be economised to the greatest possible extent, by widening the passage-pipe, shortening, and making it straight; the cylinders to which it is conveyed must be so proportioned as to give the greatest possible benefit from their form, position, or number, and the simplicity of their appendages. And while the utmost rigidity must be sustained among these moving parts, to ensure their operation, they must yet be allowed such a measure of vibration in every direction, that being hung on perfectly flexible and highly elastic springs, they shall be allowed to act upon them either upwards or downwards, backwards or forwards, to the right hand or to the left, without in the slightest degree affecting the uniform velocity of the carriage; finally, a provision must be made, by altering the force of the steam or its quantity, or otherwise arranging the parts of the carriage; for giving on different kinds of road such degrees of power as may impel the vehicle at a velocity nearly uniform, whether ascending or descending, or running on the level. If this construction be possible, and we have little doubt but that it is so, then we may still expect to see the invention fully perfected. Certainly, if we find, in pursuing our investigations, that every carriage hitherto produced has been deficient in one or other of these essential points, we think that it will go

far to prove—not, as some assert, that the power of steam is in its nature unsuited to the purpose of travelling on common roads; but only that the ingenuity, or science, or practical skill, hitherto brought into the field, have not been equal to the task, and that the subject has not yet been viewed in its proper light.

II. In proceeding to a review of the present state and future prospects of land carriage by steam, it will merely be necessary, in forming our opinion of the various inventions that have been made use of for this purpose, to apply to them the five tests we have already endeavoured to establish as criteria of their value. The task of exposing errors is always an ungrateful one, but we hope, in the present case, will not be found to be pursued in an unfair or improper spirit.

Since the commencement of the present century, when Mr. Trevithick first established the practicability of steam-carriages, in as far as their progressive motion merely was concerned, probably not less than a hundred steam-carriages have been constructed for the purpose of moving on the common roads, resembling each other only in the sameness of their results. One after another the inventors seem wholly to have mistaken the object, which was, not merely to construct a powerful steam-carriage, but one that should be so economical both in the consumption of fuel, tear and wear, and original expense, as advantageously to supersede horses. They do not seem to have considered, that unless the original price of the engine, and the expense of keeping it up, were less than that of horses, however amusing it might be as a spectacle, or interesting as a philosophical problem, the invention would be useless, and wholly unprofitable. They ought to have recollected, that even if their engines had attained, on their first construction, a speed of thirty miles an hour, yet if they were thereby to be so seriously injured as to be disabled from further use, in such case the speed or security of the conveyance would be of no earthly utility. A mile in two minutes is, we know, the speed of some race horses, and by placing a series of them at each mile, along a distance of thirty miles, that space might be overtaken in one hour. The cost of such expedition would, however, be so enormous as to render it of no use; yet it would not be more enormous than that of a steam-engine of the ordinary construction on a road, at the same rate.

The inquiry therefore is altogether one of economy and durability, rather than of possibility; and instead of inventors claiming for themselves any merit when they had succeeded in making a carriage propelled with a moderate velocity, they should rather have kept the matter to themselves, until they had manufactured

one really economical and useful, uniting advantage to the public and remuneration to themselves.

The labour of passing in detail over every one of these inventions is much diminished by the circumstance that the greater number of them have already sunk into oblivion. The only carriages that still remain before the public are those of Mr. Stephenson on the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and on the common road those of Mr. Gurney, Mr. Hancock, and Messrs. Ogle and Summers. We shall consider each of these in succession.

Mr. Stephenson's name will be handed down to posterity in conjunction with those of the projectors of the Liverpool and Manchester railway, as having given to travelling by steam its most powerful impetus. Long previous to this period Mr. Stephenson had been well known as one of the most talented practical engineers in Britain, minutely acquainted with the details of rail-roads, and their construction, and familiar with the whole face of the country as to its capabilities—a man whose opinion on such subjects deservedly carries with it the very highest weight. It is to Mr. Stephenson's talent alone that he is indebted for having raised himself from the humbler walks of life to his present respectable and honourable eminence, and the rail-road he has constructed for the Company, though not upon the line originally proposed by himself, is as beautiful a piece of work as we should ever wish to look upon. His acquaintance with machines for rapid motion had its commencement, however, only with this rail-road, those which he had previously been engaged in constructing having been used at velocities much lower. Familiar with works requiring strength and solidity, he entered upon a department to which he was an entire stranger, when he undertook the superintendence of vehicles in which lightness and elasticity were the highest requisites. This will account for many imperfections that still adhere to these engines, the principal excellence of which indeed consists in a peculiarity in the boiler, which is not the invention of Mr. Stephenson, but of Mr. Booth, treasurer to the Company. This boiler has been found more powerful and economical within a given space than any of its predecessors; it is, in fact, a practical exemplification of some of the methods and principles which have been explained in the previous pages of this article. In the first place, the fire is within the boiler, and is so large as to act directly on a surface of about twenty feet; the flame then passes, not immediately into the chimney, but through a second division of the boiler placed in immediate connection with the other, and in the form of a large cylindrical cask laid on its side, and so placed that the part of the boiler that

contains the burning fuel is at one end of the cask, and the chimney at the other end. To reach the chimney, therefore, the flame must pass through this cask, which it does, not by one large pipe, but by 50 or 100 small pipes, like gun-barrels. It is in this cylindrical part of the boiler that the greater portion of the steam is generated, the heated air in its passage is, as it were, filtered of every particle of its heat, the flame heats immediately on almost every particle of the water, and an ample and most rapid supply of very powerful steam is obtained. The smoke then passes up the chimney into the atmosphere. As from the shortness of the chimneys that are necessary in locomotive engines, the draught would be exceedingly slight, for the purpose of increasing it the waste steam of this engine is suffered to escape up the chimney through the mouth of a pipe; from its great elasticity, it forces its way rapidly, and impels along with it the smoke and air in a violent current, by which the combustion and generation of steam are rendered very rapid.

These boilers, therefore, possess two of the requisite qualities in a high degree—power and smallness of bulk; but they do not possess the last—lightness. They require to be formed of metal half an inch thick, so that the weight of an engine is from four to six or eight tons. Again, the mode of inserting the tubes is such, that their expansion by heat or other circumstances soon loosens them, and necessitates frequent repairs.

We have now said all that we can in favour of these engines. In the other parts of them we have not been able to discover either novelties, improvements, or the necessary adaptations to rapid motion. Let our readers apply the criteria we have given them. The passages should be short and direct; these are long and interrupted. The cylinders should be large and powerful; these are small and confined. The engine should be hung on springs; this is so nominally, but in reality is not. There should be some provision for the ascent on a change of level; here there is none, and the engine requires to be assisted up hill. The want of proper suspension on springs appears to be the most radical defect in these engines, and its consequences are most destructive. Every one knows that the effect of a spring depends upon its length and its thinness; the springs of these are short and thick, in fact, nothing more than compound blocks of metal, forged in the shape of springs, but possessing scarcely any of their qualities. Indeed the very nature of the mechanism used for propelling the engines renders it necessary that the springs should not act to the requisite extent; the wheels are turned by a crank in the axle, which could not act if the springs were allowed to vibrate. To prevent their vibration, an iron

guide blocks them before and behind from any motion, either backward or forward. They are necessarily incapable of lateral motion, and their own stiffness prevents any thing like adequate vertical action. It is difficult to say whether these defects are most injurious to the engines or to the road on which they run. It does not seem to be generally understood that every possible facility of vibration is at least as necessary on a rail-road as it is on a common road.

A rail-road is not by any means what many suppose it to be, a perfectly smooth and even road of metal; it is composed of separate bars of iron, united to each other at intervals of not more than six yards, so that there are frequent joinings. Now these joinings are necessarily imperfect, as an opening must be left between the successive rails to admit of their expansion and contraction with the variation of temperature; besides, the rails are not supported uniformly by laying on the surface of the road, but rest upon stone pillars, or sleepers, as they are called, placed at distances of a yard from each other, and as the great weights pass over them with considerable velocity these sleepers are driven deeper into the ground, so that the rail-road soon becomes uneven, one rail having one direction and the next a different one. Though these defects are not easily detected by the eye, yet they are very sensible upon close inspection with instruments, and still more so by the carriages that pass over them, as the wheels, on passing over a joining of two rails, receive a severe jolt, and also a change of direction; driven first to one side of the road, then to the other, the carriage rocks like a ship at sea, whilst at every swing one wheel or the other strikes a rail with considerable violence; the motion is thus rendered rough and unsteady, and the carriage requires most eminently the use of springs—really acting, unfettered springs—so placed that, whether the wheel be jolted in passing over a joining, or in striking the alternate sides of the road, the shock may be prevented from passing to the body of the vehicle, which may thus keep its uniform line. The damage sustained by the Liverpool and Manchester rail-way from these causes is by no means trifling. On examining the last half-yearly statement, printed for the use of the subscribers, we find that the repairs of the rail-way cost 7,831*l.* in six months, being more than 14,000*l.* per annum. But the evil effects of this action are by no means confined to the railway itself; they are still more destructive to the engines that run upon it, as well as to the carriages, as the former, from their delicate mechanism, receive the shocks with unmitigated violence, by which every bolt is shaken loose, and even the strongest parts of the machinery are speedily torn to pieces. The cure for this imperfection has not been, as it ought

to have been, the invention of new expedients to allow the extensive action of springs; the remedy has only increased the evil. They have gone on accumulating the bulk and weight of every part of the engine, in the hope of rendering it more able to stand these shocks, which are themselves increased by the very weight thus superadded, so that instead of according with the hope at first held forth, that they would be rendered lighter, as further experience gave opportunity, they are daily becoming worse and worse. The jolting they receive is very violent. We have stood on one of them for hours watching the action of the springs, and have experienced on our own body every jolt of the rail-way. The effect produced is most sensibly perceived where it is most sorely felt, in the revenue of the company; for even at this moment, when their engines are new and in the best order, the expense incurred for their support and repair is 10,582*l.* in six months, or above 21,000*l.* per annum, making, with the maintenance of the road, 35,000*l.* of yearly expenditure, the greater part of which is occasioned by the imperfections we have been describing. This expense is easily accounted for, when we consider that the company have twenty-four engines, out of which there are seldom more than six fit for use, the others undergoing the progress of thorough repair. Our readers will also recollect that some provision is necessary for adapting engines to the change of direction in the road, a greater force being requisite for ascending hills than for their descent. There is no such adaptation in Mr. Stephenson's engines; they are helped up the hills by auxiliary engines stationed at the foot of them, and the velocity in descending is suffered to wear the engines, without making any use of their power. These defects have been serious drawbacks on the prosperity of the company, whom they serve to rob of much of that benefit to which their enlightened spirit of mercantile enterprise has given them a well merited claim.

It requires no elaborate statement to show how hopeless are the schemes of some individuals, who have proposed that such engines as those on the rail-road should be applied to the common road. The project is utterly absurd. They could as much run on a common road as an elephant could dance on a tight rope. Their very deficiencies, when applied to the rail-road, increase tenfold on the common road. The circumstance of their enormous weight, and above all, their imperfect suspension on springs, renders any such adaptation perfectly impossible. Let any one who has paid attention to the progress of coach building during the last hundred years, compare the ponderous frame-work of a royal equipage of that date with the exquisitely elegant and astonishingly light structure of a private carriage, or even a stage-coach

of the present day, and he will then understand what steam vehicles are now, and what they ought to be. A good carriage is, it must be recollected, the result of the combined skill and successive improvements of many ingenious competitors and admirable artists, not a machine that can be knocked together by any engineer who wishes to make an engine; and it includes a series of nicely-calculated and minutely-adjusted proportions which it requires a lifetime of study thoroughly to understand. What an exquisite structure is a modern carriage!—how simple in appearance, how beautiful in its form, proportions and position, yet how complex and intricate in its formation! What a combination are its wheels, tires and axles, its pole, its perch, and its springs, body, box, cushions, steps, braces, belts, lamps, blinds, and bags, each individually a chef-d'œuvre of art; yet every one of these refinements, necessary to expeditious travelling by horses, is thrown aside by the builders of steam-carriages, and they have at once reverted to a structure little better than the coal carts and brewers' waggons of the last century. Logs of wood have they for perches—hundred weights of metal for axletrees—springs have they, but they spring not, and braces, but they do not bend. Before inventors can expect to meet with any measure of success, they must reason thus:—We are not carriage inventors, nor improvers in the art of coach-building. One of the best London-made carriages is nearly perfect. Let us adopt it with all its improvements, and, if we can succeed in anything, it will be in propelling such a vehicle.—In no respect, therefore, but in the power of its boiler, is Mr. Stephenson's engine worthy of imitation in such as are intended for the common road.

Next to the engines of the Liverpool Railway, those of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, designed for common roads, have most strongly excited public attention, and held forth the greatest promise of ultimate success. We shall extract some account of that gentleman's engine from his friend Professor Lardner's "Lectures on the Steam-Engine," of which the author has just published a fourth edition, with an addition of two chapters of most disproportioned bulk, for the purpose of including an account of locomotion by steam. If this treatise had been revised and amplified in regard to more essential points, we think it might have been more useful to the public, as well as more creditable to the author; especially as the work of Mr. Gordon,* professedly devoted to that branch of the subject, might by some have been supposed to have rendered Dr. Lardner's additions on that score

* An Historical and Practical Treatise upon Elemental Locomotion, by means of Steam-Carriages on the Common Roads. By A. Gordon : London, 1832.

uncalled for. Still, however, we have no objection to see the subject re-discussed, provided it is for the purpose of correcting errors, or opening extensive or useful views; as the passages we shall extract appear to exhibit Dr. Lardner's own opinions, they will enable our readers to form their own estimate of their value.

"First and most prominent in the history of the application of steam to the propelling of carriages on turnpike roads stands the name of Mr. Goldsworthy Gurney, a medical gentleman and scientific chymist, of Cornwall. In 1822 Mr. Gurney succeeded Dr. Thomson as Lecturer on Chymistry at the Surrey Institution; and, in consequence of the results of some experiments on heat, his attention was directed to the project of working steam-carriages on common roads; and since 1825 he has unremittingly devoted his exertions and expended his property in perfecting a steam-engine capable of attaining the end he had in view. Numerous other projectors, as might have been expected, have followed in his wake. Whether they, or any of them, by better fortune, greater public support, or more powerful genius, may outstrip him in the career on which he has ventured, it would not, perhaps, at present be easy to predict. But whatever be the event, to Mr. Gurney is due, and will be paid, the honour of first proving the practicability and advantage of the project; and in the history of the adaptation of the locomotive engine to common roads, his name will stand before all others in point of time, and the success of his attempts will be recorded as the origin and cause of the success of others in the same race."—p. 216.

On this little matter of fame and honour we must be permitted to express our dissent from the opinion of the learned Professor of Natural Philosophy. Mr. Gurney may probably have to boast of having spent more of his own money and that of other persons in the furtherance of his views than any of his rivals, and of having produced greater excitement by the puffs of the metropolitan press, and his exhibitions to city crowds, than any other projector. But not to him, certainly, is due the honour of having been the first to prove the *practicability* of locomotion by steam on the common roads; that, indisputably, belongs to Mr. Trevithick, his predecessor. As to the matter of *advantage*, that, we fear, wants proof as much at this moment as at any prior date. Perhaps Mr. Gurney may yet be able to claim this only merit that now remains to be acquired:—*nous verrons*.

"The mistake which so long prevailed in the application of locomotives on rail-roads, and which as we have shown, materially retarded the progress of the invention, was shared by Mr. Gurney. Taking for granted the inability of the wheels to propel, he wasted much labour and skill in the contrivance of levers and propellers, which acted on the ground in a manner somewhat resembling the feet of horses to drive the carriage forward. After various fruitless attempts of this kind, the experience acquired in the trials to which they gave rise, at last forced the truth upon his notice, and he found that the adhesion of the wheels

was not only sufficient to propel the carriage heavily laden on level roads, but was capable of causing it to ascend all the hills which occur on ordinary turnpike roads."—p. 217.

In following the Professor's description of Mr. Gurney's engine, it may be well to keep in mind the five canons of criticism which we have laid down.

"The boiler of Mr. Gurney differs in the most striking manner from all other forms of boilers hitherto invented: there is no part of it, not even excepting the grate-bars, in which metal exposed to the action of the fire is out of contact with water; the grate-bars themselves are tubes filled with water, and form, in fact, a part of the boiler itself. His boiler consists of three strong metal cylinders placed in a horizontal position one above the other. Proceeding from the side of the lowest cylinder, a row of tubes incline slightly upwards; the other extremities of these tubes are connected with the same number of upright tubes, and the upper extremities of these upright tubes are connected with another set of tubes equal in number, inclining slightly upwards, and terminating in the second cylinder. It will be perceived, therefore, that the space containing the fire is enclosed on every side by a grating of tubes, and that if water be supplied to the upper cylinder it will descend through the tubes into the under cylinder, and from it to the grating of the furnace and the other water-pipes that surround the fire. That portion of the heat of the burning fuel which in other furnaces destroys the bars of the grate, is here expended in heating the water contained in the tubes, of which it consists. The radiant heat of the fire acts upon the tubes forming the roof of the furnace, on the tubes at the back of it, and partially on the horizontal cylinders and the tubes by which they communicate. As the water in the lower tubes is heated, it becomes specifically lighter than water of a less temperature, and consequently acquires a tendency to ascend. It passes, therefore, rapidly into the higher part of the tubes. Meanwhile the colder portions descend, and the inclined positions of the tubes give play to this tendency of the heated water, so that a prodigiously rapid circulation is produced when the fire begins to act upon the tubes, and steam is rapidly generated."—p. 219.

The Professor then proceeds to favour us with an account of some experiments undertaken by himself, with the view of demonstrating that the effect of the circulation accomplished in Mr. Gurney's boiler is so admirable, as constantly to keep the temperature of the metal of which it consists, at as low a point as that of the water which it contains! This is indeed a most important discovery! and lest we should in any way misrepresent the doctor's opinion, we give it in his own words:—

"This I conceive to be the cardinal excellence of Mr. Gurney's boiler. It is impossible that any part of the metal of which it is formed can receive a greater temperature than that of the water which it contains, and that temperature, as is obvious, can be regulated with the most perfect certainty and precision. I have seen the tubes of

this boiler, while exposed to the action of the furnace, after that action has continued for a long period of time, and I have never observed the soot which covers them to redden, as it would do if the tube attained a certain temperature."—p. 224.

Such is Dr. Lardner's idea of the perfection of these boilers! He states, that it is impossible that any part of the metal between the water and the fire, can become hotter than the water within the boiler. Surely the doctor must either have ill-expressed his meaning, or we have misunderstood him. Does he mean to assert, in contradiction to all the established laws of the propagation of heat through solid bodies, that the outside of a metallic plate when exposed to the action of flame, at an inconceivably higher temperature than that of boiling water, will not become hotter than water whose ebullition is in the act of commencing? Surely the doctor will allow, that water, when boiling in a common kettle, circulates more freely than in the tubes of Mr. Gurney's boiler; and will he really assert that the bottom of the kettle and the water it contains are of the same temperature? Judging from the ordinary laws of nature, our statement would be exactly the reverse; that the metal between the water and the fire which heats it, must always be at a higher temperature than the water, and a lower temperature than the fire. It is in fact the metal that heats the water, while the fire only communicates to the metal such a temperature as will sustain it at a medium between the water and the fire; and the more rapidly the steam is generated, that is, the greater the excess of the heat of the metal of the boiler above that of the water which rests upon it, the more efficient will the boiler become. The circulation alluded to is necessarily slower in Mr. Gurney's boiler than in any other yet constructed, so that what Dr. Lardner regards as its *cardinal excellence*, is, in reality, its radical defect; and his wonderful discovery in the propagation of caloric, at variance with all the observed phenomena and established laws of that fluid. What may have been the motives that induced the doctor to give so decided a preference to Mr. Gurney's boiler above all others, it is not our business to inquire, but it is certainly rather amusing to find the reasons adduced for this preference elsewhere employed for the purpose of depreciating another engine. In speaking of the Liverpool engines, a few pages before, Dr. Lardner had observed, (p. 170), that "Air being a bad conductor of heat, it is necessary that the air in the flues should be exposed to as great an extent of surface, in contact with the water as possible." And again, that "the shape of a tube, geometrically considered, is most unfavourable for the exposure of a fluid contained in it to its surface." So much for the Liverpool engines. Now, observe.

how admirably these reasons are converted, by a slightly varied mode of expression, into high panegyric upon Mr. Gurney's engine. In addition to the "cardinal excellence" above quoted, it is said, that "every part of this boiler, being cylindrical (or tubular) it has the form which, mechanically considered, is most favourable to strength, and which, within given dimensions, contains the greatest quantity of water;" that is, it contains the greatest quantity of useless water, and exposes the least possible, useful, or heating surface!

The fact is, that Mr. Gurney's boiler is by no means well adapted to carriages. In the first place, it is well known that from the inclined position of the tubes, the steam, when once generated, cannot escape from them without partially emptying the water they contain; then the flame is not in contact with the metal sufficiently long to give out its heat, but merely strikes *en passant* upon the sides of the tubes, and between each pair of adjacent tubes there is a space, through which the flame passes without producing any good effect; while there should have been a double row of tubes above the spaces of the others to receive this heat. Again, the fire is not wholly surrounded by water; on two sides it is exposed and the heat wasted: the steam, also, is not used as it comes most elastic from the contact of heated metal, but is collected in a cooler vessel, removed from the fire, and called a separator. From all these defects in the nature of the boiler, it follows that it is by no means well suited for steam-carriages; and, indeed, in all the examples we have seen of Mr. Gurney's engines, there has been a deficiency in the supply of steam, so that the rate of motion was limited to a very low point; and where obstacles occurred, they were only conquered by allowing the carriage to stand still till the accumulation of steam should give an increase of power. But the defects of Mr. Gurney's boiler would not be sufficient to condemn the whole of his engine, provided there existed judicious arrangements in other elements of his machine. According to the institutes of criticism we have here established, the next subject of inquiry is the passage of the steam into the cylinders, and its operation when there. We have shown that the strength of a current of steam, as it passes from the boiler into the working part of the engine, depends mainly upon the directness and shortness of the pipe by which it is conducted. As the force of a current of wind is broken by the turns of narrow streets and lanes in a city, so is the power of a current of steam reduced by the cooling and resistance it encounters in a sinuous and contracted passage. Now in Mr. Gurney's engine the boiler is situated at the back of the carriage, and the cylinders work in the under part below the body.

The steam is collected in a vessel on the highest part of the body, and enters the steam-pipe at the top of this vessel; it then passes to the bottom, traversing in the pipe the whole length of the carriage, to the seat of the conductor; it then turns directly upwards to the head of the direction, and then directly down again to the under part of the carriage; it now passes back under the carriage and turns down to undergo in the valves two or three additional distortions. Well may Mr. Gurney say that his steam is wire-drawn! After undergoing eight right angled turns, it must, indeed, be sufficiently attenuated and enfeebled. To a practical man the statement appears to be absolutely incredible, and to involve the most inconceivable infatuation. Here we have a boiler wasting with a high temperature, and bursting with a fearful force, while not a fourth part of it is available to use in the engine. The result we shall give in his own words, as elicited by the examination of the Committee of the House of Commons on Steam-Carriages.

"During the experiments you have been making, have you frequently had your tubes burst?—Very often.

"What is the average pressure on the boiler per square inch in your ordinary rate of travelling?—About 70 pounds—never more than 130 pounds. I do not think that the pressure is more than 20 pounds to an inch on the piston."—p. 21.

What a strange acknowledgment! Had Mr. Gurney been devising the most certain method of rendering his engine at once ineffective and dangerous, he could not have hit upon any one better calculated to serve his purpose than the extraordinary dance he has led his steam. Does he not know that even a circuit around the outside of a cylinder is condemned as injurious to the power of an ordinary engine? Where was Dr. Lardner's acumen and sagacity when he omitted to notice this fact? Shall we suppose that he was only unwilling to express an unfavourable opinion of his friend's invention? Or shall we suppose him entirely ignorant of the effect and the manner in which it is produced?

In regard to Mr. Gurney's cylinders and other working apparatus, we must do him the justice to say, that they have of late been much improved. Originally, their diameter was ridiculously small; dear experience has at last brought them up to tolerable dimensions. The piston rods act through connecting rods upon cranks in the hind axle, by which one or both wheels may be turned round and the carriage propelled. Mr. Gurney complains that his axles broke in a most unaccountable manner. We, on the other hand, think that the fracture was the natural consequence of their position, and the double strain to which they are subject; and the only wonder is, how they ever stand any impulsive force at all!

The next matter of attention is the manner in which the hanging of Mr. Gurney's engine upon springs is accomplished. We have seen how absolutely necessary, even to engines on rail-roads, is a perfectly easy and entire suspension on flexible springs. Much more are they indispensable to machinery which is to be subjected at a high velocity to the irregular impulses of a pebbled road. Mr. Gurney's language on this point is, we think, calculated to mislead, perhaps without his intending it. In his examination before the Commons' Committee, his answer to the question—"Is the chief weight supported on springs?"—was most unqualified. "The *whole* is on springs." It is quite true that the boiler and body of the vehicle are upon springs, but it is not less true that the engine and machinery, the most important part, are not. The most simple inspection of any drawing of it will show, what we first noticed in the reality, that the machinery being placed beneath the body of the carriage, resting on the perches, communicates with and terminates in the hinder axle, and receives from the road an unbroken jolt from every stone over which the hinder wheels are driven. This is, indeed, what Dr. Lardner should have called the "cardinal defect" of Mr. Gurney's and almost every other steam-carriage. Of the obstacles which the ignorance or apprehensions of interested parties would interpose to prevent the general introduction of steam-carriages on roads, Mr. Gurney, who has had some experience in them, complains, naturally enough, with some degree of bitterness. Such things however can excite no surprise; they have been the invariable concomitants of every great improvement in our machinery and manufactures, on their first introduction. A very short time will be sufficient to dispel all the absurd notions which have been so industriously propagated on the subject, some of which, it was painful to observe in a recent instance, have been taken up by the dispensers of justice. The information contained in the late Report of the Commons' Committee, and the Evidence which accompanies it, cannot fail, when generally diffused, to enlighten the public mind on all the points connected with it.

Only one point of enquiry remains, as to the qualifications and powers of Mr. Gurney's engine, according to our code of examination. Has Mr. Gurney made any provision for the ascent of hills, or for the exertion of a greater or less power in propelling greater or less weights? We shall amuse our readers by the two methods which he either uses or proposes. When a hill or obstacle is to be conquered, Mr. Gurney uses what he calls *preparation*. This seems rather a vague term, but we shall explain it: before arriving at the ascent, the carriage is either stopped, or its motion retarded to the slowest rate; the steam is then allowed

to accumulate within the boiler till it is ready to burst, and then, being taken at its greatest strength, the carriage is set agoing, and the accumulated steam will just carry it up a slight ascent. Dr. Lardner speaks of another mode, which he calls "opening the throttle valve;" the doctor ought to have known that this can do nothing more than merely let off a previous accumulation of steam when there is an excessive supply; but the supply in Mr. Gurney's engine is well known to be scanty enough for the most ordinary purposes, much less to accumulate a sinking fund for exigencies. Mr. Gurney knew the inexpediency of the doctor's cure, and therefore he gives us a third mode of gaining a permanent increase of power, which is so rich that we must give it in his own words. That power being equally requisite for dragging a greater weight on the level, or the same weight up hill.

"What diameter do you propose to make the propelling wheels of your new carriages?" "I propose to have them about five feet. I would observe that by taking a wheel of five feet diameter off the axle, and putting on one of two feet six, the engine would be multiplied double its power, and lose of course one half in speed; in some cases it may be desirable to do so if the carriages are used for general purposes; for speed and dragging of heavy weights alternately, larger or smaller wheels may be put, to meet circumstances as they occur."—*Report*, p. 19.

So when we start one of Mr. Gurney's coaches, we are also to be provided with sundry spare sets of wheels of various sizes, from the "ten feet ten" of a timber yard to the "two feet two" of a poney phaeton. Starting light, we are to use the ordinary five feet wheel, but picking up a load by the way, we are forthwith to unscrew our caps, pull out our linch pins, remove these wheels, and lower the hinder parts of the vehicle to the moderate level of fifteen inches above the ground! Precious manœuvre; valuable travelling accommodation in the nineteenth century! We are to carry with us, either in our great coat pockets, or in the fore boot, or hung around the carriage, where best we can find accommodation for such bulky passengers, sets of coach-wheels of various sizes, to be substituted for each other in order to "meet circumstances as they occur!" We hope Dr. Lardner will not omit this "cardinal excellence" in his next edition.

Still we do not altogether despair of Mr. Gurney's final success. He has not shown himself averse to improvements, or doggedly prepossessed in favour of one peculiar system. Already he has adopted three different ones. First, he used propelling feet like those of a horse; then abandoning them he adopted wheels; and now, in his third system, he has removed the steam machinery from the carriage with the passengers, and places it as a steam horse in front of the carriage, to drag it along the road. Let

him make one change more—a radical one certainly—and we promise him success. Let him construct a more efficient boiler, use shorter passages, larger cylinders, and simpler gear; let him set the whole upon elastic springs, and invent a more commodious mode of varying power. Until he does this, we shall express the same opinion of Mr. Gurney's engine that a Scotchman once gave of his own fowling-piece, that the gun was a very good gun, but only wanted a new stock, lock and barrel.

Mr. Walter Hancock has invented another steam carriage, which has been run for some time on the Harrow Road, as an *omnibus*, with some measure of success. Mr. Hancock has invented a powerful boiler, a strong engine, and has suspended it upon springs in a much better way than hitherto adopted. But his engine does not seem adapted for rapid motion, and only aspires to the sober pace of eight miles an hour. It is clumsy and heavy, and has, we think, already attained all that it ever can attain. It resembles very much the cumbrous diligences of the French, and only wants the exalted cabriolet on the top to present a perfect likeness of one of these tardy vehicles. In looking at it, one is induced to suppose that coach building has gone back half a century. We give the inventor's own description of his vehicle from the Report of the House of Commons' Committee.

“Will you state the progress you have made in the improvement of your steam-carriage?”—“The principal improvement I consider is in the boiler, that of constructing the boiler much lighter than any now in use. There are flat chambers which are placed side by side, the chambers being about two inches thick, and there is a space between each two inches; there are ten chambers and there are ten flues, and under the flues there is six square feet of fire, which is the dimension of the boiler, top and bottom; the chambers are filled from half to two-thirds full of water, and the other third is left for steam, there is a communication quite through the series of chambers, top and bottom; this communication is formed by means of two large bolts which screw all the chambers together, the bottom bolts the bottom part of the chambers and the top bolts the top part of the chambers, and by releasing these bolts at any time all the chambers fall apart, and by screwing them they are all made tight again; we have braces to fasten them; the steam is driven out through the centre of one of the flues, and the water is ejected from the pump at the bottom communication for the supply of water. The boiler is placed behind the carriage; there is an engine-house between the boiler and the carriage; the engines are placed perpendicular between the passengers and the boiler, and the fore part of the vehicle is for the passengers; so that all the machinery is quite behind the carriage and the fore part of the carriage entirely for the convenience of passengers.’ ‘What is the weight of your vehicle?’ ‘I should imagine about three tons and a half.’ ‘To how many of your wheels do you apply your power?’ ‘To two, occasionally one. The axletree of the present car-

riage is made precisely the same as the common axles now in use, straight and merely bent at the end, and I have a chain which I put on the nave of the wheel, and that communicates with a corresponding chain wheel on the crank shaft of the engines. There are two engines working on two cranks, exactly on the same principle as used in common for steam coaches; I take the chains; I place the engines four feet from the axle-tree of the hind wheels, and the communication of the chain is to allow me to put my work on the springs, and the play of the carriage up and down is accommodated by the springs.' 'Has your engine met with accidents.' 'No, except once I broke my chain.'—p. 32.

This accident of the chain, and another in which his boiler burst, without injury to the passengers, are the only circumstances of further importance in his examination.

Another carriage has been lately started by Messrs. Ogle and Summers, and had a few trials; it has run on an average eight or ten miles an hour. But its machinery is not upon springs, and its weight and bulk are so enormous as to leave to us no hope of its success. The only circumstance in this carriage that offers any novelty, is its boiler, which seems calculated to generate steam of an enormous pressure. But till it accomplish something more promising than its performances have yet realised, we do not think the detail of its parts sufficiently interesting to reward the trouble of going deeply into them. It is sufficient to say, that the general principles of its construction do not fulfil the conditions we have already shown to be essential to success.

We had looked to gain some information or useful hints on the subject from our neighbours across the Channel, but have been disappointed. The two books placed at the head of this article are almost the only ones we have found in which the subject is professedly treated, and one of these, it will be observed, is a translation from the English. A rail-road has been lately forming, and is now nearly completed between Roanne and Saint-Etienne, and the proprietors have procured two English engines, one of Mr. Stephenson's, and one of Messrs. Fenlow and Murray's, of Leeds, to be applied to the same purposes as on the Liverpool rail-road. The following is the account given of a partial trial given to the first of these. Our sprightly neighbours are, as may be expected, prodigiously delighted at the idea of travelling forty miles an hour, a rate of speed so different from any to which they have been hitherto accustomed, and also of being no longer compelled to cross the Channel in order to be witnesses of this "étonnante découverte."

"Le 1 Juillet, la première de ces machines a été mise en expérience, avec le concours du préfet de la Loire, des autorités du département, et d'un grand nombre de curieux et de dames. Le convoi était composé de douze voitures, renfermant 400 personnes; l'une de ces

voitures en portait 80 à elle seule. Comme c'était une des premières sorties de la machine, et que même le magasin à eau et à charbon n'était pas encore arrivé, la marche des convois n'a pu être aussi rapide, aussi régulière, qu'elle le deviendra lorsque le service sera réglé. Cependant les résultats obtenus sont très satisfaisants : vingt lieues ont été parcourues en deux heures et cinquante minutes de marche effective. Le trajet de Feurs à Montroud, d'une longueur de trois lieues, a été parcourue en quinze minutes, ce qui donne une vitesse de douze lieues à l'heure ; par moment elle s'est élevée à 13 et même à quatorze lieues à l'heure. La machine brûle du coke et ne donne aucune fumée ; la vapeur projetée dans la cheminée dispense du ventilateur ou d'autre machine soufflante. Toutes les personnes qui ont assisté à cette fête d'un genre si nouveau, et particulièrement les dames, se sont retirées très satisfaites de la célérité et de la sûreté d'un voyage qu'elles ont pu faire sans éprouver le moindre fatigue, et elles ont senti tout le prix dont serait ce chemin de fer prolongé jusqu'à Paris, pour l'établissement d'une communication rapide entre le midi et le nord de la France."

Here then we arrive at the conclusion of the whole matter. We find that the failures which have hitherto attended all attempts at the steam-carriage have arisen, not from any necessary incompatibility between the nature of steam and this particular application of its power, but from the deficiency of the inventions that have been produced in some of the great elements of structure which we have shown to be essential to success ; that it would have been easy, from the construction of these engines, to predict their failure, as we now predict the failure of all constructed on the same or on similar principles ; that it was an error to suppose that they were deficient merely in practical details which further experience would supply ; that every one of them contained elements of self destruction ; that they had attained all the perfection of which they were capable ; and finally, that success may yet be expected from such as may be constructed in compliance with the requisites we have pointed out.

III. On the ways and means by which the invention may be fostered and brought to perfection, our limits permit us to do little more than refer our readers to the evidence of Mr. Farey, as it is given in the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons. He there recommends to government the institution of such a reward, say 10,000*l.*, as should call forth the talent required to produce greater improvements. We certainly think that there is at present very little inducement to any man of the requisite science and skill, to embark in a course of doubtful experiment, at once dangerous and expensive. In the present state of the law, a royal patent is little better than blotted parchment ; but even on the supposition of its efficacy in se-

during the private benefit of the inventor, we have no doubt that government would do the nation a much greater service by rewarding the inventor and throwing the invention open to the public, than by stifling it under the restrictions of a monopoly.

Although we concur with Mr. Farey in the opinion, that the class of individuals who have hitherto been almost the only inventors of steam-carriages, are not the persons to whom we should look for its final perfection, we by no means admit that ordinary engineers and manufacturers of engines are likely to be more successful. With respect to them, we should consider that the whole course of their experience has been a course of disqualification, and this opinion receives support from the circumstance of our having witnessed the first and the final trials of four steam-carriages on different principles, constructed by engineers of ability and great experience, two of them at the head of their own departments in ordinary engineering: these, we do not hesitate to say, were the worst engines we have ever seen. The reason is plain enough. The qualities of stationary engines, which they are in the habit of constructing, are the very reverse of locomotive: the excellence of the one being derived from strength, rigidity, immobility, and weight; the other requiring in the highest degree qualities the very opposite. Locomotion, in this sense, is in fact an entirely new science, and must derive its maturity and perfection from the head of a scientific and original genius, rather than from an experienced and plodding artificer. The task of forming a locomotive carriage is nearer to that of creating an animal than any design which the versatile ingenuity of man has yet attempted; an animal combining with the speed of the stag, the strength of the elephant. By the study of the structure of an animal, the union of strength, lightness, and pliability requisite in a steam-carriage may be understood and appreciated. By such a combination only is success to be attained, and from no practical projector, who does not unite science with skill, can success be fairly anticipated.

On the benefits that may be derived from such a consummation, the Committee of the House of Commons are of opinion, that "the substitution of inanimate for animal power is one of the most important improvements in the means of internal communication ever introduced." The moral, political, and commercial results are fully and ably detailed by Mr. Gordon, in his work on *Elemental Locomotion*, already referred to; but he is, perhaps, rather sanguine in his views of a favourite subject, when he proposes it as a panacea for all the diseases that now prey on the energies of the empire. We are not quite so sanguine in the powers of an untried prescription as to propose it seriously as an

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infallible cure for the redundancy of our population, a substitute for the emigration bill, an antidote to famine, a remedy for the evils of Ireland, an abrogator of the corn laws, and an extinguisher of the national debt. Nevertheless, we do look forward to the change as the instrument of great good. If, while it provides us with an accelerated mode of conveyance, economising valuable time, and concentrating the energies of the country, it also opens up to more distant parts of the empire the avenues of wealth and industry;—if, while it diminishes the amount of cruelty to brutes, it also prevents that moral degradation which invariably accompanies its infliction:—if we shall succeed in displacing horses by the very machinery that formerly displaced men, and thus remedy by machinery a few of the evils of which it has been the cause:—if, by diminishing the consumption of corn, we take one penny from the price of the poor man's loaf, or one pang from the ills of his lot, we shall attain a high and noble end,—an end worthy of “a Newton's genius and a nation's boast.”

ART. VIII.—*Il Paradiso Perduto di Milton riporta in versi Italiani da Guido Sorelli da Firenze.* Terza edizione, rivista, corretta e Toscanamente accentuata. Londra. 1832. 8vo.

WE know nothing of Signor Sorelli, beyond what he has kindly communicated to the world in his preface: namely, that ten years ago he left his native country in very low spirits, presaging nothing but misfortune; that when he reached Domo d' Ossola he wrote a melancholy sonnet on the occasion; that on his arrival in England he began to find it was possible to live out of Italy, and neither the climate nor the people seemed to him so very bad as he had imagined; that these ten years of exile have been employed on his part in this translation; and that all his sufferings and labours are amply repaid to him by the gracious permission he has received to dedicate his book to Queen Adelaide, “whose heart is itself a Paradise”—*not* lost. He speaks of himself and his work with some complacency, but with honest feeling:

“This ‘Paradise Lost,’ which I submit to the judgment of the public, is the labour of many years. The divine original, and the divine language into which I have undertaken to translate it, leave me no shadow of excuse, if I have done wrong to the former, or used the latter amiss. If ten of the finest years of life, entirely consecrated to the study of one author, while the same sun, under which he was born, has warmed me with its beams, and I have

been residing amongst his compatriots, animated with the desire of well-doing, and always upheld by courageous hope—if this can contribute to my having succeeded in any thing further than a mere intelligible rendering of that author, then may Sorelli say of Milton as Dante said of Virgil,

Tu sei lo mio maestro, e il mio autore.

Oh that I could add with Dante, but I dare not,

‘Tu sei solo colui, da cui io tolsi

Lo bello stile, che m’ ha fatto onore !’

Time, courage, patience, diligence, are not, however, sufficient. One who attempts to translate a poem such as Milton’s into another language, and into verse, should be dear himself to the Muses, or he will certainly fail. So great an enterprize does not admit of mediocrity. Either the translator must elevate himself so near his author, that he will be illuminated by the effulgence of his light, or he must fall to a lower depth than if he had never attempted to rise.”

With deference to the judgment of Signor Sorelli, we consider the opinion expressed in this last sentence rather rhetorical than just, and we certainly think his own interest should induce him to agree with us. We have perused his translation with pleasure; and we doubt not it will be considered a valuable addition to Italian literature. The version is generally exact, as to sense, and in many parts is executed with great spirit. But while we approve it as supplying a deficiency, and as likely to convey to those ignorant of our language a correct notion of the general plan of our great poem, and of the lofty sentiments contained in it, we cannot rank Signor Sorelli with the fortunate few who constitute his first class of translators. The spirit of Milton has certainly not descended upon him. He shows less sense than we could desire of that mighty, individualizing, concentrating power, which controls the lavish riches of Milton’s imagination, like an oriental despot, disposing with unresisted will his oriental treasures. The whole of *Paradise Lost* is one continued tension of imaginative strength, never relaxed for a moment, active on all sides, but with a single activity, and subduing irresistibly all that lies in the direction of its force. It stands before us like a perfect statue, in which the rich finish of the separate parts heightens rather than impairs the predominant expression of individual character. Or, we might perhaps more aptly compare it to the effusions of Milton’s favourite art, to the glorious streams of music that gushed from the soul of Haydn or Mozart, vital throughout as with the ubiquitous expansion of one plastic mood, which, full and perfect in every part of

the linked harmony, yet never loses its appearance of singleness and indivisible power. In a poem of this kind, every word occupies an important place; or, if this should seem too bold an assertion, we may at least safely pronounce that, before we dared alter the position of a single word, many more elements must be taken into account than the mere thoughts contained in the passage, which constitute, indeed, its general sense for the understanding, but by no means produce all its poetic effect on the feeling. If this be true, must not translation, strictly speaking, be an impossibility? How poor and meagre a part of any master-work can be transplanted into a foreign mould?—It is so; and we should be unjust to Signor Sorelli if we visited on his head a fault inherent in the nature of the labour he has attempted. As Englishmen, we cannot but feel that any transposition of Milton, however excellent, would seem to us like a discord in some favourite tune. But as critics, we have only a right to require that this unavoidable mischief may be of the least possible amount. Tried even by this criterion, Sorelli appears frequently negligent. Sometimes the effect of a whole passage, well translated in other respects, is damaged by the substitution of a flaccid paraphrase for an energetic expression, or the insertion of a parenthesis that weakens instead of explaining. In other places, we have been agreeably surprised by a felicitous selection of words, conveying as nearly as possible the substance, where the form was incapable of transfer. Signor Sorelli has a good ear for versification; but he has not always resisted with sufficient watchfulness the dangerous facility of his metre. It is above all in this point that we feel the utter hopelessness of seeing a real translation of Milton. Much as has been said on the subject of his verse, much more, many volumes, indeed, might be written, before it would be exhausted. The deep harmonies of the *Paradise Lost* are beyond admiration as beyond measurement. We feel, in hearing them, the presence of an oracular inspiration; they are not the poet's own, but

“ Her's that brought them nightly to his ear.”

Not the metre merely, nor the pauses, nor the balanced numbers; but every word, every syllable, every combination of vowels and consonants, appears the offspring of consummate art. A chain of harmonizing impressions unites the lowest articulate sound with the sublimest conceptions and farthest insights. The Northern languages are perhaps particularly adapted for the expression of Thought blended with Feeling, through all the various shades of intermixture, which such a combination may assume. But those of the South, however uniformly pleasing in the language

of common life, and however exquisitely beautiful their melodious expression of simple feeling, have not that range of power, that variety of resources, that flexure, and, as it were, muscularity of sound, which seem to belong exclusively to dialects more rich in consonants. At all events, a strong thoughted genius, who would communicate his thoughts in such a language as the Italian, must of necessity impose voluntary fetters on himself. He must supply by restraint of metre, the absence of those checks and boundaries which nature has fixed in the Teutonic languages, and which, resisting and overcoming the spirit of Teutonic poetry, has produced far more subtle combinations of harmonious sound than could have been attained without those apparent impediments. Dante could never have written in *versi sciolti*. It is not without judgment, therefore, that Mr. Cary considered the Miltonic blank verse as offering, on the whole, the best correspondence to the *terza rima*. Yet, so important an integral part of every great poem is its musical structure, that an admirer of Dante, however much he is compelled to admire Mr. Cary's excellent work, must feel the infinite difference produced by that single alteration. The change of Miltonic blank into *versi sciolti* is hardly less considerable, although less apparent: the character of the former is strength, of the latter, weakness. Even in dramatic poetry these are feeble, monotonous, and indocile: in the higher epic they are nearly intolerable. Signor Sorelli has, however, done his best, and often succeeded in imparting more vigour than we could have anticipated.

It is time, however, to leave our readers to judge for themselves, and we shall accordingly select three passages, which we consider favourable specimens, at the same time strongly recommending the whole book to the attention of those interested in the bywalks of literature.

From the opening of the Third Book, "Hail, holy light," &c.

Salve, O luce divina! O primogenia
Figlia del cielo! . . . ò dell' eterno Dio
(Senza ch' offesa i' rèchiti) nomarti
Raggio poss' io coeterno? po' ch' Ei stesso
E luce Iddio; né mai, ab ètèrno, altrove
Che in luce inaccessibile albergòssi.
Stettèsi dunque in te, lucido effluvio
Dell' increata sua fùlgida essènza!
O s' ami più, che puro etèreo rivo
Te, santa luce! io chiami, oh chi ridire,
Chi saprà mai 'l tuo fonte? Ancor creato
Il sol non èra, e non creati i cièli
Erano ancor, ch' èri tu già. Tu il mondo
Fudr sorgente da fòsche acque profonde

Dal Vuoto svèlto infórme ed infinito,
 Alla voce del Verbo, riciguesti
 Di té, come d' un manto. A visitarti,
 Ecco! su vanni più sicuri io torno,
 Fuor' di *Stige scampato* dal palude,
 Benché gran spazio in quel soggiorno bùjo
 Fossi in quel tanto astretto a rimanére,
 Ch' or per tènèbre dènse trasportato,
 Ora per fiòco lume, i' del *Càosse*
 Volai contando e dell' eterna *notte*
 Ad altro suon ch' a quel d' *Orfica* lira!
 Giù dall' infèrno a scènder negli orrori,
 E a risalire a riveder le stelle
 (Difficil cosa e rara!) ammaestròmmi
 Del ciel la musa. A te ritorno illèso;
 Del lampo tuo sovràn vivificante
 Già sento in me l' influxo, ma quest' occhj
 Tu non ritórni, o luce, a visitare,
 Che del tuo raggio in cerca penetrante
 Muòvonsi indarno in giro, e neppur pònno
 Trovarne albore tanto condensata
 N' ha spènto l' orbe una *senéna* goccia,
 Ovvér' gli, ha suffuzione atra velati, . .
 Pur, dell' amor de' sacri carmi accèso,
 Dall' ir vagando i' non perciò m' astengo
 Là dove, in coro, sòglion praticare
 Le muse, al margo d' un argènteo fonte,
 In selva ombrosa, ó su collina aprica;
 Ma pria ch' altrove a té, *Sion!* mi traggo,
 Ment' è la notte, e al màrgine fiorito
 De' rivi, che ti vanno il sacro piède
 Soavémènte gàrruli lavando:
 Né que' duo che nel fato ebbi simili
 (Sì foss' io, nella fama a loro uguale!)
 Mando spèso in obbliò, *Tamiri* e *Omèro*,
 Cièchi amendùe, od i profèti antichi
Tirèsia e *Fineo*; Di pensìeri allóra
 I' mi pasco, che muòvon volontarj
 Armoniosi nùmeri, qual suole
 Vigile augèl, che, in mèzzo alle tenèbre
 Del più fòsco ricóvero, celato,
 Canta ed intuòna le notturne nòte.

From the close of the Fifth Book, "So spake the seraph Abdiel," &c.

Si disse Abdiele! il Serafin trovato
 Fido tra gl' infèdèli, . . . il sol fedéle;
 Fra stuòl di falsi Spìriti infìnito
 L' Amore, il Zèl, la Fède atténne ei saldo,

Non pervertito, intrèpido, inconcusso ;
 Né valse esèmpio ò nùmero a cangiare
 L' impermutàbil animo, ó a distòrlo
 (Abbenché solo) dal cammin' del Vero.

Lungo Sentier per entro a scòrno ostile,
 Cui, maestóso in atto, egli sosténne
 Senza temér di violènza ei quindi
 Dièssi a passar, chi lo schernia sprezzando,
 E vòlse il tèrgo alle supèrbe Torri
 Ch' èran dannate a ràpido Sterminio.

The description of Eve's creation, "The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands," &c., in the Eighth Book.

Diè a quèlla costa poi di mano Sua
 Foggia e figura Iddio, sì ch' ella crèbbe,
 Frà le maèstre dita, creatura
 Sìmile all' uom, ma d' altro sesso. Er' esse
 Sì amabilménte bèlla, che quant' io
 Nel mondo tutto avèa visto sembrare
 Còsa, testé, leggiadra, or paréa tale
 Da non tenersi in cònto appètto a lei,
 O in lei tutto raccolto, in lei rinchiuso
 E ne' suo' raj. L' èbb' io mirata appena,
 Che da que' lumi suoi scèndermi infusa
 Sentii dolcièzza al cor, qual non avèa
 Provata innanzi : e nelle cose tutte
 Del suo bel garbo io vidi all' apparire
 Spirto d' amore infóndersi, e d' amore
 In ogni còsa infóndersi le giòje.
 Ma qui disparve !—e, sparsa, i' mi sentii
 Nelle tènebre avvòlto del dolóre.
 Destàimi, e tosto a ricercarla io mòssi,
 Férmo, non la trovando, di per sèmpre
 Piànger che pèrsa avéala, e ogni altra gioja
 Di rinunciar per sempre. Ogni speranza
 Già di trovarla avéami abbandonato :
 Quand' ecco ! Ecco, non lunge, i' la rividi,
 Qual già nel Sogno avéala veduta,
 Tutta de' doni bèlla, che potuto
 Spàrger, per farla amàbile, su lei
 Avéan la Terra e 'l Cielo. A me dinanzi
 Scorta venìa dal suo Fattor Celèste
 (Quantunque non visibile) e guidata
 Dal suon della Sua voce ; delle leggi
 Sante nuziali, e già de' maritali
 Riti istruita. D' ogni grazia adorni
 Moveva i passi : avèa negli occhi il cielo
 Dignitoso ogni gèsto, e tutta amore !

ART. IX.—*Lafayette et la Revolution de 1830. Histoire des Choses et des Hommes de Juillet.* Par B. Sarrans, jeune, ancien rédacteur en chef du Courrier des Electeurs, aide-de-camp de Lafayette, jusqu'au 26 Décembre, 1830, jour de la démission de ce Général. 2 tom. 8vo. Paris, 1832.

It would be difficult to describe a more perplexing situation than that of the Duke of Orleans during the Three Days of the last Revolution. On the one hand, the Bourbons of the elder branch were naturally regarding him with suspicion, and necessarily anxious to involve him in the same fate. On the other hand, his friends or followers, for their own sakes, or in furtherance of their opinions, were constructing for him a perilous throne—of the hazards of which he was not ambitious—which he might possess but for a very brief period, and which in its fall might bring down ruin on himself and his family. When the people got the upper hand, and the crown was offered to him, the ease of his position was not increased. His nearest relatives, the rightful inheritors of the throne in a family sense, had full license to accuse him of following the baneful example of his father, of intriguing for their destitution: in the other direction—in the face of the events of July, Louis-Philip was bound to choose between a most uncertain and irregularly founded royalty, and certain banishment. Had any other arrangement been made for the administration of the realm, which excluded the Duke of Orleans, he must necessarily have been *de trop* in the country: he would have been compelled to desert his native land, give up his princely revenues, and once more seek in foreign climes the peaceful subsistence denied him in the country of his birth. Before him there were all the tremendous risks of a royalty based upon a turbulent foundation in a moment of national furor, and to the displacement of the men who had been set there by the aid and with the sanction of the principal powers of Europe. There were also before him the chance of benefiting his country, of subduing its riotousness, relieving its grievances, and guiding it with a steady hand in the career of prosperity, wealth and happiness. All things considered, there was neither more nor less to be remarked on the case than the laconic phrase of Talleyrand—“*Il faut l'accepter.*” A great many fine things were said on this occasion, for it is the genius of the French. But it is impossible to deny that, in accepting the crown, Louis-Philip, with his feelings and in his circumstances, was acting under a moral necessity. He could not be deceived by the enthusiasm of July: he must have known his countrymen too well to expect that the state of effervescence they were then

in was likely to be permanent, even for a month: he must have anticipated a speedy coolness, a loss of popularity, and the odious office of doing good to unwilling recipients. We do not deny to the French nation the possession of high qualities; but as little is it to be denied that the very activity and buoyancy of their genius, their enthusiastic love of the imposing, the grand, the glorious, when joined with their extraordinary national vanity and individual egotism, render them a nation above all difficult to keep in a steady course of quiet well-doing. It signifies not what form of government is imposed upon or may be adopted by them, there will always necessarily be a mass, not exactly of discontent, but of energetic disapproval; and this the authorities must either be strong enough to despise, or to put down. It seems to be imagined by many, that government is an affair of ornament, and that the fancy ought to be consulted in its fashion. Government is in fact what the bridle is to the horse, though we would not applaud the taste that on a late occasion put bit and bridle in the hands of a statue of Public Order. No country in the world spurns the bit more than France, and by its very mercurialism, perhaps none more essentially demands the application of a sharp curb. Of this fact none could be more fully aware than the new monarch. His own existence was a proof of it. Louis-Philip must not, therefore, be considered in the light of an ambitious grasper at royal honours, an artful intriguer for a throne. He is entitled to the consideration due to one, who only consented to take the crown in the hope of serving his country, and from a feeling that a course of trial at the head of a great nation was a more honourable position than that of again becoming a fugitive and an exile, and being probably in other lands a spectator of the agitation and troubles of that of his birth.

Not only, however, was the accession of Louis-Philip the best alternative for himself, but his existence at that moment, prepared as he was to accept a crown, must also be held in the light of a most fortunate turn in the national destinies. In the case of the refusal or the inaptitude of the Duke of Orleans to accede to the throne, it must be allowed that the result of the Three Days might have been as melancholy as they may yet be advantageous. At that epoch, we believe, the idea of recalling or retaining any one branch or member of the family of Charles X. would have been received with general execration. The loyalists even would have been dissatisfied with any step short of the maintenance of the reigning monarch. Supposing, however, that a party had arisen sufficiently strong to have retained the infant Duke of Bordeaux, and—adopting Beranger's subsequent notion

of educating the child, innocent of his family's crimes, in the spirit of the revolution,—to place him on the throne under the guardianship of a commission of patriots: we think no one can calmly contemplate the working of such a scheme, and pronounce it other than a fertile source of intrigue and disquiet, of imbecility at home and contempt abroad. It would soon have been found to be on all hands a mere mockery of royalty, and must have ended, either in some convulsion which would have swept monarchy out of the realm altogether, or in the re-establishment of the Bourbons in all or perhaps more than the plenitude of their ancient power, and with far less respect for the rights of the people.

The other plans that were thought practicable at the time, were a recurrence to the Bonapartean dynasty, or at once to take the sense of the nation, by means of primary assemblies, as to the nature, form, and *personnel* of the government which it would please to adopt.

The family of Napoleon had assuredly no claim on France; and though it appears that Joseph Bonaparte did think proper to ask the crown of Lafayette for his nephew, it could never be supposed that the French would be so besotted, as to send to the Emperor of Austria for a *de facto* German prince to rule over them. The absurdity is treated by Lafayette, in his answer to the ex-king of Spain, with even too much tolerance.

The scheme of solemnly collecting the nation in primary assemblies, and there putting the question of national government to the vote, is quite in harmony with the favourite doctrine of popular sovereignty. It would be happy for mankind if there were any chance of success in such experiments. The task of government will be easy when men are prepared, even after a moment of great excitement, to sit down quietly under an interregnum. Least of all is France calculated to discharge such functions with patience and discernment. The old Revolution, if it taught nothing else, clearly showed the danger and mischief-ousness of submitting abstract questions to popular arbitration. In the present instance, the immediate consequences of adopting such a plan would have been the suspension of every interest at home and abroad, in many of which suspension amounts to destruction; the whole country would have been thrown into confusion and ultimate distress; while their proceedings would have been regarded with so much suspicion and distrust by foreign powers, as ultimately to have provoked interference on one side or the other, and thus have brought on all the miseries of war, and all the horrors of propagandism. It was another fortunate

circumstance in the state of France at that moment, that the necessity for any such appeal was entirely superseded by the existence of a Chamber of Deputies, composed mainly of the same men who had previously braved the displeasure of their sovereign by reminding him of the indispensable necessity that the policy of his cabinet should be in harmony with the wishes of the people, and that this harmony did not exist; and whose conduct on this occasion had received the full approbation of their constituents, by their almost universal re-election, when the crown was so infatuated as to try the experiment of again appealing to the people. There is, in short, no doubt that the wisest and the happiest arrangement for France, under the circumstances in which she found herself placed at the end of the Three Days, was the immediate enthronement of Louis-Philip: and they must have been very fastidious or very interested parties who, at the time, could have been dissatisfied with it. He was known to be a man of moderate ambition and of liberal principles. His sympathies had always been with the people; and though both by habit and conviction probably no enemy to aristocratic, nor yet to monarchical institutions, his sole object seemed likely to be the happiness and prosperity of the nation he was called on to govern. Being accustomed to the enjoyment of great wealth, and to the keeping up of the state of a prince of the blood, he was not likely to be intoxicated with the elevation of a throne, as might have happened to an individual drawn from the ranks of private citizens. On being consulted, it appeared, moreover, that he would lend his cordial aid to the establishment of a better system of government, to the enlargement of the popular privileges, and the security of popular rights. Such institutions, also, as are in harmony with the security of life and property, and calculated to act duly as checks upon the depositories of authority, he was fully prepared to assist in erecting.

Before the termination of the contest, and while the conflict had been but partial, and yet backed by such an expression of public opinion as would have caused the government to retreat from the unconstitutional measures it had proposed, there may exist a very reasonable doubt whether, if victory and its consequences had not been pushed so far, a speedy and a happy settlement might not have been made without a change of dynasty. The charter of Louis XVIII., it must be remembered, was the first constitutional government ever really enjoyed by France: it had its imperfections, no doubt, but they were such as time and patience and inquiry were capable of amending. The complaints that had been made against the government of the elder

Bourbons, Louis XVIII. and Charles X., were, not that they did not remedy the deficiencies of the Charter, but that they did not act in its spirit. Too intent upon riveting their dynasty on the throne, these monarchs forgot that the surest basis of a constitutional throne is the punctilious adherence to the compact between the people and the king: that violations of it by the exercise of an undue power tend in fact to undermine the very source of power. This lesson must have been taught to Charles X. by the triumphant opposition of the people in July; and it is not improbable that had his offer of the withdrawal of the ordonnances and the appointment of a ministry out of the liberal party been accepted, he would have ceased his struggle with popular rights, and that without the risks of a further perseverance in the use of force, all that has now been obtained might have been secured. In this case the dangerous precedent of the overturning of an established government by a furious mob would have been avoided, and many other evils caused by the uncertainty and insecurity attendant upon all great changes. The success of one popular insurrection may be, in times to come, (indeed has been already in the case of Poland,) the cause of the spilling of much blood, and the destruction of no little property. Had a change in the constitution, or an enlargement of popular privileges been brought about by such constitutional means as general and urgent representation, or, as in the extreme case of the ordonnances, by the unanimous refusal to pay taxes, the precedent, instead of being full of dangers, would have been highly satisfactory, not only to the lovers of peace and order, but even to the lovers of liberty—by liberty, meaning only one of the elements of the happiness and prosperity of a state. If ever an insurrection was justifiable, it was in the case of the most unjustifiable blow at the very foundation of the Charter—the almost annihilation of the representative part of the constitution—inflicted by the fatal ordonnances of July. But the very iniquity of the proceeding rather heightens our regret that their non-operation should have been brought about by the efforts of a populace, however brave, however elevated in its motives. We would not have opposition to such grave crimes put to the hazard of an insurrection, in the course of which right may be not always the conqueror: we would not have their punishment depend upon the accident whether an insurrection is got up or not.

All who regard the history of the Three Days with attention and freedom from prejudice, must see, first, that it was a mere chance that a resistance took place at all, and next, that there is reason to believe that had the Polignac administration consisted of men of courage and ability equal to their evil dispositions, the triumph

might have been all the other way; what then, we ask, would have been the prospects of freedom, not only in France, but over the entire of Europe? The contest being engaged, every free country in Europe, and every country preparing to be free, (and all, we hope, will sooner or later be qualified for the enjoyment of freedom,) owes a debt of gratitude to the bravery of the Parisians: we only wish that the debt had been incurred by safer and more dignified means. Order is as much a legitimate object of government as any other: it must not be purchased at the expense of greater elements of happiness; but no country can prosper without it—no society worthy of the name can exist in the midst of a constant violation of it. It is to be feared that the glory, for such it may be called, obtained by an insurrectionary population, may make battle a favourite occupation with the more turbulent portion of the people, and that they will endeavour to indulge the propensity at the expense of much mischief to the rest of the community. It may be observed in the ordinary public writings of France, since the revolution of July, that a rising of the people is becoming ennobled: formerly there were no names too black for the disturbers of the public repose; at present, however, insurrection seems to be held by the journalists as a legitimate expression of popular opinion. This is a great and fatal mistake. No government can be respected by its neighbours, nor effective in the administration of its domestic affairs: no people can be prosperous: there can be neither security of life and property, nor the enjoyment of the blessings of true freedom, amidst riotous processions, tumultuous meetings, conflicts between the authorities and detachments of the mob. All this is an approach to anarchy, and ought to be put down. It is true, tyrants and oppressors may use the same arguments, but not under a constitutional government. If a faction is defeated in the Chambers, is it to be permitted to form the nucleus of a mob in the streets? The proper theatre for the expression of public opinion is the Chamber of its representatives; if there is an original defect in the Constitution, and if the House of Commons, to use a purely English phrase, ceases to be, in fact, the representative of the country, even then, as has been recently proved among ourselves, there are ways and means of repairing dilapidations, without shaking the whole building to its foundation.

The press is, or ought to be, open; public opinion is to be affected in a thousand ways without the violation of public order. The spectacle of a people that ought to be represented is not easy to be faced by a denier of its rights. Time and chance should be waited for, and no opportunity lost. A nation that knows and

claims its rights steadily and peaceably cannot long be refused. The progress of education is another encouraging feature in the present state of society. Education and violence are ordinarily inconsistent; education is the power of knowledge, far more efficient than the power of mere force. The constant recurrence of what are called *émeutes* in France since the Revolution, when men, politically speaking, have had less to complain of than they ever had before, is a sequence of the glory of the Three Days. The mob is now a saint in the popular calendar; every artizan out of work is ready to worship at his shrine. The "reign of the laws," we confess, is a fascinating term to us; the first duty of a citizen is to look to the ordinances of the law as sanctioned by his representatives for the time being. Be this as it may, the Three Days ended, the royal family *en route* for Cherbourg, the Duke of Orleans fixed upon and received as lieutenant-general, and subsequently made king, it only remains to inquire whether his conduct in that capacity has realized the just expectations of his people.

The duties of the new monarch, on his elevation, were various and complicated. Some of them may, however, be briefly enumerated. He had, in the first instance, to procure the sanction of other countries to the Revolution. A true Frenchman would spurn at the notion that the national will of France should require the confirmation of any power whatever. The French had, however, consented to receive a dynasty under a foreign sanction, and this dynasty had just been ejected without ceremony. The neighbours of France have, moreover, a hereditary dread of French revolution, because it has been found that the disorder was infectious, or that the French, when labouring under the disorder, burned to propagate it. Revolution in the interior is often the cause of war in the exterior, and therefore, in spite of the pride of Frenchmen, Europe had something to do with the revolution of July, and the sanction of the principal powers was a most important point to obtain.

The factions into which France was divided were numerous. At the breaking out of the Three Days, nothing was heard of but the charter: at the expiration of that time, the charter was becoming a cry of ridicule. With the progress of success men's expectations had risen. Visions of a republic again arose upon the minds of many; the old adherents, soldiers, and servants of Napoleon, began to cast a wishful gaze upon his dynasty; and the Carlists were a compact and widely ramified body. The new order of things seemed to be embraced by the liberal and rational, the people of property, the quiet, sensible, and industrious classes, who were

ardent lovers of a good constitution, but who, perhaps, loved their commerce and their hearths still more, and, at any rate, saw in the former the security of the latter. Besides these, and distinct altogether in motive and character, there was a body of intellectual adventurers, who had found no place under the old government; these were men capable of office,—capable of becoming the mouth-pieces of a party: most of them had been heroes of July, and were proportionably exalted: many of them were republicans; but the majority were glad to hit the *juste milieu* as placemen under a constitutional monarchy. A large proportion of this set were accordingly appointed by the new government to offices, in which, though their talent for agitation is neutralized, they make, no doubt, excellent agents in various capacities. But that other portion, which has not been so fortunate as to hit the *juste milieu* above spoken of, is represented in the public press, the wires of which are in many instances moved by the more active members of this energetic body, of whom the present author is one; a body rendered not the less influential, that they are intimately connected by community of habits and *esprit de corps* with the correspondents and communicants of the press of Europe generally. This is but a faint sketch of the parties by which the new government was opposed or supported, leaving out those which are common to all countries, such as the spend-thrifts, the cut-throats, the sharpers, the idlers and gamblers, the ex-spies, and ex-police, corrupted members of the body politic, who flourish only in turbid times, and are ever ready to take an appropriate part in disorderly scenes.

The history of the first two years of Louis-Philip's reign might have been predicted with tolerable precision. Whatever course in politics might be adopted by him, was sure to entail on him and his government the bitterest abuse. Depreciation is the natural game of the Carlists: until a change is worked in public opinion, they are well aware that their cause is hopeless. The zeal, the abilities, and the means of that party are by no means contemptible; and they moreover receive the cordial support of a large portion of the priesthood. The republicans, always men of great mental activity, and whose natural element is excitement, feel all the bitterness of disappointment. Hopes so long cherished, seemed in the days of July on the point of realization. In joining in the election of Louis-Philip, they flattered themselves they were only establishing a republic *en masque*; that the institutions were to be, in fact, republican, surmounted by a royal gew-gaw, merely to amuse the legitimate sovereigns of Europe. Very bitter, therefore, must necessarily be the vexation,

and loud and long the outcry of this party, on finding that they have not only got a nominal king, but a real monarchy—that the occupant of the throne is aware of the extent of the rights and duties of his office, and adheres to them as to a part of the constitution as sacred as any other. To these bodies, by nature and party doomed to the work of vilifying the monarch and his policy, must be added the professional obloquists; the number of whom, connected with the press in France, is excessively large. The side of abuse is easier than that of eulogy; it is a better speculation, both as respects the appetite of readers, and the prospect of being purchased. Moreover, the glorious Three Days, the heroes of July, the spirit of the new revolution, and the opening prospects of liberty and freedom in every quarter of the world, are admirable topics of declamation; while, on the other hand, no nation on earth is so ready to prick its ears to a cry of treachery, none so jealous of its position, of its glory and its honour,—weak points, excellently well adapted to the purposes of the expectant rhetorician. Considering these things, it is not too much to say, that whatever might have been or may be the policy of the new régime, it was foredoomed to be received with a yell of slander and obloquy.

Whether the policy which Louis-Philip has pursued may or may not occasionally have deserved censure, is a very different question. If we were to place implicit credit in the statements of the author of the book before us, the history of the administration of the present king is neither more nor less than the history of the betrayal of his country, of the cause of liberty all the world over, and of the falsification of all his majesty's promises and engagements. M. Sarrans is however altogether a party writer; his allegations are seldom specific; he is rhetorical when he ought to be precise: in the questions where truth is most at issue, he is always singularly vague and indistinct; in fact, error, to serve its purposes, would assume precisely the garb of this highly-coloured declamatory narrative. The hero of the work is Lafayette; on him the fortunes of the world are made to turn; he alone can do no wrong, and what is more, it would seem that no one else can do right: it may indeed be said, that in the estimation of M. Sarrans, no one can do any thing at all but the personage of his grand historical romance. There are, however, reasons for believing, that the private zeal of the author has far exceeded the bounds of his discretion. We are disposed to take his work as the production of an enthusiastic advocate, whom circumstances have admitted to a near view of events. When he does condescend to the narration of facts, he is occasionally in-

structive, but, unluckily, the source of his facts is such, that the sifting they require materially deducts from the satisfaction derivable from their curiosity.

Louis-Philip once on the throne, we should wish to know what constitutional guide was placed before him which he has not followed. M. Sarrans would have had him take Lafayette with him, and execute the dictates of that excellent and most consistent old republican and his *entourage*. But this would have been to be king with a viceroy over him. We think the Chambers were a much better guide, more especially after Louis-Philip, according to his engagement, had placed the Chamber of Deputies on a larger and more liberal basis, by the diminution of the electoral qualification. There have been two Chambers subsequent to the king's accession: his policy has been sanctioned by the acquiescence of both as much as the policy of the king of England was ever approved by his parliament. Would the opponents of his government have him turn from the majorities of the legally constituted representatives of the people, to consult the contradictory opinions of a violent and irresponsible press? Would they have him leave his council to listen to the insane cries of the republicans and the Carlists in the streets? A constitutional monarch can only consult constitutional authorities.

The violation of his engagements is a charge that has been most frequently and most urgently brought against the monarch of France. These engagements have been described under the name of the *Programme of the Hotel-de-Ville*. What are the particulars of this much talked of programme? It appears to have been something which passed between Louis-Philip and Lafayette at the Hotel-de-Ville; but of this programme, so often alleged to be violated, the world has had no specific information. The King denies that it exists elsewhere than in the brain of the "man of two worlds," the *l'homme-revolution* of M. Sarrans; and circumstances minutely investigated would seem to confirm the truth of this denial. Of the engagements entered into by the King with the commission of the Chambers on the 31st of July, all the world is fully cognizant. There is no secret here, as in the case of the mysterious programme; and consequently there is no disappointment, at least among rational people. With regard to the fundamental measures originating with the government of Louis Philip, they have all been in the sense of an enlargement of the popular privileges, and so far in full accordance with the spirit of the revolution of July. The electoral body, by the diminution of the qualification already mentioned, has been more than doubled; and if the na-

tional voice is strongly expressed upon the subject, the reduction of another third would increase the number of electors to a more just proportion with the total population of the kingdom. A greater share has been given to the people in the choice of the municipal authorities, of whom, at present, none but the *maires* are nominated by the king. Trial by jury has been introduced in all cases connected with the law of libel. The press of France is now unrestricted, except by the law, as in England, for the first time since France was a nation and had a press. The Chambers have reduced the civil list of the former kings, and the funds at the disposal of the occupant of the throne, to an enormous amount. In addition to which the great question of the hereditary peerage has been decided wholly in accordance with the constitutional expression of the national will.

We are in short at a loss to understand what foundation for complaint exists against Louis-Philip on the ground of elementary changes. Does not a Frenchman now possess every security for personal liberty, for property, for opinion, for religion, that he can desire? Has he not such checks on the authority of government as he never, a few years ago, could have expected? Are not these checks gradually on the increase? and is there any bar to their progress? Is there not in fact that thorough sympathy existing between the mass of intelligence and property in the country, which ensures a gradual amelioration of the law and the constitution? We are not here speaking either of the foreign or domestic policy of the king, but simply on the text of his constitutional promise to the Chambers, that *la charte sera désormais une vérité*: that is, regarding him not as a mere administrator of the affairs of the country, but of a lawgiver and constitution-founder. The fact we believe to be, that the ministries of Louis-Philip have been far more forward in proposing important elementary changes than the Chambers have been in passing them: so that should any further diffusion of the elective franchise be proposed, it is not very probable that the opposition (if any) to be expected from the throne will be of an obstinate character. In the discussions of the Chamber, and in the measures proposed, carried or postponed, it will be found that the statesmen employed by Louis-Philip have been uniformly in advance of the representatives of the people. This may be an argument for a dissolution of the Chamber, or for an extension of the franchise; but it affords none against the liberal intentions or the good faith of the reigning monarch.

We come now to speak of the foreign and domestic policy of Louis-Philip. It must be observed that we have no intention of

becoming advocates of his measures; but standing aloof from both party and country as we do, we consider that our position is more favourable for the formation of right views than that of either the hot partizans of the opposition, or the equally zealous placemen or adherents of the government. The Press is the universal adviser, corrector, and abuser; but such is the multitude of interested writers, so various are their opinions, so energetic their language, and so multitudinous their works, that we cannot refer with any satisfaction to their counsels. On the contrary, we believe that the violent tone so prevalent in their writings has greatly endangered the peace of France itself, and, in connection with it, the peace of Europe.

Every one must allow that one of the most essential points of the policy of the new dynasty was the preservation of peace. Peace has been preserved, and although the government has had to contend with unexampled difficulties, we are yet to learn that it has been preserved at too high a price. No impartial person, on a calm review of the position maintained by France from the period of the accession of Louis-Philip, can say that the national honour has in any one instance been sacrificed or degraded. We put aside the daily surmises of the press, the reports of diplomatic proceedings that never took place, and all the inventions of movements and designs every now and then attributed to this power or that, according as the wind of public credulity may happen to be setting. It must be remembered that it became the duty of a king, created as Louis-Philip had been, not merely to preserve peace for the developement of the shattered resources of the country, but also to be fully prepared by war or negotiation to defend the principles of the Revolution. This became a wise policy of self-defence; for were the despotic powers of Europe permitted in other cases to league together for the purpose of suppressing the exercise of the national will, whether expressed for the rectification of abuses or the reformation of the government, the turn of France for sacrifice might be expected to arrive sooner or later. In two instances has the government been called upon to enter upon the practical performance of its theoretical principle. The assertion of the principle of non-interference in the case of Belgium, was prompt, vigorous and efficient: it is impossible to deny the administration of Louis-Philip on this occasion the praise of courage and spirit. Had it not been for the instant interference of France, Belgium would at this moment be in the military possession, at least, of King William. The presence of the French troops at Ancona is another proof that Louis-Philip is in earnest in extending the aid of a free and

powerful nation towards those in want of his assistance. The French interference in Italy, besides its effect in limiting the extent of that of Austria, is the only existing check upon the revengeful intentions of the Pope's government against its unhappy subjects of the Legations. Poland is the grand *cheval de bataille* of all those who endeavour to prove that Louis-Philip has betrayed the principles that seated him on the throne. The case is certainly one of extreme difficulty, and demands the attentive consideration of more points than our limits will allow us to dwell upon. This may be said, that if Louis-Philip had desired a pretext for war, he could not have had a better; but being, on the contrary, under very strict obligations to remain at peace, he was under no absolute necessity of interference. The Poles had been in the highest degree rash and precipitate; they were full of disunion amongst themselves; the distance of their country from France is enormous, and a French army in all probability would have had to cross several hostile countries. A general war would have been kindled; where it might have ended no one can predict, and the ultimate results were, to say the very least, problematical. It is alleged that France had excited the revolt of Poland, and had promised her powerful aid. Of this we should require far more convincing proofs than any that have yet been produced. Were the allegation true, the question would have been materially embarrassed. It would be still further clogged, were it true that Poland had risen up as the vanguard of France, and arrested the march of the Autocrat of the North, in full career to put down the insurrectionary government of July. But these things are easily said, and very hard to prove. Governments have much better means of ascertaining their truth than newspapers. The troops of the Emperor Nicholas may have been assembling without intending another crusade: and if the truth were known, perhaps the necessity of traversing Europe with two or three hundred thousand men may be not less disagreeable, and even more inconvenient, to the Emperor of Russia, than to the Citizen-King himself. Be this as it may, peace has been hitherto preserved, and were it even granted that the choicer spirits of France have reason to complain that they have not been sent forth on a grand mission of liberty to the sound of cannon, and the tramp of armed myriads, we, at least, speaking in the name of England, have reason to rejoice that the government of Louis-Philip has been able to reconcile its conduct with its notions of rectitude. Peace, generally speaking, is so great a blessing, not merely in the absence of the horrors of war, but in the fertilizing advantages that it showers upon all the dearest interests of mankind, all the most

valuable processes, productions, and interchanges, that we cannot but esteem him who prevents war a public benefactor. No French army could have crossed the frontiers *en route* for Poland without involving England in some of the effects of general commotion: one of which might probably have been the disruption of the present strict and confidential alliance between this country and France; an alliance in which we rejoice, as likely to be, in course of time, productive of the most gratifying results to both countries, and, moreover, calculated to exert the most beneficial influence over the whole of Europe. England and France combined present so splendid a front of genius, of wealth, of power, of civilization, that we can neither conceive their united objects to be mischievous, nor such as to be resisted. It is a base and selfish jealousy that would separate them: in nothing does the *soi-disant* liberal party in France show the narrowness and ignorance of its views more than in its declamatory attempts to embitter the reciprocal interchange of good offices subsisting, or about to subsist, between this country and their own land. The charges of the party called the *mouvement* against the foreign policy of Louis Philip have always been felt by us as in the highest degree vague and unconvincing: they have seemed to resolve themselves into either a desire for the chances of war at any risk, or an eager longing after power. In the latter case, in all probability, their accession to place would be the signal of a change of language: they would find themselves bound in conscience to proceed in the same pacific course, unfortunately embarrassed by their previous declarations, and the enmity of the neighbouring governments, exasperated by their intemperate avowals.

France is now fully prepared for war, and cannot on any ground be afraid of it. Peace may be abundantly more advantageous, and consequently preferred, but how can such a preference be said to compromise the national dignity? It is a glorious satisfaction to us to see the affairs of a people taken out of the hands of men who, from blind and selfish intemperance, would drag whole nations after them into the miserable consequences of their false steps, passionately driving only what is before them, and altogether forgetting the bulky and valuable national freight behind them. Nations have warred too long for the pleasure of kings: it is no change for the better to shed their blood and squander their treasures for the passions of individuals, or even the intemperance of a noisy party.

With respect to the domestic policy of Louis Philip, it is very easy to express dissatisfaction with it. It is also not difficult to say, that it has been conducted in a spirit of enlightened liberality.

When we come to particulars the case is altered. We find that some of the legislative measures of this King's government are objected to as bad in themselves; some are alleged to be imperfect, but the great complaint is, that in two years more has not been done. In fact the republican party would have had every thing done at a stroke, and, like that famous sitting of the old National Assembly, do as much legislative work in an hour, as would occupy rational persons many laborious years. Let us listen to the heads of accusation preferred by its mouth-piece, M. Sarraus: to his ideas of what the government *ought* to have done, contrasted with what it *has* done or omitted. We shall attach numerals to them in order to be more specific, and a few words of commentary of our own.

"After the exclusion of the perjured dynasty, and the triumph of the principle of the sovereignty of the people, the duties of the new royalty were extremely simple; they flowed naturally from its situation.

"*Internally*, they consisted:—1. In being made king by the nation, instead of remaining king by the 221. That was easy, if not by the convocation of the primary assemblies, at least by calling together a new Chamber. 2. In reconstituting the peerage according to the elective principle, from which the new dynasty derived its own existence. 3. In provoking by its right of initiation the complete renewal of a magistracy, which could not protect interests not merely contrary but hostile. 4. In giving to France municipal and departmental institutions deeply imbued with the same principle of election which had, as if by enchantment, and on the spur of the moment, produced a monarchy, an army, a million of citizen-soldiers, the principle which showed its vitality even under the Empire, and imposed itself upon the Restoration as an irresistible necessity. 5. In organizing the National Guard upon the same principle, as a strong and regular guaranty of order and liberty. 6. In realizing the liberty of the press, individual liberty, civil liberty, religious liberty, in practice as well as in theory. 7. In abolishing monopolies destructive of the common rights of the people. 8. In harmonizing the organization of the army with the principle of equality which regulates the general system; in attaching the moveable National Guard to this army as a reserve. 9. In lightening the burden of the public charges, at least in fixing taxation upon a more equitable and less vexatious basis. 10. In purging the codes of all laws of exception. 11. In breaking the trammels of public instruction, and in diffusing it among the masses. 12. In banishing the luxury and corruption of the old monarchies, as unworthy of the youth and the nationality of the throne of July. 13. Finally, in rallying all opinions round this throne, and launching the state vessel with all sails set in the waters of the Revolution.

"This is what the monarchy *ought* to have done to become the personification of the principle of its origin; now see what it *has* done: I state facts.

" 1. It has disdained the national sanction, and retained, during ten months, a chamber which had fallen into dissolution with the overthrown government. 2. It has made of the peerage an involved medley, a grafted institution, an embarrassment, an obstacle. 3. The same judges who sent the enemies of Charles X. to the scaffold, now send both Carlists and Republicans to the galleys; the principle of election has been every where stifled, corrupted, evaded. 4. We have municipal councils which the central government retains in the most degrading tutelage, and mayors who are its mere creatures. 5. National Guards with the superior officers nominated by the government. 6. The 4th article of the old charter, relative to the Catholic religion, is abolished; you may even worship God according to your heart and your conscience; but if you are a St. Simonian, woe be to you! you will be hunted down, much in the same way as was done formerly with a heretic of Rochelle or the Cevennes. The asylum of citizens violated and ransacked; family papers and family secrets, and the reputation of Frenchmen at the mercy of the police; the state of siege, the military commissions, and the funeral knell of capital condemnations tolling through the streets of Paris; the prisons overflowing with victims, the galleys recruited with political offenders; secret informers peopling the dungeons, and even shocking the officers of justice. Such are the certain signs of the respect in which the government holds the liberty of the press, religious liberty, and every other species of liberty. Contrast these facts with those of the most troublous epochs of the last fifty years, and you will find that if the facts are not identical, the principles at least are very much alike. Now it is by principles even more than by acts that a political system is to be judged. 7. The system of the customs is intact, the commercial prohibitions are the same; the monopolies which are most hateful to the nation are preserved. 8. Promotion in the army is nearly as much as it was before dependent upon ministerial favour. 9. The people sinks under the load of a most unequally-distributed taxation. 11. Public instruction is still fettered. 12. The civil list devours the labours of 2000 *communes*, the subsistence of a whole army. 13. And the court, bestowing its confidence on the most deadly enemies of the Revolution of July, is fairly veering round towards the Restoration."

1. The satisfaction of the country with the appointment of Louis Philip to the throne was expressed in a thousand ways. To renew the discussion was simply to open the channels of intrigue. To call a new Chamber could only disturb and agitate the country at a time when it was peculiarly excitable: and that not to serve any good end; for it is not even insinuated that Louis Philip was to be *destitué*, but merely to comply with certain republican forms. Here is a specimen of the practical wisdom of the *mouvement* party. Once for all, let us hear what Lafayette himself says, in his letter to Joseph Bonaparte. "As to the general assent, it is not merely the Chambers and the population of Paris, 80,000 National Guards, and 300,000 spectators in the

Champ-de-Mars; but all the deputations from the cities and villages of France, whom my functions have enabled me to receive separately—in a word, a mass of adhesions unsolicited and indubitable—prove to us every day more and more, that what we have done is conformable to the actual will of the very great majority of the French people.” 2. The constitution of the peerage has been submitted to the freshly elected Chambers, and they have deprived it of its hereditary quality. The republicans would have had it elective, but their views are not those of France; they were not able to carry this point in the Chambers, and that *arens* was assuredly a fair one. We have nothing for their measures but their strongly expressed wishes. 3. That the complete renewal of the magistracy was not necessary, has been proved by the noble independence which it has exhibited of late as well as on many former occasions. The strict enforcement of the principle here contended for would command a change of magistracy on every change of government. 4. Much has been done in this department: more may yet be done: it is at least a considerable improvement that the *maires* alone now are appointed by the King. 5. The National Guards are organised as much on this principle as is consistent with the preservation of order. To do more would be to establish a new species of prætorian guard; to create a portion of the citizens autocratic. This certainly would be a species of republican institution, but not of that kind that might surround a monarchy. 6. The course Louis-Philip has taken in this respect is far from meeting our approbation. His persecutions of the press have simply put arms into the hands of his enemies. The liberty of the press is, however, altogether young in that country, and we need not be surprised at its excesses, or at the vigour which those alarmed and threatened by a sort of unknown power have used in its repression. Many allowances are also to be made for the head of a new and unsettled dynasty. Before the habit of submission is acquired, declamation and false reasoning have an undue weight. The consequences of an intemperate enunciation of adverse opinions, perseveringly and perhaps corruptly urged, may in stormy times be highly injurious to the interests of public order. The case may be a difficult and perplexed one, but we cannot help opining that Louis-Philip would have pursued a wiser policy in permitting publication to take its course: for overt acts he might have been sufficiently prepared. The blood of the martyr is the seed of the church: the persecution of an editor is to till the land of sedition. If there ever was an offence in its nature unpunishable, it is a press-crime. The remedy is neither in fine nor in imprisonment, but in the slow process of the education of publicists

and constitutional writers. It is a happiness to reflect that perfect liberty in the press soon corrects its own licenses: where there is no government check, the public soon learn to apply their own. The very profusion of libellous allegations destroys their force. But the press is every where a power as novel as that of steam, and far more difficult to manage. 8. It is difficult to understand this proposition; if it means that the people and its assemblages ought to appoint the officers of the army, the same objection applies as in the case of the National Guard. 9. The *mouvement* party who, with all the good will in the world, would have involved the country in the expenses of war, are not entitled to say that they would have reduced the public burdens. On the contrary, the maintenance of much burdensome machinery has been in part caused by the agitation kept up by themselves, and more especially by the hostile and intemperate threats and declarations of men who might, in the uncertainty of the political condition of the country, be in power on the next turn of affairs. All that is reasonable and beneficial in this general complaint is as likely to be effected by the present administration as by any other that could be substituted for them. 11. A bill for establishing a school or schools in every town and in every village or parish in France, at which no inconsiderable amount of useful instruction might have been given to the rising generation, was drawn up by the ministers, and laid before the Chamber during the last session: the business of a more immediate kind, to which the House was bound (or considered itself so), prevented its being passed. 12. To reject the parade and corruption of courts is all very well; but there may be some parade and no corruption: parade may be useful; there are minds, and those of the great mass, for whom it is beneficial to behold the monarchy in its splendour. In unsettled countries the majesty of government requires all the artificial aid possible: form sometimes supplies the want of substance, and a little magnificence in a court may compensate for some want of actual force, the being able to dispense with which gives a greater scope to the liberty of the subject. In one case the influence is on the spirit, and in the other on the body. The "youth and nationality of the throne of July" are phrases drawn from that prolific source described vulgarly by the word (as the national youth of France pronounce it) '*hombogerie*.' 13. The art of rallying opinions round the throne is one of great difficulty in France: Louis XVI., poor man! thought he was every now and then succeeding in this most scabrous of tasks, but it was even easier to please a fickle mistress: Napoleon thought it less arduous to suppress opinion altogether: Charles X. succumbed in a similar undertaking. The wisest plan of the ruler of

France is probably to allow opinions to diverge as eccentrically as they please.

The account of commissions against the French government is scarcely more serious than the list of omissions which we have just gone over. The most serious charge is that arising out of the insurrection of June 6th—a kind of bastard brother of the Three Days. It was an imitation of the glorious *événemens*, but happened to fail grievously, in consequence of being utterly unsupported by public opinion. On this occasion we think that both parties lost ground in the estimation of impartial observers. The *mouvement* party were not unwilling to put the crown again to a street-trial: the executive repressed the audacious attempt with ample vigour and resolution: but in the moment of success, why insult the whole nation by arbitrarily suspending the constitution? The declaration of the “*état de siège*” implies that the legal guardians of the constitution were as little impressed with its true importance as its violators. It is most painful to see on one hand a vigorous, and it may be called an intellectual party, ready on any notion of misgovernment to consider themselves justified in commencing a civil war; and, on the other hand, a king and his ministry holding, that any resistance to authority is a sufficient warrant for suspending the constitution, and declaring their authority dictatorial and paramount. Though both sides lost on this occasion, the party least able to bear loss was the one defeated; and since that very melancholy epoch Louis-Philip’s course has been, we believe, easier, but we doubt much as to its being surer. There is less resistance certainly, but is there as much support? The “*état de siège*” was undoubtedly, and we grieve to say it, the freak of an irresponsible power. It was done, however, in the name of order, and order has been the result. This is the only palliation of a measure that must remain a stain upon the name of the citizen-king.

Where so much has been alleged against Louis-Philip for betraying the spirit of the revolution of July, and for deceiving those who trusted in his promise to liberalize the institutions of the country, it is only justice to enumerate some of the measures brought before the Chambers by the government of France during the last session, and which were not discussed, or not passed, in consequence of tedious and unnecessary debates kept up on immaterial points, as well as the attention demanded by the three great questions of the session—the budget, the civil list, and the peerage. The cholera, too, broke out, and if not extremely fatal to the legislators, did great execution on legislation itself. We already named an education bill. There were also laid before one or other of the chambers three bills which, together with the

measures of the preceding session, were calculated to improve the municipal institutions, by establishing local representative assemblies invested with adequate powers of local legislation, administration, and taxation.

A bill for the revision of the custom laws.

A bill for giving representative assemblies, and a government of law to the French colonies.

A bill for preventing the dismissal or destitution of officers of the army, except after the sentence of a court-martial.

The ministry also proposed a corn bill, which put an end to all the odious and expensive restrictions on the transport of corn from one division of the country to another, and also permitted exportation and importation at all times, at much lower duties than before. This bill was sadly mangled in the Chambers of all its liberal and useful provisions; the prohibition was alone abolished. Bills for reducing the exorbitant bounties on the fisheries for whale and cod shared a similar fate. This list might be increased, and were we to rely, as we see no reason for not doing, on the expressed intentions of the government, many measures of an equally liberal and enlightened class are in their contemplation.

We hear of none of these things in the work of M. Sarrans, nor indeed of any fact or opinion that does not serve his purpose of depreciating the present government. We are far from asserting that all has been done that might have been; but the fault does not appear, at least, to have been in the intentions of the government or its head; it lays rather at the door of the Chambers, who, perhaps, all things considered, are scarcely *à la hauteur* of either king or people. This points to the further extension of the franchise: the enlargement of the electoral body will be productive of most essential advantages. Some changes are also required in what is called the *tactique* of the Chambers, which, as at present established, is not altogether favourable to the despatch of business. It is absolutely indispensable, moreover, that the system of the ballot in the Chamber of Deputies be done away; when the votes of members are the chief, if not the only means of ascertaining whether a representative has done his duty on trying or critical occasions, it is the height of absurdity to permit a manner of voting which, in fact, destroys his responsibility. For how can you call a man to an account for an offence which no one can prove? These changes and ameliorations may all be expected from the present dynasty, as far as the government has the power of initiating measures. Let it be remembered also, that the very violence and clamour with which these and other—and some of them most inconsistent—demands have been urged, has been one

great cause of delay. The Carlists and republicans conjoined have forced the government to put the question of absolute existence almost to the hazard of a battle in nearly every quarter of France; and it is not amid such scenes that liberal measures are concocted. These *émeutes*, on the other hand, have been made still further mischievous by the use that is made of them. They have been drawn into the arguments of the opposition as evidences of public opinion, and Louis-Philip has been told to his face, to think whether *he* was truly King of France, who required 50,000 men to guard him. Now 50,000 riotous and discontented subjects, the wreck of every party, are capable of disturbing the peace of a much more extensive country than even France, and they may require even more than 50,000 soldiers to coerce them, but is their agitation any evidence of national will? May we not rather infer that the ease with which these risings are every where put down, is a strong proof that the executive is supported by the silent but steady approbation of the country? What prevented June 6th from being another July 29th, but that the attempt of the desperate party, who chose that day for a blow, had no public opinion to retreat upon? They were viewed with horror, as the sanguinary disturbers of peace and good order.

The ascertainment of the exact state of public opinion in a country like France is by no means an easy matter. Louis-Philip, as the constitutional monarch of France, is entitled to appeal at once to the support invariably received by his government from the representatives of the people, as evidence of the popular approbation of his measures: he cannot learn the wishes of the nation in any other form. Impartial observers have other means of calculating the disposition of the country than the mere majorities of the Chambers. There are indisputable proofs of rising prosperity in the country. The increase in the revenue, the renewed activity of commercial intercourse, the proposals for opening canals and establishing rail roads, and a variety of other symptoms, all indicate a more settled state of public confidence. The great mass of the French nation are engaged in pursuits to which peace and tranquillity are vitally necessary: it is only in the government of Louis-Philip, and in the spirit of his late administration, that they can hope for repose. Neither are we wanting in the testimony of sensible and truly liberal witnesses, that the great body of the people are satisfied: and that no greater mistake could be committed than in holding up the declamations of the opposition press as the voice of the country.

During the progress of the melancholy insurrection of June 6th, an interview took place between the King and a deputation of the Opposition. For a report of this very singular colloquy we are

indebted to M. Sarrans. We quote it here, because it forms a good resumé of all that the Opposition could say against the government, with the answers from the King's own mouth. The conversation is, besides, very characteristic. The reporter is one of the most violent opposers of the present system, and he, doubtless, considers the account of what passed as likely to prejudice the king. Assuredly, he would omit no point that might have this tendency. Nevertheless, we cannot help thinking that his majesty had much the best of his rhetorical visitors, and that both his sentiments, barring a little vanity, and his ready and forcible expression of them, are of a kind to raise him in the estimation of all who do not come to its perusal with a foregone conclusion.

"The three deputies (MM. Laffitte, Odilon Barrot, and Arago) were introduced into the bed-chamber of Louis XVIII., which had been transformed by the *workmen* of July into the business cabinet of Louis-Philip. The king entered shortly after, by a door communicating with the queen's apartment. The manners and countenance of the king were perfectly calm, his address easy, devoid of any thing like alarm, and expressive of none of that mental anguish which the circumstances might have justified. His majesty received the three deputies politely; he told them that he was very glad to see them; that the opposition could not have selected mediators more agreeable to him; and after desiring them to be seated, and placing himself in front of his *bureau*, he expressed his readiness to listen to them. . . .

"M. Odilon Barrot began the conversation, and in an address, tempered with gravity, moderation, and respect, represented to the king, that the deputies of the national opposition, in common with all good citizens, deplored the disorders and public calamities to which the preceding day had given birth; that all of them could neither sufficiently blame, nor be sufficiently indignant at the outrages and guilty manifestations of men who had thrown off obedience to the law, and resisted the legal authorities by main force. But that it was also their duty not to dissemble to the head of the state that the retrograde policy of his cabinet, the disavowal of the engagements of July, the hopes of the revolution deceived, the national honour forgotten, and in short the whole of the system of the 13th March, had produced exasperation, and amassed mutual hatreds, which, animating the citizens against each other, caused blood to flow in the streets of Paris, and were only a prelude to the most dreadful of all calamities, civil war, the flames of which, although extinguished in one part, might be rekindled in many others. Assuming as a fact that blame was imputable both to the government and its adversaries, and arguing that the agreement of public opinion in the present instance ought not to be construed into a general approval of the system followed by the government, but merely a resistance perfectly natural to the encroachments of an anarchy still more dangerous than the aberrations of this system, M. Odilon Barrot concluded by adjuring the king to stop the farther effusion of blood, to silence the artillery, which was still echoing within the royal walls, to show mercy to the

vanquished, and to conjure all further storms, by a speedy and frank return to the principles on which the revolution had established his dynasty.

"The king replied, that having been audaciously attacked by his enemies, he stood upon his right of legitimate defence; that it was full time to quell revolt, and that he only employed the artillery *to bring it sooner to an end*; that, in the mean time, he had rejected the proposition made to him to declare the city of Paris in a state of siege; that as regarded the pretended engagements of the Hotel-de-Ville, and the republican institutions which the opposition made so much noise about, he knew not what it all meant; that he had superabundantly fulfilled the promises he had made, and given to France as many and more republican institutions than he had ever promised her; that the *programme* of the Hotel-de-Ville had no existence save in the brain of M. Lafayette, whose incessant remonstrances were evidently the result of a mistake; that as to the system of the 13th of March, as it was called, it was wrong to give the honour of it to M. Perier; that this system was the king's own, that it was the fruit of his own convictions, the result of his meditations, and the expression of his ideas of policy and government; that he, Louis-Philip, had only consented *TO TAKE* the crown upon the conditions indicated by the developements of this system, a system most conformable to the wishes and wants of France, and from which he would not deviate, *were they to bray him in a mortar*.* As to other matters," continued the king, "as we are not met to discuss vague accusations, specify the grounds of complaint which you have against the Perier system, of which poor Perier was assuredly very innocent. What have you to say against it? Let us see."

"M. Arago replied by a rapid and animated statement of the divisions by which France was torn to pieces, and which the government cherished with almost scrupulous care; he spoke of his own family as a prey to the schism of political opinion; his brother and his nephew, he said, were, perhaps at that very moment, ready to sacrifice each other's lives in opposite ranks; and to paint the crisis by an example, he referred to the League and to that d'Ailly, who, in the time of Henry IV., murdered his own son in the streets of Paris. M. Arago then alluded to the public employments which were bestowed on the partizans of the fallen government, of the scandalous indulgence which threw a veil over the machinations of the Carlists, while the errors of the men and of the press of July were persecuted with a bitterness wholly unexampled in the judicial annals of the Restoration. M. Arago also spoke of the deep surprise and displeasure which the apparent impunity enjoyed by the Duchess de Berry had excited throughout the whole of France, and of the unfavourable impressions to which this impunity might give rise.

"At these words Louis-Philip exclaimed, that his government had no other enemies but Carlists and republicans; that the mistatements just mentioned were nothing else but the result of their manoeuvres; that they accused him of avarice, him in whose eyes money had never been of

* "These were the king's own words."

any value; that his best intentions were misrepresented to such a degree, that he could no longer read either the *Tribune* or the *National*; that his father, *who was the best citizen of France*, had been calumniated in the same manner, and driven to give to the revolution a *bloody pledge* which he ought to have refused;* that the demands of the two revolutions were equally insupportable; that he, Louis-Philip, was not obstinate, of which he had given a proof, when, after a long resistance, he had been weak enough to yield to the tumult, by effacing from the portico of his palace and his coat of arms the *fleurs-de-lis*, which had at all times been the distinction of his family.

"As to the representations relative to the Duchess de Berry, Louis-Philip declared, that if that princess was arrested, justice should take its course; but that, happen what would, his reign should never witness a *bloody tragedy*. . . . At that moment the cannon of St. Mery made the windows of the palace vibrate.

"The conversation having been turned by M. Arago to the field of foreign affairs, and this deputy having deplored the state of debasement and submission to which France had fallen in the eyes of Europe, the king, on the contrary, made a merit of his foreign policy. This policy, said he, has prevented the powers from doing what they had firmly resolved to do. For the last six months and more, I hold them fast. The king of Holland is about to yield. I have given France a new ally in the person of king Leopold, whom I have made my son-in-law, to the no small umbrage of several. In short, if I must say it, the powers are at this moment in such a position, that my throne would be the most difficult to shake of any; not one of them possesses the stuff of a Duke of Orleans.—But, Sire, the affair of Ancona. What! the tri-colour removed by orders from Rome, from the towers of a citadel occupied by our soldiers!—the ambassador of the king of July at the feet of the pope!—Not so loud, Sir, said the king to him sharply, I can hear you.—Certainly there is something to be said about the affair of Ancona; but it was necessary to succeed; that was the essential point, and we have succeeded. And then, a little condescension for an old and obstinate priest was of no consequence. Besides, whatever were the means used by my ambassador, he has completely justified himself in his correspondence. Proceed.

"The discussion having again reverted to the *ensemble* of the system of the 13th of March, the king, who affected to hold M. Perier very cheap, maintained that the complaints of the opposition were so much the less reasonable, as this system was in reality only a continuation of that of the 3d of November. 'I appeal,' said he, 'to M. Laffitte, is it

* "This censure of the most important action in the political life of the Duke of Orleans reminds me of a circumstance of which I was a witness. At the Hotel-de-Ville several young men were congratulating each other, in the presence of the citizen-king, of having at last taken a patriot prince for their monarch, "Yes, my friends," exclaimed Louis-Philip, pressing their hands, "yes, a patriot like my father." I recollect also that these expressions produced a frown on the countenance of Lafayette, and seemed to him to require an explanation, and they were the principal causes of the interview which he had, immediately afterwards, with the Lieutenant General, in which were proposed and accepted the bases of the *programme* of the Hotel-de-Ville."

not the same system which you followed?' The ex-president of the council preserved at first a negative silence. But Louis-Philip having again repeated the assertion, M. Laffitte protested strongly against such an assimilation, which was the more inaccurate, from its being notorious that a radical difference between himself and the king, both on national affairs as well as on the direction of our foreign policy, had been the occasion of his retiring from the council.

"In conclusion, Louis-Philip said to MM. Laffitte, Odilon Barrot, and Arago, that as it was his duty to listen to the representations of France, and to study the wants and wishes of the country, he would always receive them with pleasure; that whenever they should make well-founded representations to him, he would pay attention to them; but that, frankly, *he had found nothing* in their present statement, and that the system followed by his government being the result of his convictions, he was sorry to declare to them that he would make no change in it.

"On rising, M. Laffitte said to the king, that he retired penetrated with the most poignant grief; he beseeched him to compare the delight and enthusiasm which his presence formerly excited with the effect which it now produced; that this change was evidence of a deeply rooted evil, and he adjured his majesty to ask himself if a king of *France* who requires 50,000 men to guard him is really king of France."

M. Odilon Barrot, it appears, commenced by disowning the insurrectionists, as men who had thrown off the obedience to the laws, and who were resisting legitimate authority by main force, and yet this disobedience to the laws, this resistance to legitimate authority, is the only ground on which the deputy ventures to prove a retrograde policy, a disavowal of engagements, hopes deceived, and honour violated. If all this were true, then the insurrectionists were injured complainants—it was public opinion breaking out with violence. What was the object of the deputy? To request Louis-Philip to permit himself to be beaten by these infractors of the law and violators of public security: for a cessation of resistance was to be defeated. This he surely could not mean to ask. He demanded an entire change of policy, on the strength of a sanguinary tumult having taken place in the street, provoked, as he allows, by guilty outrage. On the one hand, he alleges that the rioters are to be condemned, and on the other, asks that they should be so far considered, that in compliment to them the king and his ministry should wholly change their system—a system, the result, as the king states, of deliberate conviction. Louis-Philip requested M. Barrot to be more specific; he might with equal justice have desired him to be more logical. As to the charge of having deserted his principles and broken his promises, it has already been touched upon: it is a matter of counter-assertion: the *onus* of proof lies with the attacking party. M.

Arago's speech is simply a species of monody on the horrors of civil war, and is all but ridiculous. His specific charges of favouring the Carlists, and not seizing the Duchess de Berry, are as absurd as his declamation.

The observations of the king on the abuses of the press betray a weak point. He remembers the time when he could read the *Tribune* and the *National*, and similar papers, with pleasure. These are, however, the luxuries of a citizen, not of a king, who must be impervious to the misrepresentations of party writers, and indifferent alike to the praise or blame of the press. Let the press do what it can with the public: if need be, establish rival journals, or influence the pens of men whose convictions are with you: truth will find its level. The government has alone concern with overt acts. The prosecutions of the press have been one of the greatest mistakes of a government which none holds to be altogether infallible.

With regard to the foreign policy of Louis-Philip, whatever may be thought of his defence of himself, every one must see that the deputies had in fact no sound arguments to urge against it. Of his actual position with other cabinets the king was necessarily much better informed than his auditors.

It would appear from this colloquy and various other sources, that Louis-Philip prides himself on being his own minister and the leading spirit of his cabinet. This is a design rather inconsistent with our notions of a constitutional monarchy; a king who is his own minister, and openly avows the origination of measures for which he is not responsible, must be served by mere tools in the capacity of ministers. No men worthy to govern a great nation would accept the responsibility of another's measures, and consent to be used simply as stalking horses, behind which a superior may be screened, if not from obloquy, yet from injury. Besides, obstinacy and vanity are as likely to beset a kingly brain as any other, and he who is unamenable to any tribunal may indulge his self-love to a most dangerous extent, by persevering in a mischievous policy for no better reason than that it is his own. In the instance of Louis-Philip there is this to be said, that his dynasty is as yet so young that he can hardly be said to be irresponsible. His acceptance of the crown was given on personal grounds, and he may consider himself bound to see the conditions on which he proceeded acted up to. Making this allowance, we are still of opinion that he would take a wiser part, both for the security of his throne and the purity of his reputation, if he were to confine his labours to the choice of his ministers and the proper duties of a court. It is not improbable that such is his intention. We have just seen him select a cabinet, the members of which it is impos-

sible to suppose can have agreed to resign themselves into the hands of any monarch whatever. The choice, it is true, is a pledge of adherence to the system that has been hitherto pursued of preserving peace abroad, of securing tranquillity at home, of gradually instructing the people with a knowledge of their rights, and, in short, carrying on the constitutional education of the nation one stage farther. If any thing is clear, it is that if that country were once again left to its own guidance, we should have over again all the turbulence, disorder, and perhaps bloodshed, of the old revolution. The constitutional experience of France has been but brief; she is yet scarcely out of her apprenticeship, or may, perhaps, at most be regarded as on the eve of her majority. Firmer or more enlightened guardians and tutors could hardly be selected with whom to trust her fortunes. Their appointment has been received with a sort of yell of dismay by the opposition press, a cry which indicates how little attention need be paid to such demonstrations of wrath. Were we to listen only to them, we should suppose the fate of the country sealed, and that the public liberties had been handed over to a party of whom all that is most odious in government might be predicated. Turning from these intemperate ebullitions of disappointment and wounded self-love, to the plain list of the new ministers, we see the names of men of the most unexceptionable reputation, of distinguished talent, of minds stored with information of all descriptions, and whose whole *antecedents* afford the best pledges that they will consent to follow none but the most constitutional means of ensuring the prosperity and happiness of the nation they are called upon to govern. They will have many and severe difficulties to encounter, and it is possible that they may succumb in the struggle; if they do, we can scarcely hope to see their places filled by abler or safer men.* One unmitigated good may at least be expected from them, and that is a continuance of the good understanding at present subsisting between England and France; a union, on which mainly rests the peace of Europe, and which, to the two parties chiefly concerned, promises the most solid advantages.

* Among many other ameliorations to be expected from the present men, surely something will now be done in the way of abolishing the system of passports, which puts a man's liberty within certain boundaries in the absolute power of the police; it is a species of imprisonment, in relief of which there is no writ of *habeas corpus*. M. Thiers, in his little work published in 1823, on "The South of France and the Pyrenees," has a preliminary chapter on the subject, in which it is exposed with as much wit as justice. M. Thiers, by a strange vicissitude of circumstances, is now the minister for the very department in which the passport system, the folly and inefficiency of which he himself proved, lies. If M. Thiers wishes to make himself one of the most popular men in Europe, let him by one grand effort do away wholly with this last trapping of tyranny and oppression.

ART. X.—*Ma Defense, ou Reponse a l'anonyme Anglais du FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW, sur le Voyage au Congo.* Par J. B. Douville. Paris, chez Paulin, Libraire, Place de la Bourse. Octobre, 1832. 8vo. pp. 16.

THE same friends who urged M. Douville to publish his astronomical observations have succeeded in inducing the wretched man to reply to our exposure of his impostures in the last number of the *Foreign Quarterly*. It is impossible to conceive a more weak and contemptible production than this reply, which, being placed in our hands on the very eve of our publication, and being also utterly futile, shall be treated very briefly; yet that we may not be suspected of want of candour, we will produce *seriatim*, and without any omission, all M. Douville's allegations in his defence.

I. He says that we have made an exaggerated representation of his expenses.

"It is evident that, although I was absent from Loanda five-and-twenty months, I was not marching all the time. There were of course frequent halts. Let us now reckon, assuming with the critic that I paid 400 followers at the rate of 1 fr. 25 c. per day. We shall have then 495 fr.* as the daily expense. Then, not to trifle in reckoning each day's march during five-and-twenty months, I will allow, as an average, that I have marched twelve months, or 365 days; certainly the highest mean term that can be taken for a journey of twenty-five months. I shall then have an expense of 180,675 fr. Add to that, presents for the negro chiefs, and the support of the caravan, and you will have the sum which I have stated, viz. 240,000 fr., which is the real amount of my expense, and not a million, as the critic has given to understand. Observe also that the pay of the negroes who die on journey is to be put to the traveller's credit; that food costs little, and that the value of merchandize increases in proportion to the distance from the coast; so that the quantity which would pay but one negro at Loanda, pays ten in the centre of Africa."

Merchandize is more valuable in the centre of Africa than on the coast, only because it costs more to bring it there. If a negro die on a journey, a fine of two slaves must be paid to the chief of the district in which his death takes place, and the traveller who required his services must supply his place. M. Douville would now lead us to believe forsooth, that his retinue of porters, &c. were paid only for days of march: his own volumes afford abundant proofs to the contrary. Take, for example, the following passage.

"My party were well pleased with the abundance of provisions which they found prepared, for they loved above all things good eating and drinking. The passage of the river procured a day's rest to the porters, and *they gained, all the while, the same wages as if they were marching.*"—*Voyage au Congo*, vol. ii. p. 216.

At the very commencement of his journey M. Douville had 410 porters in his pay, (see tom. i. p. 63); but if we consent to reduce the twenty-five months during which he was *en route* (and during which he had always an army of negroes at his heels) to eighteen, we shall have made an allowance in his favour to which he has not the shadow of a

* It should be 500 francs per day, and the sum total 182,500.—*Reviewer*.

reasonable claim. Now as the expenses of twelve months amount, according to his own calculation, to 240,000 fr., those of eighteen months will be 360,000. This is what we have already stated, for we estimated the expenses of M. Douville at £15,000, or about 370,000 fr., and not a million, as he affirms. But we must add that his allowance for the support of his caravan and for contingencies is ridiculously low.

II. On the score of provisions M. Douville says—

"The native manioc grows every where in the forests. Here then is abundance established by nature, and an answer to your complaints. And yet you seem to be ignorant how I supported my caravan. Read my narrative and your astonishment will cease!"

The negro, he adds, is always glad to exchange his provisions for merchandize. We have read M. Douville's narrative, and find therein the following passages:—

"Nevertheless, as I did not wish that the subsistence of my people should depend on the caprices of the chiefs, I declared that if they refused to sell me their provisions I would take them by force."—ii. 236. "We were in want of every thing for the last two days; roots and kidney-beans, which my porters had provided, were our sole support."—ii. 234. "The inhabitants of Mazenzala sold us their provisions with reluctance; the fear that we should take them by force alone decided them."—ii. 319. "Sickness and the want of nourishment had reduced me to an incredible state of emaciation; I was like a walking skeleton."—iii. 129. "My provisions were exhausted, my merchandize and rum visibly diminished, and so my resources to continue my route northward failed me."—iii. 130. "I found great difficulty in procuring provisions. For nine days we lived only on roots, of which the forests supplied but a small quantity."—iii. 171.

These sentences afford a sufficient commentary on the abundance of nature, and on the facility of buying provisions from the natives. The Africans never have more than sufficient for themselves. A caravan of 400 men would cause a famine in the best village in Angola. Those who live on the bounty of nature are always in a state of famine. But M. Douville, though he chequers his narrative now and then by relating his distresses of this kind in situations where they were not wholly irremediable, uses a poetic license when he marches for weeks together across deserts, or through hostile nations: and prudently says nothing about food where it was obviously impossible to obtain it.

III. M. Douville says, that he maintained order and subordination in his motley army of savages, by opposing moral to physical force. This is quite unintelligible. Let him read Mr. Burchell's travels in South Africa, and he will perceive the difficulty of governing even a dozen half-civilized Hottentots. The negro laws, he says, are favourable to the white traveller, because as they condemn to slavery the negro who ventures beyond the bounds of his native state, they secure his attachment to the master who protects him. But, on the other hand, they render it highly improbable, or even impossible, that negroes will follow a traveller who is not expressly bound to reconduct them to their native soil. This consideration, however, never weighed much with M. Douville. Having resigned his project of marching to Egypt, where he might have sold his followers, he dis-

missed at Sali, his negroes of Mucangama and of Bibé, to return to their homes, (a distance of at least 700 miles for the latter,) through hostile nations. Is not this all palpable falsehood?

IV. M. Douville imagines that we have made it an article of accusation, that he marched a distance of 300 miles in fifteen days, without reckoning halts; and stoutly maintains that such expedition was quite practicable. He has often travelled sixty miles a day, the palanquin bearers running at the rate of a league and a half per hour. This assertion is not entitled to the slightest credit. He continually states his daily marches at three, four, or five leagues; sometimes, though rarely, he exceeds this; as in the following instance:

"I travelled seven leagues the following day to arrive at Cabolo, my porters complained in consequence." His next day's march was six leagues, and immediately afterwards he adds, "although for some days my negroes had made very fatiguing marches, &c."—vol. ii. pp. 216, 217. But M. Douville grossly misstates our accusation. We have said, that *supposing M. Douville's narrative to be untrue, and his map and tables to be correct*, there is still great difficulty in believing that such a space could be passed over in the time assigned; but if M. Douville wishes to maintain the genuineness of his narrative, let him explain how, leaving Benguela on the 23d of August, he marched to Quissange, (a nine day's journey,) and then crossing a forest for three days, arrived at the Catumbela on the 24th.

V. The errors of M. Douville's dates are, in his judgment, a proof of the authenticity of his volumes. He believes that imposture is more accurate, more harmonious and self-consistent than truth. We hold the contrary opinion. We have objected to him that his narrative would lead us to suppose that he had remained a month at Mucangama, whereas he arrived in that place on the 28th of August, and left it on the 1st September. He now says that he really arrived there on the 26th August, and that the progress which the people made in the mechanical arts under his superintendence, might have been effected in a few hours. Now let us look at his narrative.

"In less than an hour after being stretched on my mat, (on the day of his arrival,) a second attack of fever deprived me of my senses. On the following day the fever subsided and I came to myself. I remained *some days* in a very alarming state, &c. . . . At length the disease gave way to medicines and a good constitution, and I grew better; but, alas! I recovered only to see one of my interpreters, two of my domestics, and my best cook, attacked by the same fever so violently, that no remedies could avail against it. On the *third day* they succumbed, &c."—tom. iii. p. 38.

Having recovered, he visited the lead mines of the country, taught the people to construct furnaces, to make moulds, &c. and witnessed their great progress in the mechanical arts, and all this, the time of sickness included, occurred in the space of four days!

He omits to explain openly how, having arrived at Tandi a Vua on the 21st September, he could contrive to spend some days there, and yet leave it on the 22d. But he informs us that he was inaccurate in stating that he remained in Quiamba eight days; his stay in that place

was in reality only three days. The falsehood of this plea of mistake is evident from his narrative; he rested in Quiamba until his men, who suffered much from disease, had completely recovered their health, (tom. iii. p. 50.) But if we give him the advantage of these five days, and suppose that he reached Tandi a Vua on the 16th; yet his lunar observation made in that place on the 12th, is as inexplicable as ever.

"The charge brought against me," says M. Douville, "for having dated my lunar observations on days too near the new moon, requires some explanation. When I sojourned some time in a place, I made my notes only every five or six days: I made my observations and calculated them the same day, but when inserting them in my journal, I may have erred in affixing to them the dates of the days when I copied them."

If this were the case, then the dates affixed would be posterior to, or later than the true ones. But such an apology is applicable to hardly one of M. Douville's observations. He arrived at Yanvo on the 27th September. The new moon commenced at three o'clock the following morning, and his observation is dated the 28th. His observations at Matamba and Bihé appear to have been made on the very day of, and those at Benguela and Tandi a Vua a few days previous to, his arrival at those respective places. He says expressly, that he made his astronomical observations in each place as soon as he arrived there; the meaning of which declaration is, that as it was not advisable that the dates in his tables should betray any connexion with the length of his abode in each place, they should always correspond with the day of his arrival. If any new evidence were requisite to prove M. Douville's observations to be all forgeries, his apology supplies it.

M. Douville having replied thus inadequately to some of our charges against him, attempts to retort on us by accusing us of bad faith. Many of his objections are frivolous, and all show his stupidity. We certainly did not deceive our readers when we affirmed that the Portuguese carried on in security a commerce with nations 700 miles from the coast. The word security is relative, and admits of modification. M. Douville could send his porters to Cassange with merchandize, which was kept in safety till his arrival there a year and a half later. Such is the security we spoke of. We did not mean to intimate that robberies are not as common in the wilds of Africa as on the highways of Europe.

We did not miscalculate his journey from Quilunda to Gregorio Alto; but we said, and now repeat, that leaving Quilunda on the 13th February (tom. i. p. 88.) he was at Zenza do Golungo on the 20th, or perhaps the 24th (p. 117.); and that when we find him afterwards entering the province of Golungo Alto on the 18th (p. 125.), we detect a false date; the narrative and tables being here forced to coincide, whereas they previously differed a fortnight. We affirm also, that there is no absurdity in distinguishing between the *country* of the Dembos, and the Portuguese *province* of the Dembos. We do not agree with the committee of the *Société de Géographie*, that ancient geographers must have erred in what they said of the former (*l'immense plateau des*

Dembos, tom. i. p. xxi.), because M. Douville found a province of the same name in the neighbourhood of the Coanza. Again, the same committee assert (p. xviii.) that M. Douville corrects Montecuculi in his description of the rocks of Maopongo. We, on the contrary, maintain that M. Douville never saw those rocks, though he may have seen many more which he is willing to raise into importance.

M. Douville affects to be astonished at the severity with which he has been treated. He is not sufficiently enlightened to comprehend the heinousness of his transgression. If he had merely published a volume of falsehoods, and been content to enjoy its profits in obscurity, he might have escaped with silent contempt; but since he has thrust himself forward, seeking the suffrage and recommendation of honourable men, and cheating them to their faces, his fraud, aggravated by his effrontery, deserves peculiar ignominy. The man who perjures himself is set in the pillory. He who hurts commercial credit by forgery, attains a worse eminence. And are not credit and confidence and good faith to be protected in the world of letters, as well as in courts of law, or on the exchange? Let M. Douville reflect on the kindness which he has experienced, the honours bestowed on him, and all in frank confidence that he spoke the truth; and then let him consider how lamentable it would be, if, from the discovery of his impostures, men of merit should be repulsed or mistrustfully received by those who ought to protect them." But, says M. Douville, "I offered my observations to the Institute—could an impostor act thus?" To be sure he could, if he were a man of consummate impudence; nay, he could even offer to conduct an expedition to traverse the interior of Africa, from Benguela to Abyssinia, and estimate its expense for three years at one third of the sum which he expended in twelve months, as he affirms.

But we confess that our indignation has not been owing to M. Douville's dishonesty alone. We find in almost every page of his volumes something vile and revolting. We detest the traveller who, in his intercourse with rude and simple people, never betrays the slightest sympathy with his fellow-creatures: who never witnesses or experiences any thing good; who loves to expatiate on whatever is degrading and shocking to humanity; who lies awake through suspicion of poison and assassination; who shoots, flogs, and carries into slavery an ignorant people on the slightest provocation. Let M. Douville call to mind the attempt made on his life by his eighteen slaves, who were sitting, "according to custom," with irons on their legs, while their free brethren were dancing at a distance. Let him reflect on the "involuntary shuddering" (tom. ii. p. 220,) which he felt on being left alone with his slaves, and the recollection of that momentary compunction may teach him the light in which we regard him.

In fact, when we consider M. Douville's connexion with the Brazils, and that he carried recommendations from that country to M. Viera, at Loanda, who took a warm and apparently imprudent interest in his plans, and who, it appears, is a slave merchant (tom. ii. p. 268;) when we consider that he is unwilling to explain satisfactorily how he ob-

tained permission to travel in the Portuguese possessions : (for that he deceived the governor by promising to find gold mines, though characteristic, is too puerile to obtain credit); and when we take in conjunction with these all the other circumstances of his journey, we cannot avoid arriving at the conclusion, that he volunteered to conduct a grand slaving expedition. This supposition clears up numberless difficulties. He never went beyond the Portuguese possessions, except on his route to Bihé; and while he remained in Congo—for he never passed through Cacongo, nor the country of the Mahungus—he never visited Matamba, which adjoins Congo only in his map; he never saw Cassange, nor the Coango, nor the Molocass; in fine, all that pretends to novelty in his volumes is wholly untrue.

We reluctantly condescend to vindicate our Journal from M. Douville's insinuations of injustice founded on nationality. It is neither our interest, nor our inclination, to depreciate foreign writers. We vindicated the genuineness of Caillié's travels, when public opinion even in Paris was strongly against them. We are sincerely grieved for the *Société de Géographie*, whose reputation has suffered much from the facility with which it was duped, and we shall be well pleased to see it clear itself of every graver imputation than that of mere inadvertence. M. Douville has been severely punished, and we now leave him to the infamy he has so richly earned.

Since the publication of our last Number we have been enabled, by the kindness of a friend, to peruse Canneccattim's *Observações Grammaticaes sobre a Lingua Bunda*. Lisb. 1805. That learned missionary, who resided above twenty years in Angola, gives some account in the preface to the abovementioned work of the various nations who speak the Bunda and its cognate tongues; and we have had the unexpected gratification of finding that he confirms our conjecture respecting the true situation of the Milúá (as he writes the name). Cassanchi, he says, (p. xviii.) is bounded on the east by the Milúá. But the latter are not allowed by the Muani Cassanchi to cross the frontier. When they arrive there with slaves, wax or ivory to trade, they kindle fires as a signal, and persons authorized by the sovereign proceed from the Bansa or town to deal with them. As the distance between the Coanga and Coanza is not above seven days' journey across Matamba; (M. Douville himself inadvertently admits that the town Cassanchi, which he places near the former river, is but ten days' journey from the Coanza near Cunhingen,) since these rivers, according to the accounts of the natives, approach continually towards the east, and since Cassanchi is a narrow tract not occupying the whole space between the rivers, it is not difficult to suppose that the Milúá extend along the banks of the Coanza to the south-east of the Cassanchi. Canneccattim says that they also stretch far to the north, but this part of his information, being derived only from slaves, is less distinct and authentic than that which he received from the dealers in Cassanchi.

CRITICAL SKETCHES.

ART. XI.—*Goethe aus näherm persönlichen Umgange dargestellt. Ein nachgelassenes Werk von Johannes Falk.* (Goethe, Painted from close personal intercourse; a Posthumous Work of John Falk.) 12mo. Leipzig. 1832.

STRANGE enough! a posthumous work on Goethe, by a biographer who dies before him! The hand which had engrossed in its "careful journal" the words, looks, and actions of the greatest poet of Germany, with the view of transmitting even the minutest relic of them to posterity, is cold and powerless, years before the object of its labours is consigned to the tomb. It is the death of Goethe, in fact, which restores the journal of Falk to existence. Now that the great original is withdrawn from our gaze, the portraits, sketches, even the caricatures of those who have looked on him with admiration, envy, or dislike, begin to acquire importance or value. The present publication, however, though sufficiently interesting as far as it goes, scarcely fulfils the promise of its title page: the author neither enjoyed the advantages, nor was subjected to the corresponding grievances of a Boswell. Of Goethe, in the more intimate and domestic relations of life, he saw apparently little. Of his bearing and habits even in society, the present volume says not much; while we feel, in general, on closing it, that it leaves many of the most interesting, many of the most problematic points of Goethe's character comparatively untouched. Yet, so far as it goes, it bears the stamp of reality: the anecdotes, the conversations, have the visible impress of truth. It is an authentic contribution, at least, to the history of Goethe's mind and habits, and, bating a quantity of trash in the shape of an appendix, which consists chiefly of an affected and absurd commentary, in French, will perhaps be regarded as a valuable one.

The biographic observations on Goethe's moral indifference on many points, which, at the present day, form the main pivots on which men are at issue, appear to us to be perfectly well founded as regards his character.

"From the moment," he observes, "that the impulse of the age takes a direction passionately opposed to what is either really evil, or believed to be so, it concerns itself little with the investigation of those better points of view which this object of dislike might present to an impartial eye. In this way Goethe, through what constituted the very perfection of his nature, his calm, contemplative disposition, stood in direct hostility to the spirit of his time. His wish was contemplation; that of the age was action; and even the most miserable production which seemed to favour this leaning, met with its countenance and support. This led him one day to remark to me, 'Religion and politics are a troubled element for art; I have always, as far as possible, held them at a distance.' There was but one party with which in such cases he sided, namely, that in the train of which tranquillity, even were it only apparent, was likely to be attained.

"Religion and politics, church and state, however, were unfortunately the very cardinal points on which the regeneration of the age was supposed to turn. All science and all exertion had been forcibly laid hold of, as it were, by the prevailing spirit of the time, and drawn towards the common centre. A path had been forced open through the most complicated questions, and the ignorant

crowd followed the general impulse without any distinct understanding of its direction.

"The clear-sighted Goethe saw this, and this was the reason why all discussions of this kind were so averse to his nature, and why in society he would rather converse about a novel of Boccaccio than subjects which seemed to others to involve the common good of Europe. Many ascribed this mode of thinking to a cold and unsympathizing indifference, but assuredly without justice. To have been otherwise, to have shared the general enthusiasm for the new order of things, like Wieland, Klopstock, or even Herder, Goethe must have given up that spirit of many-sided contemplation in which he viewed all things, and consequently this historical appearance among the rest. Unquestionably the calm observer of all the events of this agitated existence, and the man who is involved in them, acting or suffering, are two very different characters : but the latter is unqualified to form any proper judgment of his own situation or of that of others. A fixed point is wanting for his observations. The dove cannot imitate the nature of the eagle, nor the eagle that of the dove : both have their place : but there must be in nature something of a higher order than either—something which is neither eagle nor dove, which entertains both in its ample lap, and sees the excellencies and the defects of both ; which acknowledges the first, and, if it cannot love, at least endeavours to bear with and excuse the latter. It is only from this firm, elevated point of view, from which the world, with all its objects, spreads beneath like a variegated curtain, that the spirit of Goethe's representations of nature, or the nature of this extraordinary man himself, can be appreciated."

The following passage, illustrative of that peculiar vein of humour in which Goethe in familiar conversation often indulged, is a long one, but the truth, the easy point of the observations it contains, will, we are sure, be apparent to every one acquainted with German literature. Goethe had been talking of the plays of Schiller, and the poems of Wieland, and expressing the ever-springing delight with which he recurred to those productions of the older time. He proceeded in the following strain of jocular yet deep-meaning criticism upon the literary dynasties of the day.

" 'Some scientific journal in Ingolstadt, or Landshut, I forget which, lately formally conferred the dignity of sovereign poet and emperor of letters on Frederick Schlegel. God keep his majesty steady on his new throne, and send him a long and happy reign ! for there is no denying that his kingdom is surrounded by very rebellious subjects ; of which,' glancing his eye upon me, 'some are to be found in our own neighbourhood.

" 'In the German republic of letters matters seem to be much in the same situation as in the decline of the Roman empire, when every man aspired to rule, and no one could find out who was really emperor. Our great men are living in exile, and every bold-faced fellow may be made emperor, who can gain the favour of the soldiery. As to a few emperors, more or less, that is a matter that no one troubles himself about now-a-days. Thirty emperors reigned at one time in Rome ; why should not there be as many sovereigns in our own domain of letters ! Wieland and Schiller have been deposed long ago. How long, therefore, my old purple mantle will be allowed to remain upon my shoulders, I know not ; but should it come to this, I am determined to shew the world that I am not in love with crown or sceptre, and can bear my deposition with patience. But to return to our emperors. Novalis did not reach that dignity,—had he lived a little longer his chance was a fair one. Pity that he died so young ! particularly as he humoured the inclination of the age, and turned

Catholic. Students and young ladies, we are told, have made pilgrimages, to scatter flowers upon his tomb. As I read but few newspapers, I should be indebted to my friends, when any thing of importance of this kind takes place,—a canonization, or such like,—if they would let me know of it. For my part, I shall be contented to allow men to say every thing that is bad of me during my life, if they will only allow me to rest quietly in my tomb. Fleck, also, ruled for a time, but he, too, is shorn of sceptre and crown. We are told there was too much of the Titus in his nature; he was too gentle, too mild; the situation of his kingdom demanded a severer government—I might say, a certain barbarian greatness. Then came the reign of the Schlegels—and this was an improvement! Augustus Schlegel, the first of the name, and Frederick Schlegel, the second—both governed, to be sure, with the necessary energy. Not a day passed but some one was banished, or two or three executed. The public have always been fond of an execution. A young adventurer in literature lately described Frederick Schlegel as a German Hercules, walking about with his club, and striking dead every one that came in his way. In return, the grateful emperor has exalted his admirer to the rank of nobility, and appointed him, without more ado, one of the heroes of German literature. The diploma is made out. I have read it myself. Gifts, domains, whole provinces in the gazettes, are at the service of their friends; their enemies are quietly put out of the way—by never reading or alluding to their productions. As we in Germany are a set of people who seldom read any thing which is not reviewed, this method of dispatching a man was rather an ungenerous one. The best thing in the whole affair is, that the loss of the dynasty is accompanied with no danger to the possessor. For instance, some morning an emperor awakes, and finds to his astonishment that his crown is gone. I admit this is rather annoying; but the head, supposing always that the emperor had one, is still in the same place, and that is some consolation. How different from those frightful scenes of old, when Roman emperors were strangled by dozens and thrown into the Tiber! Whatever becomes of my crown and sceptre, I trust at least I shall die quietly in my bed here, on the banks of the Ilm.

“‘When I was young, I have often heard wise men say, that to create one great poet or painter was a labour for a century; but now the case is altered. Our young people manage the thing much better now-a-days, and skip into immortality with such ease, it is quite a pleasure to look at them. A young man called upon me lately, who had just returned from Heidelberg; I don’t think he could have been above 19. He assured me quite seriously, that now his mind was complete, and that having made himself master of all that reading could give, he would in future read no more, but set about developing his views of the world, in social circles, without allowing his views to be impeded by the speeches or writings of others. *There was an admirable resolution!* When one sets out from nothing, a man’s progress must in a short time be quite remarkable.’”

We all know Goethe’s attachment to theatricals; he might be said to serve the stage in every conceivable capacity, from that of dramatic poet down to that of prompter. He was himself a very tolerable performer in amateur theatricals. The following ludicrous scene took place on one of those occasions:

“The piece was the ‘*Jealous Husband*.’ The part of the lover in this piece had been assigned to Einsiedel; but, unluckily, before the representation he became unwell. His part could not be filled up on so short notice, and the piece was completely at a stand. At last a bold captain of dragoons, more valiant than versed in such matters, stepped forward and undertook the part. In three days he made his appearance at rehearsal; and, assisted by the prompter, got through tolerably well. When the representation, however, arrived, the face

of things was altered, and the adventuress captain fell into complete confusion. He got as flustered as if a squadron of dragoons had been in chace of him; yet he endeavoured to pluck up courage, and blundered on till the scene arrived, where he was to be surprised by the jealous husband with his mistress, and stabbed with a dagger. Here he totally forgot his cue; and after stammering and stuttering, came to a dead stop; so that Bertuch, who played the jealous husband, and was only waiting for the word to rush in and dispatch him, could not come at him. At last, by Goethe's advice, who had taken the direction of the whole, Bertuch rushed upon the stage to put an end to the miseries of his unfortunate rival at once. But the captain was not so easily made away with; he would not fall. In vain did Bertuch whisper to him, 'Fall, in the devil's name!' He would not stir from the spot, but stood straight as a taper beside his beloved, maintaining to all about him, and who were in vain exclaiming to him to fall at once—that his cue was not come. In this situation, so trying both to the manager and the performers, the former adopted a heroic resolution. He called out in a voice of thunder behind the scenes, 'If he will not fall, stab him behind. Get quit of him any way. He is ruining the piece.' This decision order seemed to re-animate the courage of the wavering husband. 'Die!' exclaimed Bertuch,—bestowing upon him so energetic a stab in the side, that the captain, taken aback by the manœuvre, fell flat on the ground. In an instant four active assistants, despatched by Goethe, seized on the dead man, and in spite of all his struggles, carried him off, to the great joy of the spectators."

The following anecdote reminds us of Falstaff's correspondence with Mrs. Ford and Mrs. Page. The plain truth seems to be, that Goethe had been coquetting a little with two ladies at one time, and leading each of them to suppose herself the subject of his verses. He was a member of a society at Weimar, of a very exclusive nature, consisting both of ladies and gentlemen. It was a half fantastic imitation of the society of the days of chivalry, each gentleman selecting a lady as the object of his peculiar attention and homage.

"As the old singers of the Wartburg seemed to be revived in this new society, it will readily be imagined that each member was under an obligation to celebrate the praises of the lady he had selected, a task which of course Goethe was not likely to find a very oppressive one. That beautiful and touching song, which seems characterized by a mournful tenderness, and by the loveliness of the mountains, beginning

'Da droben auf jenem Berge,'

was supposed to have owed its origin to this society; but as different cities contended for the birth of Homer, Jena and Weimar came to dispute the right to this production. This much is certain, that Goethe one evening at the society produced the song, and laid it, like a devoted knight, at the feet of his lady, the Countess von C. Her pretensions to the sole proprietorship of the song, of course, appeared extremely fair. But what followed? Shortly afterwards, a lady from Jena paid a visit to Weimar. Goethe had in fact been frequently in Jena, where he often spent the earlier days of spring. The commencement of the song, too, with its allusion to the mountains, seemed to apply only to Jena, not to Weimar, where we had but one mountain, the Ettersberg, while Jena boasts of nearly thirty in its vicinity. This was not all. The lady from Jena not only visits Weimar, but happens to call on an acquaintance of the Countess von C. The discourse turns on Goethe, his preference for Jena, his frequent residence there, and particularly in the house of this lady. 'We have also,' added she, 'to congratulate ourselves on having given rise to a song, which is one of the most graceful and simple that ever flowed from the heart of the poet.' The attention

of the countess was naturally attracted by this story, and she asked the name of the song. To her astonishment and confusion, she received for answer, 'Da droben auf dem Berge.' Like a woman of the world, however, she soon recovered her composure. She instantly hurried with her discovery to her faithless knight, overwhelmed him with gentle reproaches, threatened him with a formal impeachment before his own *cour d'amour*, according to the statutes of which he was distinctly prohibited from offering his homage to more than one lady at a time. Above all, she reproached him in a quarter where Goethe probably felt most sensitive, namely, his want of invention, in making use of the same love-letter twice over. Goethe professed the deepest remorse, promised amendment, and admitted that the lady of his heart was in all things in the right."

We have already said, that this book will not add very much to our information with regard to Goethe. We have yet to wait for a more familiar and domestic picture of the man, from the hand of one who has lived with him at home as well as in public, and observed his domestic habits as well as his brilliant conversational powers in society. This want, however, we trust will speedily be supplied.

ART. XII.—*Novum Testamentum Græcum Editionis Receptæ, cum Lectionibus variantibus Codicum MSS., Editionum Añarum, Versionum et Patrum, necnon Commentario pleniore ex scriptoribus veteribus Hebræis, Græcis, et Latinis, Historiam et Verborum Vim illustrante: operâ et studio Joannis Jacobi Wetstenii. Tomus I. continens Quatuor Evangelia. Editio altera, aucta et emendata, curante Joanne Anthonio Lotze. Rotterodami. 1831. Large 4to.*

OF all the critical editions of the New Testament, which had been published up to the middle of the last century, the distinguished critic Sir J. D. Michaelis pronounced that of John James Wetstein to be the most important and necessary to those who are engaged in sacred criticism. The Prolegomena were first published in 1730: and the edition itself, which contained those Prolegomena in a corrected form, appeared in 1751-2, at Amsterdam, in two large folio volumes. Wetstein's Greek text is copied from the Elzevir edition of the New Testament; the verses are numbered in the margin: and the various readings, with their authorities, (containing, as it is said, a million of quotations,) are placed beneath the text, together with the commentary. Although Wetstein's labours were criticised with great severity by Michaelis, yet since Bishop Marsh's elaborate vindication of them, they have been appreciated more justly: and no professedly biblical library can be considered as complete, which has not a copy of Wetstein's edition of the Greek Testament. This has long borne a very high price in England, and in Holland (we have been informed) it is so rare as scarcely to be procurable, except at an exorbitant sum. Dr. Lotze has, therefore, conferred an important service on the cultivators of sacred literature, by presenting them with a new and greatly improved edition of Wetstein's work.

Wetstein, it is well known, had a leaning in favour of Socinianism: on which account he has been charged with unfairness in some of his criticisms and readings. While Dr. Lotze admits his predecessor's Socinian bias, he bears a noble testimony to his critical fidelity. In editing

the *Prolegomena*, (which are all that is comprised in the present fasciculus,) he has scrupulously retained Wetstein's text, with the exception of those passages in which the latter had thrown out unjust observations upon other critics, especially the pious and erudite Bengel, and also with the omission of his literary quarrels with Frey and Iælius: and he has added, from the second volume of the folio edition, Wetstein's critical observations upon various readings, and his rules for judging of their value, together with most of the notes of John Solomon Semler, who republished the *Prolegomena* at Halle in 1764. Dr. Lotze has further subjoined, in an appendix, Dr. Gloucester Ridley's learned Dissertation on the Syriac Versions of the New Testament, in which the errors of Wetstein are corrected, and his deficiencies are supplied.

In editing the ensuing portions of Wetstein's work, Dr. Lotze states that the Greek text of the Elzevir edition, printed in 1624, will be given with the most scrupulous fidelity; and that the utmost attention will be bestowed upon the correction of the errors which had crept into the various readings collected by Wetstein. In this division of his undertaking, the editor has largely availed himself of the subsequent labours of Griesbach, Woide, Alter, Birch, Dermout, Scholz, and others.

The principal defect in Wetstein's collection of various readings was in those furnished by the ancient versions. Of the Latin Vulgate, as he entertained but a mean opinion respecting its critical value, he had neglected to profit to the full extent which he might have done. Dr. Lotze will therefore faithfully exhibit the various readings of this version. Wetstein was also frequently erroneous in the readings which he professed to derive from other versions: nor is this at all surprising, when we consider that for the Oriental Versions—the Syriac alone excepted—he had recourse to the frequently incorrect extracts of others. That he himself collated the Syriac version imperfectly and hastily, is evident from the facts, that he has mistaken the meaning of some passages, while he has altogether passed by others which Dr. Mill had correctly given in the celebrated Oxford edition of 1707. In order to present accurately the readings of the old Syriac version, which was executed at the close of the first or very early in the second century, Dr. Lotze has consulted the critical works of C. B. Michaelis and his son Sir J. D. Michaelis, Storr, Professor White, and other later scholars, whose researches have thrown much light on this branch of sacred literature.

The Commentary of Wetstein (who has admirably elucidated very many passages of the New Testament, while his notes on others are unsatisfactory and have a Socinian bias) will be reprinted entire, but with the correction of his errata.

Such is the plan of Dr. Lotze's important and laborious undertaking. So far as the present portion of it enables us to judge, it is beautifully and correctly printed: and we hope that the learned editor will be remunerated, by the extensive circulation of his work, for the very great expense of time and labour which he must incur, in order to execute it in a manner that shall give entire satisfaction to biblical scholars.

ART. XIII.—*Ueber die Verschwörung gegen Venedig im Jahr 1618.*
 Von Leopold Ranke. *Mit Urkunden aus dem Venetianischen Archive.*
 (On the Conspiracy against Venice in 1618. By Leopold Ranke.
 With Original Documents from the Venetian Archives.) Berlin.
 1831. 8vo.

THIS work, to which we can only direct our readers' attention in a word, is a valuable contribution to the history of the Venetian republic, more particularly as overturning the plausible and ingenious, yet, after all, most unfounded theory of the latest, and perhaps best known, though we are very far from thinking the safest or the most authentic, of her historians—we mean Count Daru. The Spanish conspiracy against Venice is interesting to the English reader, more perhaps through its association with the drama of Otway, and the recollection of Pierre and Belvidera, than its intrinsic importance in a historical point of view. But it possesses another source of interest, as illustrating how often, after wavering through a number of ingenious theories, we return after all to the earliest account as the truest and most authentic. That which is given by the Venetian chroniclers, Priuli and Nani, is, in substance as follows: that a conspiracy had been organized between the Duke of Ossuna, Viceroy of Naples, Pedro de Toledo, Governor of Milan, and Bedamar, the ambassador at Venice, all in the service of Spain, the object of which was to massacre the senate, and take possession of and plunder Venice; that for this purpose French soldiers had been engaged, under the command of the Corsair, Jacques Pierre, who had contrived to enlist in the Venetian service; but that the brigantines in which the levies were embarked being dispersed by a storm, the conspiracy had been disclosed by two of the confederates, Juvin and Moulcassin, on which many of the leading conspirators were arrested and executed. Though this was in the main the view taken by the Abbé St. Real in the well-known novel, (for it is no better,) which formed the groundwork of Otway's play, yet his account of the conspiracy was taken directly from the well-known "*Sommario della Congiura contro la Citta de Venezia*," manuscript—copies of which are to be found in almost all the Italian libraries; a work utterly worthless in point of historical value, the few facts which it contains being mixed up with the most improbable inventions, and the very characters through whose agency the leading events are represented as taking place, being almost entirely imaginary, with the exception of Pierre and Juvin, which last is converted into Gaffie (Jaffier). Strange enough that this romance, the authenticity of which is doubted even by its earliest publisher, and the absurdity of which is demonstrated by Daru, should actually have been adopted even by Venetian historians—such as Sandi, Teutori, Diedo and Tiepolo—as an authentic document; and that, prior at least to the appearance of Daru's work, all our views on the subject (we speak of the British public in particular) should have been derived from St. Real's improved edition of the Venetian Summary!

Another theory was propounded, about 1801, by Chambrier in
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the Memoirs of the Berlin Academy, in which he denied the existence of any conspiracy, and maintained that the true cause of the execution of Pierre and the conspirators was their being engaged in a crusade against the Turks, at a time when the Venetian republic found it particularly necessary to keep on the best terms with their oriental neighbours. This theory, founded on some incidental expressions in the correspondence of the French ambassador at Venice at the time, is totally inadequate to account for many of the most remarkable and best established facts connected with the conspiracy. Accordingly it was entirely abandoned by Daru, who adopted a more ingenious though more daring theory. Instead of the conspiracy being a conspiracy of the Spaniards against Venice, he maintains, founding his view on some passages in the work of Louis Vedel and the Life of the Marshal Lédiguières, that it was a conspiracy of Ossuna himself and the republic of Venice against Spain, of which the leading object was to procure for Ossuna the independent sovereignty of Naples. The awkward revelations of Pierre he accounts for by the supposition that Pierre, who is allowed on all hands to have been a person in whom no confidence could be reposed, was himself but imperfectly acquainted with the intentions of Ossuna, and believed that he was engaged in a conspiracy against Venice; his execution and that of the other conspirators he ascribes to the treachery of the Venetian government, who, with the view of averting the suspicions of Spain, after the matter became public, pretended to believe the conspiracy real, and put to death those individuals as its prime agents, although all the while they were the ignorant tools of Ossuna and the Venetian government. This is no doubt a sufficiently original view of matters, which converts the intended victim into a conspirator, and totally changes the aspect of the whole affair. But bold as it is, and ingenious as it appears when perused in the connected narrative of Daru, it will not bear a moment's serious investigation; and accordingly the present work, which is almost entirely founded on the clearest and most irrefragable original documents, entirely demolishes this theory, and restores matters to their old position. Ranke's materials are the correspondence of the Council of Ten with the Senate—communicating from time to time the progress of the investigations against the conspirators; the notes of the Spanish and French ambassadors, with the answers of the Ten; the general report of the Ten on the conspiracy; the opinion of the Consultori in June, as to their punishment; the answer of the Ten; and a report by Spinelli, the Venetian agent, in 1619. From these he shows distinctly that the supposed understanding between the Venetian republic and Ossuna, at the date of the conspiracy, rests on no ground whatever; that on the contrary every step of Ossuna and Bedamar was most anxiously watched by the senate; that they gave the strictest injunctions to Savi, after the execution of Pierre, to take immediate measures for the security of the city; and that the execution of the other conspirators, which Daru represents as subsequent to the departure of Father Brindisi for Spain, and as he thinks led to a disclosure of Ossuna's plans, really preceded it, the first taking place in May, 1618,

while Brindisi did not leave Venice till October. The result of Ranke's investigation is to show, that the account given by Nani, the Venetian chronicler, with the exception of a few discrepancies, (easily accounted for when the character of Pierre, upon whose disclosures the Venetian account mainly rests, is kept in view,) is the true one. His work, we think, cannot fail to be considered as a triumphant refutation of the hasty though ingenious misrepresentations of Daru, of the correctness of whose statements on many points we have long been doubtful, and which we suspect it would not be difficult to expose and refute, if the troubled sea of Venetian politics and history possessed sufficient attractions for the antiquary and the historian to induce them to plunge beneath its surface.

ART. XIV.—*Przebracki, der Russische Polizei-Spion. Ein Zeitbild, von August Lewald.* (Przebracki, the Russian Police-Spy, a picture of the times, by A. Lewald.) Hamburgh. 1832. 12mo.

OF late years the Historic Novel, under the magic influence of the great Northern Enchanter, whose loss not England only, but the whole civilized world is now deploring, has assumed a character of graphic truth that gives it much of the effect of reality; and if the novelist lays his scene amidst political convulsions in a land but little known, we read with a feeling of actually acquiring knowledge. Whether in the present instance this feeling be just or illusory, we cannot pretend to say, never having visited Poland; but it is so strong, that we are irresistibly induced to afford a page or two to Lewald's tiny volume, which, however, he in his preface desires us to consider "not as a novel, but as a continuous series of sketches from the life." Now, inasmuch as all these sketches are parts of a story, this might seem a somewhat arbitrary demand; nevertheless, we are the better disposed and the better able to comply with it, since we must confess that the story is what we least comprehend, and therefore, perhaps, least like in the book. What most interests us is the picture given; always supposing, what we think not unlikely, that we may rely upon the truth of the portraiture of the various connected and unconnected, extravagant and imprudent, conspiracies organizing against the Russians, both within and without Poland, prior to the insurrection of November, 1830, and in which old men and young girls, nobles, police agents, and robbers, are represented as alike engaged.

But we must proceed to give our readers a more distinct idea of the little volume; and for that purpose, after saying a word or two of the nature of the story, as far as we understand it, we shall briefly describe a few of the first sections, or scenes, and translate a part of one of them.

The hero, with the unutterable name, is a Polish ex-schoolmaster, employed by the Russians as a police-spy, who unites a coarse love of pleasure, and a vulgar love of money, with ardent patriotism, and ~~dis~~interested loyalty to Count S., the nobleman upon whose estate he was born. The story, which introduces us to this more original than fasci-

nating *protagonista*, is this.—A private soldier, van Pool (an odd name for a Pole, by the way,) was in love with the wife, or the mistress, of his colonel, who is made known to us only under the chilling designation of L. d. D.; Van Pool deserted, stole the infant daughter of the Colonel, Rozalka, and earned his bread as a rope-dancer, to which profession he brought up Rozalka as his own child. At length, having made his fortune, he has retired avowedly to live upon his means, but in fact, to pursue the more lucrative and less laborious professions of police-spy, robber, and procurer to a powerful and odious Russian, high in office at Warsaw, and called *Herr von N.*; and the whole romance of the story turns upon Rozalka's persecution by illicit lovers,—her endeavours to rouse one of them, whom she intends to love, Prince Jozef Lunowski, to patriotic enterprize in the conspiracy, of which she knows, because her supposed father belongs to it—the dangers and infamy to which that supposed father exposes her—her finding her real father under horrid circumstances, &c. &c., until the catastrophe is brought about by the explosion of the insurrection. These adventures are for the most part vividly painted, although too little connected and explained for our methodical taste. And now, without saying more of the story, the interest of which we should be sorry to spoil for such of our readers as are German scholars, we will give as much analysis and extract as so small a publication is entitled to.

The book is divided, according to a recent German fashion, not into chapters, but into nameless portions, marked 1, 2, 3, &c., each of which generally comprises a scene or an adventure. It opens with the attempt of a noble Pole, whom we took for a youthful hero, but who afterwards proves to be L. d. D., the papa, to re-enter Poland. His name is inscribed, it appears, in a list of suspected persons; and upon presenting his passport, he is detained in a sort of free confinement at the frontier town, till his arrival can be reported to Warsaw, and the Grand-Duke Constantine's orders received concerning him. These orders are to send him a prisoner to Warsaw. Whereupon L. d. D. effects his escape, in the carriage and company of the Duchess of G., the Polish widow of a French Marshal, who passes through at the critical instant, and he forces his warder, a Saxon non-commissioned officer in Russian employ, to fly with him.

No. 5. transports us to Dresden, where we are introduced into what is called a Polish Lodge, in other words, a confederacy of Polish exiles under masonic forms; a branch, or affiliated society, we imagine, of the National Freemasonry of Lukazinski. The assembled members learn that an emissary, sent with despatches to their brethren, or superiors rather, in Poland, had been unable to pass the frontier, and it is proposed as the only means of correspondence, to receive into their fraternity the notorious spy Przebracki. Objections are urged on account of Przebracki's known perfidious character; but they are overruled. He is introduced, takes the necessary oaths, rejects the pecuniary reward offered him, undertakes for the delivery of the papers with which he is intrusted to the Warsaw chief of the confederacy, and sets forth, privately regretting that he had been obliged to refuse the money, in order to inspire confidence.

Would not the reader, but for the hint we have given him of our hero's character, have been convinced that the spy meditated the sale of his new to his old employers? We were, and foully did we wrong the patriot. In No. 6, he safely delivers his despatches to Count C., one of the chiefs of *that* conspiracy, who indulges in a sneer at the masonic proceedings of his Dresden friends, saying whatever happens at Warsaw will happen more suddenly than they imagine; and of this important Count C., we hear no more after he has dismissed our hero, who, having faithfully acquitted himself of his task, goes in search of news. We shall take, as our specimen, his scene with some worthy colleagues, which has, we think, considerable originality, besides being both very characteristic of this "Picture of the times," and a happy illustration, if not of the actual Russian government of Poland, yet of the sort of subaltern tyranny and oppression, which foreign masters can hardly do otherwise than suffer.

Przebracki meets with the Jew Baruch, a brother spy, in company with a captain of horse in his regimentals; and after a few reciprocal taunts upon their profession, in the course of which our hero avows having seen the seeming officer acting in the capacity of groom, he accompanies the worthy pair to the cellar of another Jew, to drink *lipc'*, a beverage of whose intoxicating virtues we entertain no doubt, though we have not the felicity of being acquainted with it even by name.

As they enter the cellar, Baruch carelessly asks 'Isn't he here yet?' and is answered in the negative by the landlord.

The question is observed by Przebracki, who apprehends some snare for himself. But no harm ensues, and the trio drink and game together in perfect good fellowship, till the door again opens to admit a tall man in a blue great coat, and a French page; the former being no other than the Saxon police agent, who had fled with his prisoner L. d. D. Przebracki notices a stolen glance of intelligence between Baruch and the Saxon, who, without noticing our party, complains of being heated, and calls for drink, which the page in broken German declines to share. Baruch's attention is apparently caught by this evidence of the youth's being a foreigner: he addresses him; and the stranger tells that he is page to the Duchess of G., had been sent to France upon family affairs, and on reaching Warsaw, whither the Duchess had come during his absence, had at the post house met this, his fellow servant, who undertook to lead him to their lady's hotel.

"'But the good man is a German,' he added, laughing, 'and Germans, I am told, are always thirsty; so I was fain to follow him hither by the way, to gulp down some draughts of this sweet decoction, which, however, I cannot regret, since it has procured me the acquaintance of noble Poles,' he concluded with French politeness."

Baruch and the captain now engage the youth in discourse upon Parisian pleasures, whilst the Saxon drinks, till the page declares he can wait no longer. The Saxon thereupon drains his last glass, and they are going;

"When the captain, who had been anxiously seeking something, spoke to

the landlord; the latter placed himself before the door, and civilly requesting a moment's delay, said, 'You will excuse me, gentlemen, and not ascribe it to mistrust, if, for the credit of my honest name and house, I am forced to request you would afford the captain, who is known to me as a noble and wealthy gentleman, satisfactory proof that you have not, by mistake, taken his snuff box.'

"All started at these words, and Baruch seemed especially offended.

"Przebracki smiled stily, for he now smelt a plot, and watched what was to follow.

"'Why hesitate, gentlemen?' exclaimed the captain. 'Empty your pockets, shew me their linings to convince me. You are strangers to me, and my box is of great value.'

All empty their pockets accordingly, the French page producing amongst other things a red letter-case. The table is heaped with a mountain of miscellaneous articles, amongst which the captain's well-ringed fingers vainly seek his box. Every one then resumes his property, and the page and Saxon depart, grumbling at such treatment.

"When they were fairly gone, the captain began in a low voice—'Hast got it?'

"'The box?' asked Baruch.

"'That is here,' said the landlord, taking it from the stove.

"'Nonsense—the letter case,' said the captain.

"'That I have,' said Baruch, producing the page's red letter case.

"'What is that?' asked Przebracki, in seeming surprise. 'The Frenchman took his letter case away with him.'

"'Well acted stupidity,' sneered Baruch."

Think you this is an ordinary scene of thieving, gentle reader? On the contrary, the actors are the sworn foes of thieves, although Przebracki insinuates that the captain has been a sharper, robber, and murderer. The Russian authorities, suspecting a political secret in the page's mission to France, had ordered the police to get possession of his despatches, and this is the way the order is executed. But the business does not end here—Przebracki purloins the letter case from Baruch, and privately carries it at midnight to the octogenarian Count S—, no member of the national Freemasonry, but an active conspirator against the Russians. The Count treats the police spy, his born vassal, confidentially, and dismisses him with instructions to forge substitute letters that may satisfy the Russians. The spy persuades his friends that his sole object in the theft was to steal their reward and credit. The Count delivers the true letters to the Duchess, and whilst he is still with her, the deluded Russian official, *Herr von N.*, brings her the forgeries, which he tells her the police have just recovered from the thieves who had plundered her page.

We have run to greater length than we had intended, and must end abruptly. We think, however, we have given sample sufficient to recommend our patriotic rogue.

MISCELLANEOUS LITERARY NOTICES.

No. XX.

FRANCE.

At Paris literature is said to be rendering itself independent of political changes, and to be resuming something of its former activity. Indeed we see the latter must have taken place from the flood of novels and memoirs that has lately deluged us, and it is but fair to conclude that when writers are so animated and so busy, readers are not asleep over their productions. The title of Victor Hugo's new drama has at length reached the expectant ear of the public, and *Le Roi s'amuse* is now in rehearsal. This young and fertile writer has also in preparation a new volume of poems and two new novels. The title of the first novel is *Quinquengrogne*, and the author has received 15,000 francs for it from the booksellers Gosselin and Renduel. But what is the meaning of this strange word *Quinquengrogne*? The author himself explains it in a letter to his publishers:—" *La Quinquengrogne* is the vulgar name of one of the towers of Bourbon L'Archambault. This novel is intended as the completion of my views on the arts of the middle ages, of which *Notre-Dame de Paris* gave the first part. *Notre-Dame de Paris* is the cathedral, or ecclesiastical architecture; *Quinquengrogne* is the Donjon, or military architecture, which succeeded it. In *Notre-Dame* it was my more particular object to depict the priestly middle age; in *Quinquengrogne* I have attempted the same for the feudal middle age; the whole, be it well understood, according to my own ideas, which, whether good or bad, are my own." *Le Fils de la Bossue* will appear afterwards.

M. de Salvandy is now busy on a *History of Cromwell*. The numerous memoirs and documents, says our Parisian informant, which have appeared in England within these few years on the English Republic and the Protectorate will not be neglected by the new historian, but the light in which he exhibits his hero and the times will form the chief interest of the work.

M. de Balzac announces, as nearly terminated, two new volumes, entitled *Scenes de la Vie Militaire*, which are, in fact, intended as a tale of the grand army. The idea is good, and we hope the author will henceforward abandon tales of obscenity and impiety.

"The English Story Teller" has found an imitator at Paris, and the bookseller, who has undertaken the speculation, announces the names of Janin, Balzac, Charles, Rabon, Mme. de Baur and Lady Morgan as among the *Conteurs* who will figure in his pages. This new Decameron will be entitled *Salmagundi*.

A new work, under the title of *Souvenirs de Paris et de Vienne*, will shortly appear, containing a complete history of the Duke of Reichstadt, founded on authentic documents.

M. Arnault, of the Académie Française, has announced his *Mémoires* as shortly forthcoming; they are said to be rich in anecdote.

A translation into French of the whole works of Goethe is announced for publication. The first part will appear in October.

M. de Blainville has been elected Professor of Comparative Anatomy at the Museum of Natural History, in the room of Cuvier, whose place as Perpetual Secretary to the Academy of Sciences has also been filled up by the election of M. Dulong by a great majority.

We mentioned in our last that it is proposed to erect a monument, by public subscription of all who honour genius and talent, to the memory of Cuvier, in his native town of Montbéliard. Subscriptions, it is now announced, are received by eminent bankers in the principal cities of Europe, and by the publishers of this Review, at No. 30, Soho Square. A detailed prospectus will shortly be circulated.

M. de Humboldt has just addressed a letter from Berlin to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, communicating some interesting intelligence respecting his friend and fellow-traveller M. Bompland, who, it appears, was at Buenos Ayres in May last, and preparing to return, as soon as possible, to France. He was then in expectation of immediately receiving his collection of objects in natural history found in Paraguay and the Portuguese Settlements, all of which he intended to forward to the Museum of Natural History at Paris; and to these he meant to add his general herbal, and the geological results of his travels. While at Buenos Ayres he had made many excursions to Monte Video, Maldonado, and Cabo-Santa-Maria. His botanical collections will include two new species of *convolvulus*, the roots of which possess all the medicinal qualities of salep. He hopes also that the School of Medicine will make some experiments on the roots of three very bitter species of bark from a plant belonging to the family of the *Simaroubées*, and which have been employed with the happiest results in cases of dysentery and gastric derangements.

GERMANY.

A complete edition of Spindler's Novels and Tales is announced for publication at Stuttgart. At the same time the publishers promise a new novel by the same author.

A Collection of the Earlier Latin Poets, in one volume, 8vo. is announced by Brönner of Frankfurt.

Much new light is said to have been thrown on the character and private life of Wallenstein by a little volume recently published, entitled *Wallenstein's Privatleben: Vorlesungen in Museum zu München gehalten, von Prof. Julius Max Schottky*.

ITALY.

Maffei, the translator of many of Schiller's Tragedies into Italian, has recently performed the same office for the Messiah of Klopstock, and, from the specimens we have seen, we should pronounce the translator to have succeeded in no common degree.

RUSSIA.

The following extraordinary paragraph has lately been going the round of our English newspapers, without any one's detecting the hoax. "One of the most celebrated Russian poets, Gabriel Romanowitch Derzavin, *lately* died at his estate near Novgorod. In his youth he served with distinction in the Russian army, and was created minister of justice by Catherine II. Soon after, he retired, and devoted his time to poetry." Then follows some mention of the Chinese translation of his celebrated ode "To God," after which it is added, "The English have also translated some of his works, and *published them in 1808, in four volumes!*" This farrago of blunders professes to be copied from a "French paper;" still that is hardly an excuse for stating what is altogether so contrary to fact, as that a translation of his works in four volumes ever appeared in this country. We doubt whether any specimens even of Russian poetry had at that time been given to the English reader; and Bowring's *Russian Anthology* contains all that has been translated from the poems of Derzavin. In the biographical notice of him too, in the same publication, the time of his death is mentioned, and as that happened in 1816, it rather startled us to learn that it was a recent occurrence; for although the term "*lately*" is one of most convenient latitude, the readers of newspapers would hardly imagine it applicable to occurrences of sixteen years date, nor would any one speak of the battle of Waterloo as having been "*lately*" fought.

SWITZERLAND.

Necrology.—HUBER.*—Everything which suggests the idea of difficulties overcome, generally flatters the imagination. The least adventurous and the least inventive are delighted to see, by examples, in what manner the corporeal or intellectual power of their fellow-creatures has been able to vanquish obstacles to all appearance insurmountable; and it is this feeling which gave rise to all the wonderful tales of the heroes of ancient times. Persons who are more accustomed to reflection take a pleasure in following these examples into their details, and in studying the process by which some ingenious minds have been able to surmount difficulties, or to turn them aside. If the effects are of short duration, we admire them as mere meteors; but if the obstacle is permanent, and the efforts to surmount it are corresponding, the admiration which we felt for the sudden development of momentary energy is converted into one still deeper for that continued force, and that patient and unshaken determination, which fall to the lot of so few individuals. Such examples should be placed on record for the honour of human kind, and for the encouragement of all whom the contemplation of difficulties might be apt to divert from their object. Perhaps these reflections, far-fetched as they may at first appear to be, will receive some confirmation from the history of the individual to whom this notice is consecrated.

Francis Huber was born at Geneva in July, 1750, of an honourable family, in which quickness of intellect and a lively imagination seemed hereditary. His father, John Huber, had the reputation of being one of the wittiest men

* For this sketch, which first appeared in the *Bibliothèque Universelle* of Geneva, we are indebted to the able pen of M. de Candolle. It would form a most interesting additional chapter to the clever little work entitled "The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties," published by the *Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge*.

of his time, and in this light is often mentioned by Voltaire, who highly appreciated his original conversation. He was an agreeable musician—wrote verses which were praised even at Ferney—was distinguished by his keen and lively repartees—painted with ease and talent—excelled to that degree in cutting out landscapes, as almost to entitle him to be considered the creator of the art—practised sculpture better than almost ever falls to the lot of a mere amateur;* and to these varied talents he united a taste for, and the art of, observing the manners of animals. His work on the flight of birds of prey is even yet consulted with advantage by naturalists. The tastes of the father, the son inherited almost entire. In his early years he attended the public lectures of the college, and, under the guidance of good masters, acquired a taste for literature, which was developed by the conversation of his father; to this paternal inspiration he was also indebted for his love of natural history; he was initiated in the physical sciences by attending the lectures of M. de Saussure, and by making experiments in the laboratory of a relative, who ruined himself in the search for the philosopher's stone. Endowed with great warmth of feeling, his precocity was very remarkable; he commenced the study of nature at an age when others are scarcely conscious of its existence, and his passions were strong at a period when those of others scarcely rise to simple emotions. It would seem that as he was shortly destined to suffer the most grievous of all privations, he, as if instinctively, laid up a store of recollections and feelings for the remainder of his life. About the age of fifteen his general health and the state of his eye-sight began to change; the ardour with which he had pursued his occupations and amusements, and the passionate attachment with which he followed his studies by day and the reading of romances by night—when sometimes the deprivation of a feeble light made him have recourse to the light of the moon—were the causes, it is said, which threatened the ruin both of his sight and constitution. His father, at that period, took him to Paris, in order to consult Tronchin on his health and Wenzel on the state of his eyes. Tronchin, with the view of preventing marasmus, sent him to pass some time at Stain, a village in the environs of Paris, in order to be out of the reach of every species of agitation: there he lived the life of a mere peasant, led the plough, and occupied himself wholly in agricultural pursuits. This plan was completely successful so far as regarded his general health, which was ever afterwards unshaken, while he acquired a taste for the country and a tender recollection of its pleasures, which never forsook him. The oculist, Wenzel, considered the state of his sight as incurable; he thought it unsafe to risk the operation for the cataract, which was then not so well understood as it is now, and even announced to Huber the probability of his shortly becoming completely blind. His eyes, however, in spite of their weakness, had, before his departure and after his return, encountered those of Marie-Aimée Lullin, the daughter of one of the syndics of the republic; they had met each other frequently at the dancing-master's. A mutual affection, such as is felt at the age of seventeen, sprang up between them, and became part of their existence; neither of them believed it possible that their fate could be disunited, but yet the constantly-increasing chance of the speedy blindness of Huber determined M. Lullin to refuse his consent to their union: in proportion, however, as the misfortune of her friend—of the partner whom she had chosen—became certain, in the same degree Marie regarded herself as bound never to forsake him. Her attachment was first riveted by love, and afterwards from generosity and a species of heroism; and

* An instance of his talent in this way has been preserved; holding out a piece of bread to his dog, and making him bite it in all directions, he produced from it a bust of Voltaire of the most striking resemblance.

she resolved to wait till she had attained her majority, then fixed at twenty-five years, in order to be united to Huber. To all the temptations, and even to all the persecutions by which her father endeavoured to shake her resolution, she remained impregnable; and the moment she attained her majority, she presented herself at the altar, leading, so to speak, the spouse whom she had chosen when he was happy and attractive, and to whose melancholy fate she was resolved now to devote her life.

The constancy of Madame Huber was in all respects worthy of the juvenile energy she had displayed: during the forty years which this union lasted, she never ceased to bestow the tenderest care on her blind husband; she was his reader, his secretary, made observations for him, and spared him every embarrassment that his situation was likely to produce. This affecting instance of conjugal attachment has been mentioned by celebrated writers; Voltaire frequently alludes to it in his correspondence, and the episode of the Belmont family in *Delphine* is a true picture, although somewhat veiled, of that of Huber and his wife. What can be added to a picture by such masters!

We have seen blind men excel as poets; some have distinguished themselves as philosophers and as arithmeticians; but it was reserved for Huber to become illustrious, although deprived of sight, in the science of observation, and that of objects so minute, that the most clear-sighted observers find a difficulty in distinguishing them. The perusal of the works of Reaumur and of Bonnet, and the conversations of the latter, directed his curiosity to the study of bees; his constant residence in the country inspired him at first with the desire of verifying some facts, and afterwards of filling up some chasms in the history of these insects. But for this kind of observation it was not only necessary that he should have an instrument such as the labours of the optician might supply, but also an intelligent assistant, whom no one but himself could instruct in the use of it. At this time he had a servant in his family named Francis Burnens, equally remarkable for his sagacity and his attachment to his master. Huber drilled him in the art of observing, directed him in his inquiries by questions dexterously combined, and by means of his own youthful recollections, and the confirmatory testimony of his wife and friends, he checked the reports of his assistant, and in this way succeeded in acquiring a clear and accurate idea of the most minute facts. "*I am much more certain,*" he said to me one day, laughing, "*of what I relate than you are yourself; for you publish only what you have seen with your own eyes, whereas I take a medium among the testimony of many.*" This, indeed, is very plausible reasoning, but will induce no one to quarrel with his eyes. Huber discovered that the mysterious and remarkably prolific nuptials of the queen-bee, the single mother of all her tribe, are celebrated, not in the hive, but in the open air, at an elevation sufficiently great to escape ordinary eyes, but not to elude the intelligence of a blind man, with the aid of a peasant. He described in detail the consequences of the early or late celebration of this aerial hymen. He confirmed, by repeated observation, the discovery of Schirach, at that time disputed, that bees can at their pleasure transform, by an appropriate kind of food, the eggs of working bees to queens, or, to speak more correctly, of neuters to females. He showed also how some working bees can lay productive eggs. He described with great care the combats of the queen bees with each other, the massacre of the drones, and all the singular circumstances that take place in the hive when a foreign queen is substituted for the indigenous one. He showed the influence produced by the size of the cells on the size of the insects reared in them; how the larvae of the bees spin the silk of their cells; proved to demonstration that the queen is oviparous; studied the origin of swarms, and was the first who gave an accurate history of their flying colonies. He proved that the use of the antennae is to enable the bees to distinguish each other, and, from the know-

ledge he had acquired of their policy, he drew up good rules for their economical superintendence. For the greater part of these delicate, and hitherto unnoticed observations, he was indebted to his invention, under various forms, of glass hives, one description of which he termed *ruches en livre*, or *en feuillets* (book or sheet hives), and the other *ruches plates* (flat hives), which allowed the observation of the labours of the community in their minutest details, and to follow, so to speak, each bee in particular. They were particularly facilitated by the skill of Burnens, and by his zeal for the discovery of truth; he braved without shrinking the wrath of an entire hive to discover the most insignificant fact, and has been seen to seize an enormous wasp, in spite of the grievous stings of a whole nest of hornets who defended him. From this we may judge of the enthusiasm with which his master, (and I use the term here, not as denoting the relation of master and servant, but in the sense of instructor and pupil,) inspired all his agents in the pursuit of truth.

The publication of these labours took place in 1792 in the shape of letters to Charles Bonnet, and under the title of *Nouvelles Observations sur les Abeilles*. Naturalists were much struck on the appearance of this work, not only with the novelty of the facts, but with their rigorous accuracy, and the extraordinary difficulties which the author had combated so successfully.

The activity of his researches suffered no remission either by this first success, which might have sufficed for his personal vanity, or from the embarrassing change of place occasioned by the Revolution—nor even by his separation from his faithful Burnens. Another assistant was necessary to him, and this office his wife performed for some time. His son Peter, who afterwards acquired considerable celebrity by his History of Ants and other insects, next commenced his apprenticeship as observer to his father, and it was principally by his assistance that Huber executed new and laborious researches on his favourite insects. These researches form the second volume of the second edition of his work, published in 1814, and partly edited by his son.

The origin of wax was then a disputed point among naturalists in the history of bees; some affirmed, but without sufficient proof, that they formed it with the honey; Huber, who had already successfully cleared up the origin of the *propolis*, confirmed this opinion on the wax by numerous observations, and showed in particular, with the assistance of Burnens, how it escapes in the shape of flakes between the rings of the abdomen. He devoted himself to laborious researches on the formation of the bee-hive, and followed step by step its wonderful construction, which seems to resolve, by its perfection, the most delicate problems of geometry; he pointed out the part which each class of bees takes in forming the hive, and followed their labours from the rudiments of the first cell until the completion of the honey-comb. He made known the ravages of the *sphinx atropos* in the hives where it enters. He even attempted to clear up the history of the senses in bees, and in particular to ascertain the seat of the sense of smell, the existence of which is proved by the whole history of insects, but the organ of which their structure has not yet enabled us to fix with certainty. He also undertook curious researches on the respiration of bees, and proved, by numerous experiments, that these insects absorb oxygen like other animals. The question, however, arose, how could the air be renewed and preserved in all its purity in a hive plastered with mastic and close in all its parts, except at the narrow orifice which serves as the entrance? This problem required all the sagacity of our observer, and he arrived at the conclusion that the bees, by a particular movement of their wings, agitate the air in such a manner as to produce its renovation; after having assured himself of this by direct observation, he further proved it by means of the experiment of an artificial ventilation.

These experiments on respiration required some analysis of the air in bee-

bives, and this brought Huber into correspondence with Senebier, who was then occupied with similar researches on vegetables. Among the means that Huber had at first imagined for discovering the nature of the air in bee-hives, was that of producing the germination of some kinds of seeds, in accordance with the vague notion that seeds never germinate in an atmosphere that has not its due quantity of oxygen. This experiment, although inadequate for the end proposed, suggested to the two friends the idea of occupying themselves with inquiries on germination; and the curious part of this association between a man with and another without his eyes, is the fact that, most frequently, it was Senebier who suggested the experiments, and Huber, deprived of sight, who executed them. Their labours have been published in their joint names, under the title of *Mémoires sur l'influence de l'air dans la germination des graines*.

The style of Huber is, in general, clear and elegant, and while not destitute of the precision required in didactic compositions, it is blended with that charm which a poetical imagination is capable of diffusing over all subjects. That, however, by which it is particularly distinguished, as it is least expected, is his description of facts in so graphic a manner, that in the perusal we seem ourselves to see the objects which the author, alas! had not seen. In considering this singularly descriptive quality of the style of a blind person, I have accounted for it by reflecting on the efforts it must have cost him to connect the accounts of his assistants in order to form a complete idea.

His taste for the fine arts, being deprived of the power of expatiating on form, was led to sounds. He loved poetry; but music, above all, had prodigious charms for him: his taste for it might be called innate, and he was greatly indebted to it throughout his whole life as a source of delightful recreation: his voice was agreeable, and he had been initiated from his earliest youth in the charms of Italian music.

The wish to keep up acquaintance with absent friends without having recourse to a secretary, suggested to him the idea of having a printing press for his own use; it was made for him by his servant, Claude Lechet, whom he had inspired with a taste for mechanics, in the same way that he had formerly instructed Burnens in natural history. A series of numbered cases contained small printing types, executed in bold relief, which he ranged in his hand: on the lines thus composed he placed a sheet of paper blackened with a particular kind of ink, and above that a sheet of white paper, and with a press which his foot set in motion he succeeded in printing a letter, which he folded and sealed himself, delighted at the idea of his independence of others, which he hoped to acquire by this means. The difficulty, however, of putting the press in action made him soon abandon the habitual use of it; but these letters and the algebraic characters of burnt earth, which his son, ever zealous and ingenious in his service, had made for him, were a source of occupation and amusement for upwards of fifteen years. He enjoyed also the pleasure of walking in the fields, and was even able to do this alone, by means of strings, which were extended through all the paths about his residence: with these strings in his hand, and by small knots made at intervals, he always knew where he was, and could direct himself accordingly.

The activity of his mind made it necessary that he should have such occupations: it might, but for the persons that were about him, have made him the most miserable of mankind; all of these had no other wish but to please and assist him: naturally of kindly feelings, it ceases to be a wonder how he preserved such a happy disposition, so often destroyed by collision with mankind.

His conversation was generally of an amiable and pleasant cast, his wit was gay and lively, and to no part of knowledge was he a stranger: he delighted in elevating his thoughts to contemplation on the most grave and important

subjects, and could equally descend to the most playful and familiar. He was not learned, in the usual acceptation of the term, but, like a skilful diver, he explored the depths of every question with a species of tact and sagacity which stood him instead of knowledge. When the conversation turned on subjects that appealed to his head or his heart, his fine countenance became animated in a particular manner, and the vivacity of his physiognomy, by some mysterious charm, seemed even to give expression to his eyes, so long condemned to darkness; the tones of his voice had then something solemn in their sound. "I understand now," once said to me an able man, the first time he saw Huber, "how nations in their early stages have assigned to blindness the reputation of being divinely inspired."

Huber passed the latter years of his life at Lausanne, under the care of his daughter, Madame de Molin. From time to time he resumed his ancient pursuits. The discovery of stingless bees, in the neighbourhood of Tampico, by Captain Hall, excited his interest, and his joy was great when his friend, Professor Prevost, was able to send him, first a few individuals, and afterwards a whole hive of these insects. This was the last attention he paid to his old friends, to whom he had been indebted for fame, and what was more, for happiness. Naturalists who have followed his track, and enjoyed their sight, have found nothing of importance to add to the observations of one of their brethren who was deprived of it.

Huber preserved his faculties to the last, and was amiable and beloved to the last. At the age of eighty-one he thus wrote to one of his dearest friends—"There are moments when it is impossible to keep one's arms folded, and it is then in unbracing them a little, that we can repeat to those whom we love, all the esteem, the affection, and the gratitude with which they inspire us." Further on, he added—"I only say to you, that resignation and serenity are blessings that have not been denied to me." He wrote these lines on the 20th of last December, and on the 22d he was no more, having calmly breathed his last in the arms of his daughter.

ORIENTAL LITERATURE.

A new Theory of Chinese Grammar, drawn up from the lectures of Abel-Remusat during the latter years of his life, is announced for publication by M. Jacquet.

Professor Tholuck discovered, during his residence at Rome, that the Library of the Propaganda contains a fine collection of books and MSS. in the Oriental languages.

A new collection of Arabian Tales is now in the course of publication, under the editorship of M. Marcel, who accompanied the French Expedition to Egypt, and collected the originals of the present work during his stay at Cairo. The notes will include some anecdotes of that ever-memorable Expedition, and will besides serve to illustrate the manners, the literature, and the philosophy of the East.

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